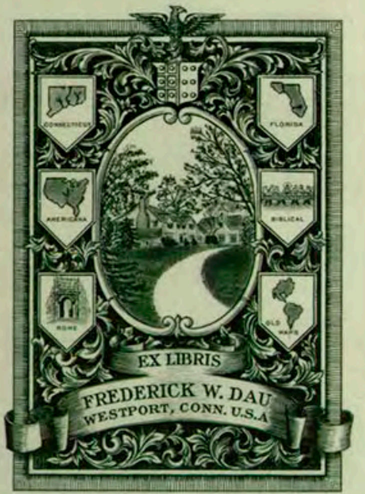
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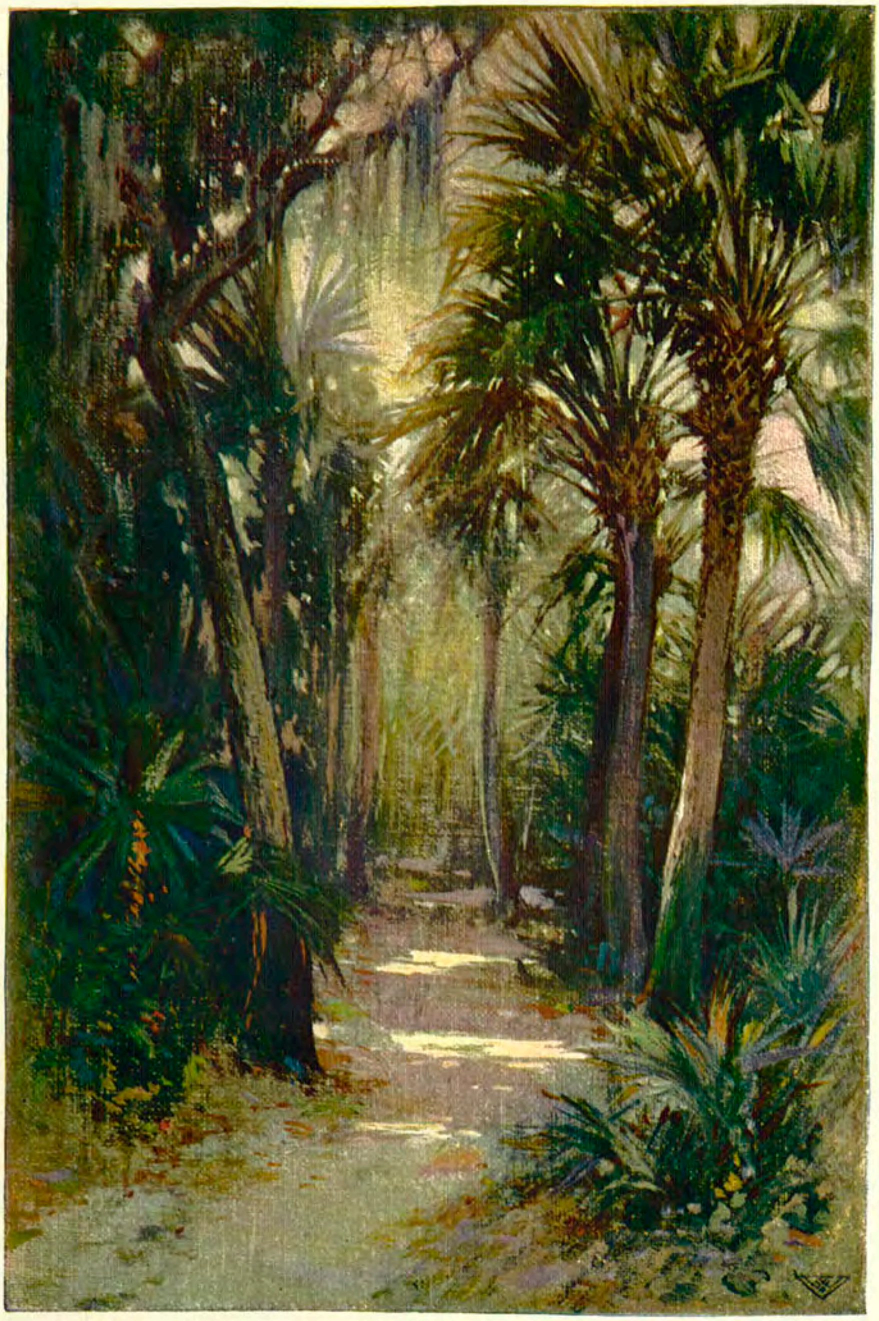

**Florida
East
Coast**

BROWNE, ALICE E

A Visit

to

Florida

February 1870

J. L. D. E. Van R. E. D. Van R

H. C. B. A. E. B.

P. R. B. P. R. B. Jr.

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Gift of Frederick M. Day

A visit to Florida

On the third of February A.D. 1870 a party of seven people, of whom five were ladies might have been seen standing on the dock of the Savannah line of Steamships in New York waiting to board the Hermann Livingston then about to sail for that port. The day was overcast, with a cold N. E wind blowing, giving promise of the storm which was soon to overtake us. Our party consisted of Uncle Brinckerhoff & his son Remsen cousins Jane Denning & Emily Vanrensselaer and her daughter Emmie. Henrietta Brinckerhoff and my self, the two last named having each but

lately recovered from an attack of inflamatory rheumatism and for whose benefit this expedition to a warm climate had been arranged
The cabin of the steamer was bitterly cold as the hatchway reaching to the hold under the floor was uncovered for storing freight, & the opening through the room was only protected by a canvas casing that kept out but little of the biting winds and a big black stove in which was burning a very insufficeent fire was the only means provided for heating both the cabin and the state rooms opening upon it.
Here we sat talking to our friends gathered to see us off and at last

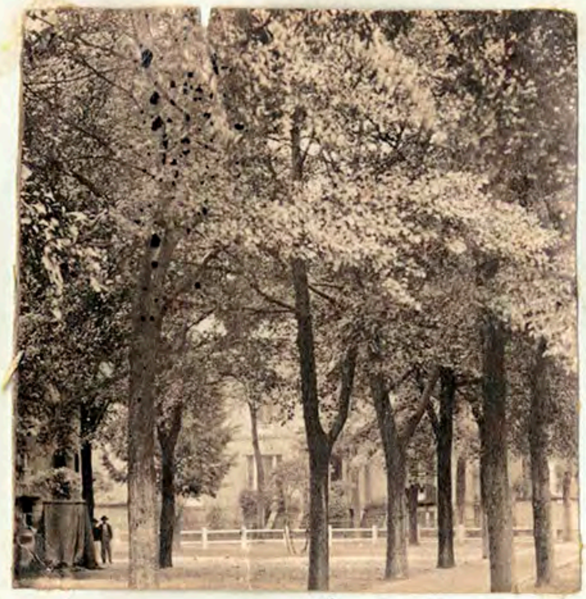
the canvas casing was removed the hatchway covered and the bell rung as a signal for all persons not passengers to leave the ship. I went up on deck to watch as we slowly left the pier and steamed down the bay but when the pilot descended the rope ladder and left the ship for his own little boat, as we passed out to sea, I went below again and turned my attention to caring for the seasick ones, the whole Denning party being "prostrated" at once and poor Etta suffering from a severe relapse of her desease in addition to the seasickness. The storm became very violent as night

fell and lasted for forty eight hours before it subsided and the sea was still rough when we entered the Savannah river on the afternoon of the fourth day from starting.

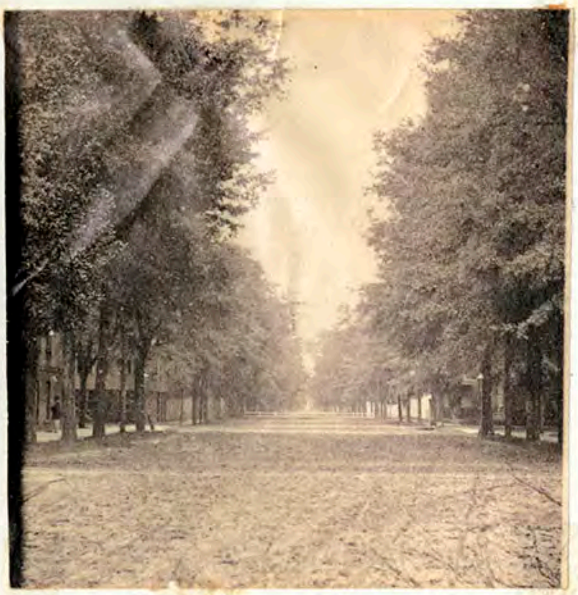
On the second night we narrowly missed running down a schooner in the storm and darkness which only just showed her lights in time to escape a collision. The Captain said it was the worst weather he had ever experienced on the coast but that I believe is always said by each captain as a comfort to his suffering passengers.

We reached Savannah at 3 P.M. and moved to the Screven House

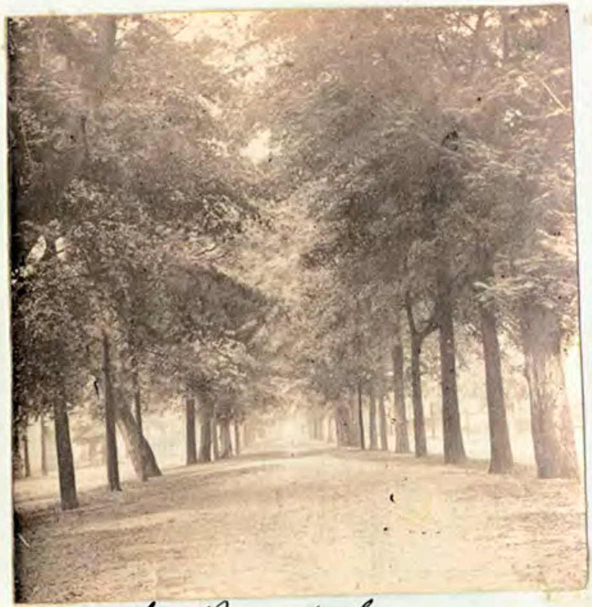
one of the two large hotels in the place. Etta had to be carried ashore in a chair by two men and was put to bed at once upon reaching the hotel and a Doctor sent for. The town covered much space but was utterly unlike any of our northern cities. It contained many parks filled with fine large trees and beds of beautiful flowers in full bloom while the camelias grew to the size of large bushes and were covered with blossoms though growing in the open air. There seemed but few people about, not more than a dozen being seen on the streets in front of the hotel at one time though it was situated



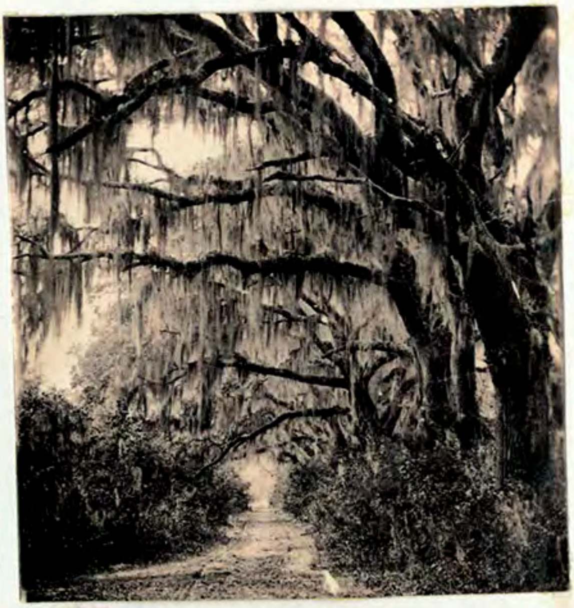
Madison Square
Savannah.



Bull St
Savannah.



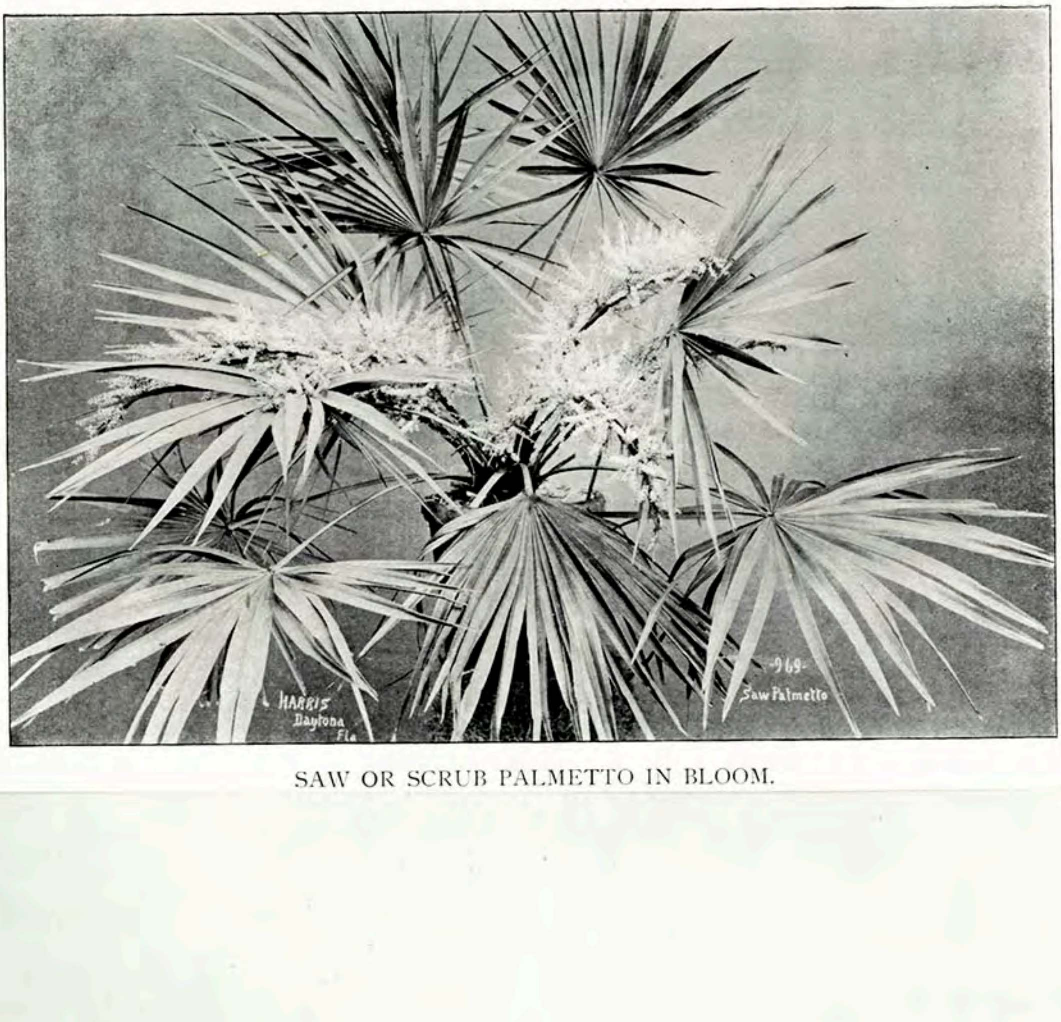
South Broad St.
Savannah.



Bonaventura
in 1870

in a central part of the city and it was only during the past year that they gave up the custom of having the hour of the night & the weather called by the watchman as he made his rounds! "Two of the clock and a cloudy morning." I am so sorry I did not hear it!

We remained in Savannah for nearly a week waiting for Etta to be well enough to travel and during that time made many excursions about the quaint old town and took several drives, one of which was to Bonaventura Cemetary. This place had once been a private residence and a grand avenue of live oaks


HARRIS
Daytona
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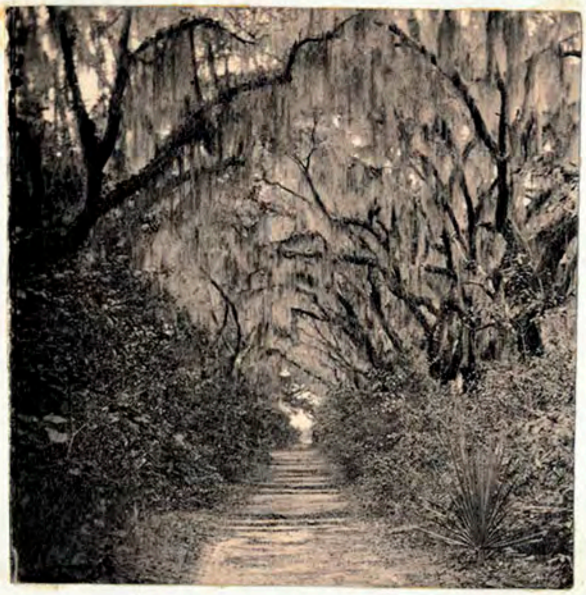
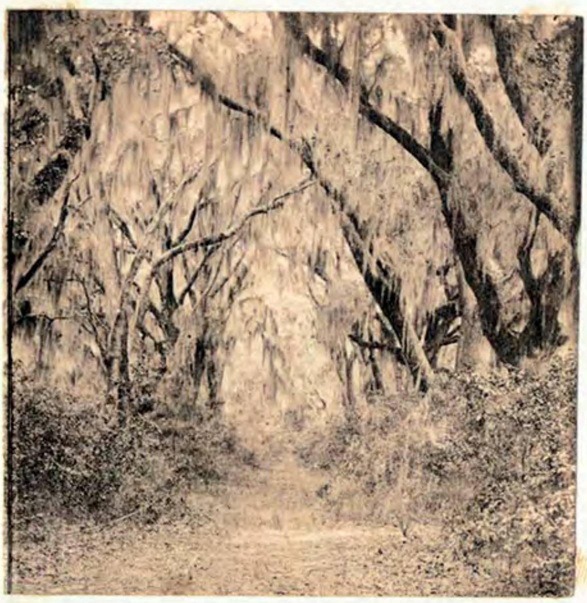
-969-
Saw Palmetto

SAW OR SCRUB PALMETTO IN BLOOM.



Bonaventura in 1870



Bonaventura in 1870

* A dinner party was taking place at the time the fire occurred and the owner of the house was sitting at the table with his guests when one of the servants ran into the room and gave the alarm saying that the whole top of the house was burning. Upon asking the extent of the fire and the possibility of its extinguishment and being told that the house could not possibly be saved he ordered the chairs and table with its load of refreshments to be carried out on the lawn and there they finished their repast, lighted by the flames from the burning building!

I dont believe the story!

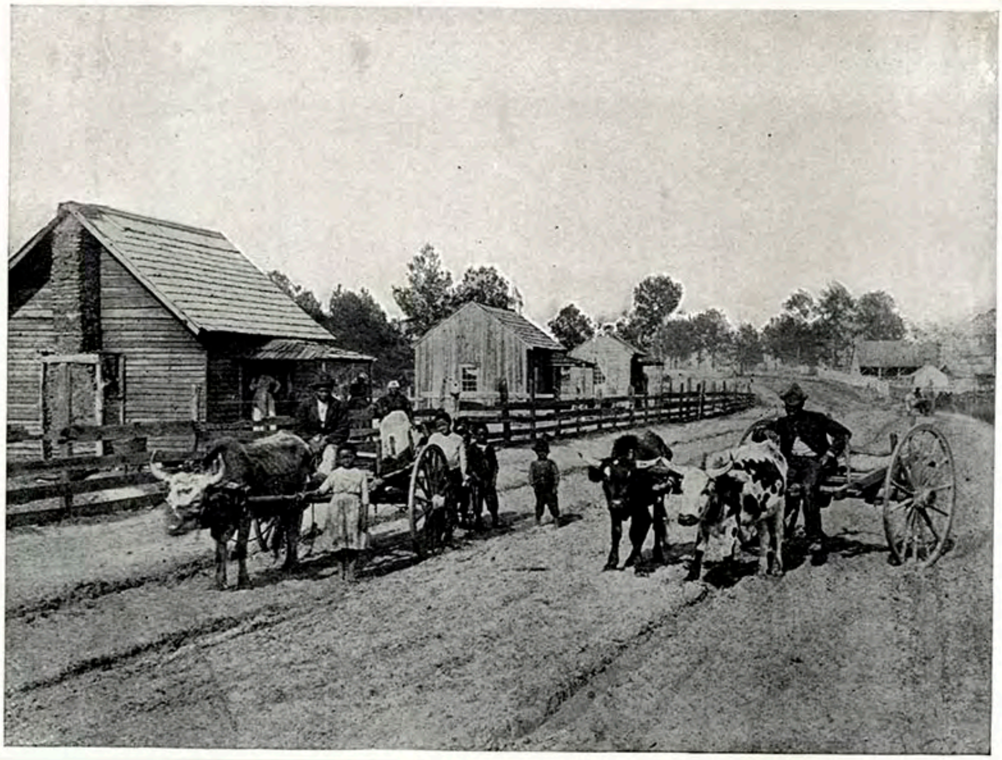
led through the grounds to where the house once stood, but it had been burned down, the owner had died or moved away and the beautiful estate was converted into a burial ground for the dead of the city* When we saw it first soon after the war, the place was utterly uncared for, wild palmetto scrub and other plants covered the ground and obscured any graves that might be there, while the beautiful old trees were draped with Spanish moss hanging from every limb and reaching in many cases almost to the ground. I saw it again in 1897 and the change was marvelous, the scrub palmettos

had gone, the grass was smooth & green, over the neatly kept graves and graceful marble monuments were seen through the vistas of the trees, which arched over our heads as we drove over the beautifully kept roads.

After a stay of some days in Savannah, finding that our invalid, though better would still not be able to travel for some time to come it was decided that she should remain at the Scriven House with her brother as companion and that a nurse should be engaged to give her the needed attention and that the rest of the party with my Uncle as escort, should go on to our destination in Florida

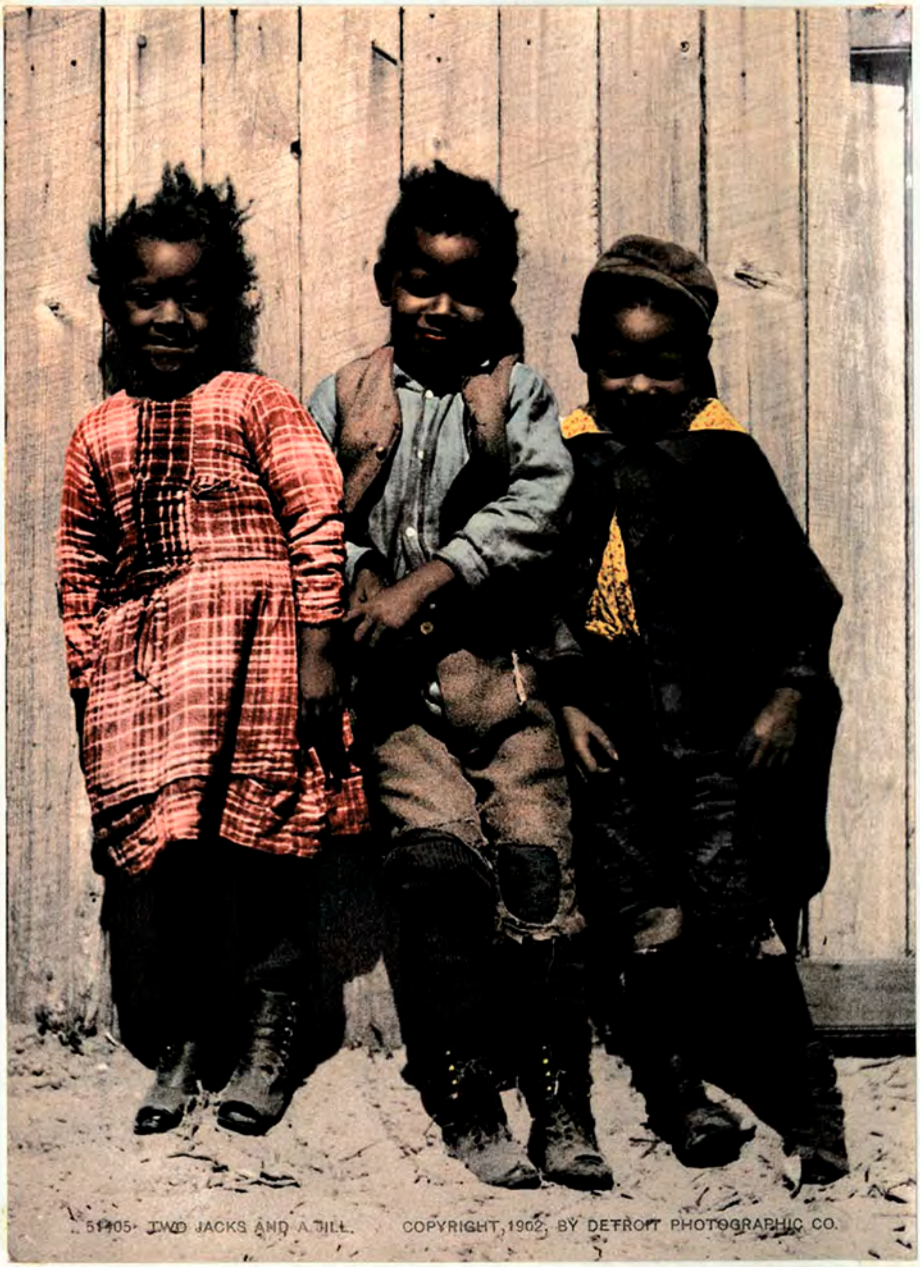
where they would join us later when she was able to bear the journey. Accordingly we started at 6 PM by train on Feb 10th for Jacksonville instead of taking the steamer and so avoided possible seasickness for the rest of the party. The sleeping cars were crowded & we could only secure one section for the four ladies which made very close packing but there was nothing else to be done.

We ran through many forest fires during the night and it was a strange and wierd sight in the darkness to see the flames running along the ground, or burning at the roots of the large pine trees,



Suburbs of Jacksonville.

and at times when they were hollow burning completely through them an coming out of the top like a flaming chimney! We reached Jacksonville the next morning but as usual with southern trains in those days much ~~after~~ behind time, so after taking a carriage and getting the baggage on a truck we drove down to the boat in waiting, and there Uncle Brinckerhoff persuaded the Captain to wait just a little longer till the trunks arrived saying, "you wouldnt have the heart to let all these ladies go off without their dresses and things"! and he didn't start till the dray drove up three quarters of an hour

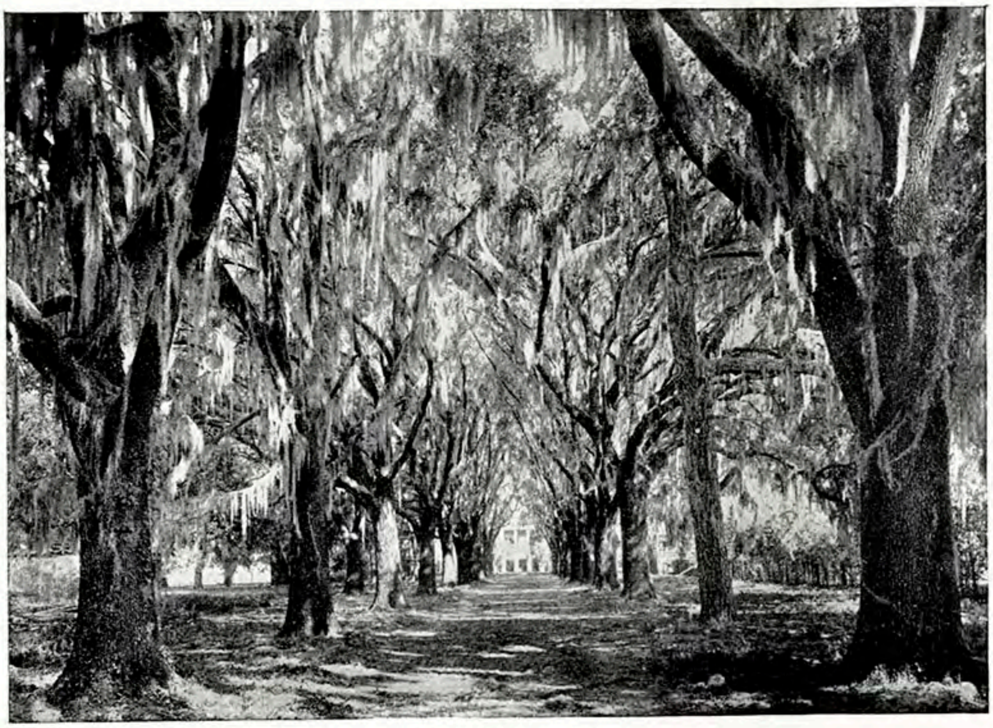


51405. TWO JACKS AND A JILL. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

Florida Natives.

afterwards and the trunks were safely on board! Later on as I marked our leasurely progress up the river I did not wonder that the Captain was so willing to oblige us as we were such a large party. No one hurried any where or about anything. We stopped at many points on the river to take on the wood which was used for fuel and when we were tied to the wharf the deck hands ran ashore picked up a stick of wood in each hand, returned to the boat, deposited it on the deck and then went back for two more. The idea of using wheel barrows for the transfer of the fuel never

seemed to cross their minds and this process of "wooding up" gave the passengers several opportunities of going on shore and seeing the little settlements often consisting of but a single house, during the time consumed by the proceeding. We went on stopping at several small places ~~on the river~~ among them Green Cove Springs which we expected to visit later, on our return down the river and at last reached Palatka the only place deserving the name of a town we had seen since we left Jacksonville. The trip up the river reminded me of the Delaware only wider and with the same low banks



LIVE OAKS AND SPANISH MOSS.

but the water was very shallow. We went to the hotel at Palatka where we remained over Sunday, so we were able to attend service in the same church where my father preached when he was here in 1867. Near by the hotel was a magnificent grove of live oaks long moss streaming from their branches, the bright sunshine flickering between the trees on the green grass beneath, where a few cows and chickens, which by a slight stretch of imagination easily became deer and partridges were feeding, and beyond in the bright sunlight lay the river so entirely landlocked from that point of view that it was difficult

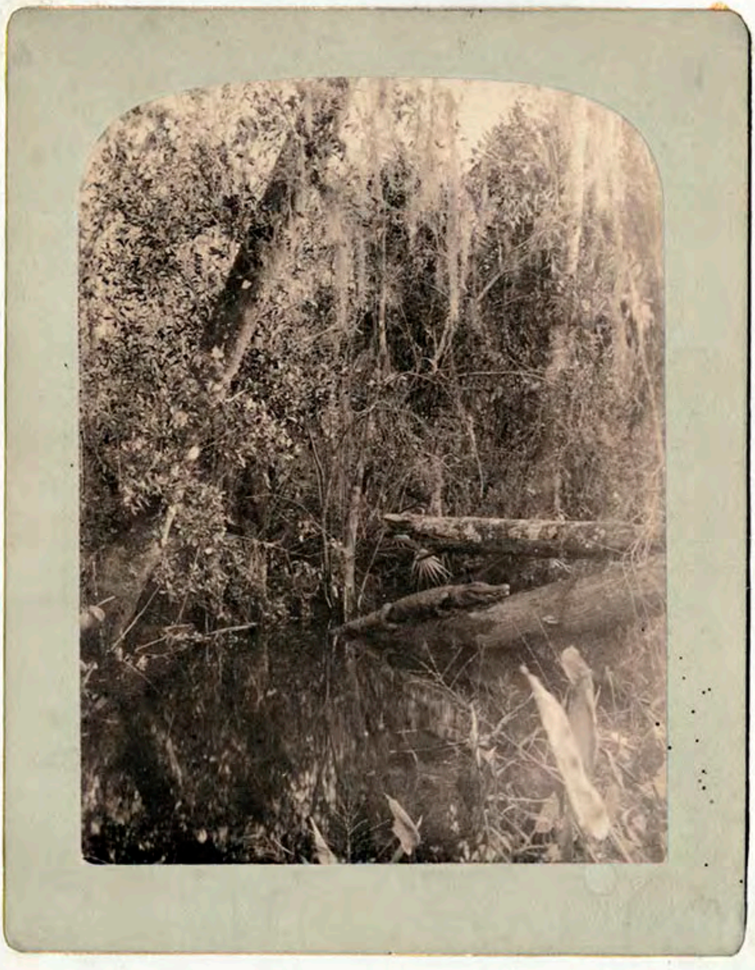
AMONG THE ORANGES.

to believe that it was not a lake by whose banks we were standing The air was vocal with the song of the mocking birds as they flew about among the branches of the trees and they were the first we had ever seen flying around enjoying life & not shut up in a cage as in our northern cities. I here first saw a grove of orange trees in full bearing, and when I noticed the miserable soil, almost pure sea sand in which they live and flourish I wondered how they could find nourishment to exist at all and yet they looked as if they rather liked it than otherwise!

We went on board

A Feeder of the St. John's River, Florida.

our steamer on Sunday evening as she left at the early hour of four in the morning, so we got a good nights rest, as the staterooms were comfortable. The trip up to Enterprize from Palatka was most enjoyable. The river became much narrower as we went on and twisted and turned like a wriggling snake and as our boat was long we often had to run bump on shore and then back off before we could get around the short curves. The banks were bordered by live oaks and magnolias loaded with grey hanging moss and often covered with the yellow Jasamine which climbs to the

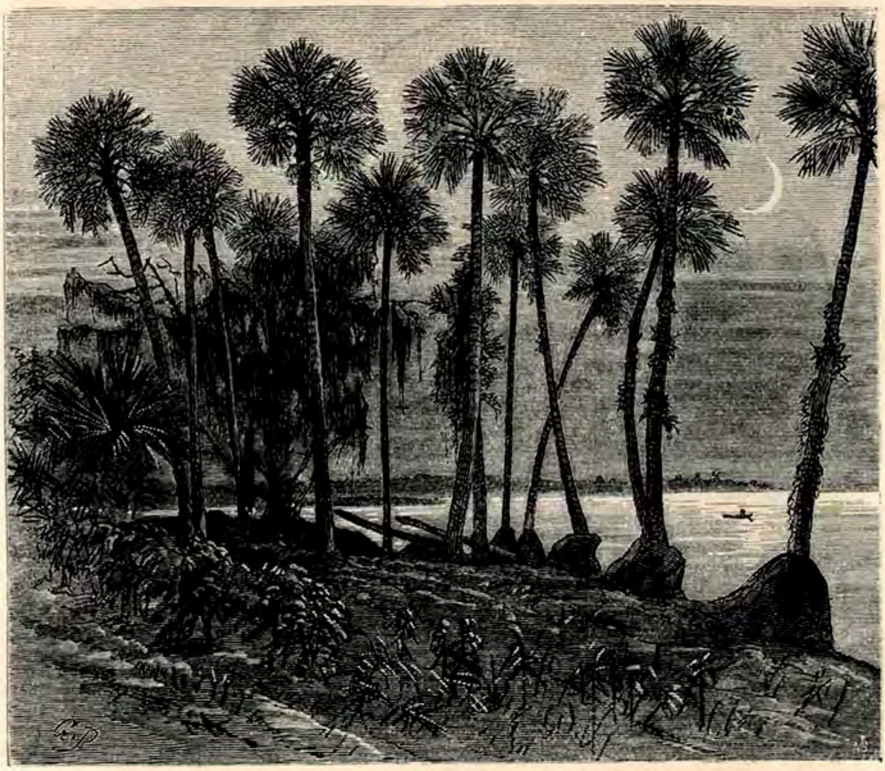


Allegator on the left!

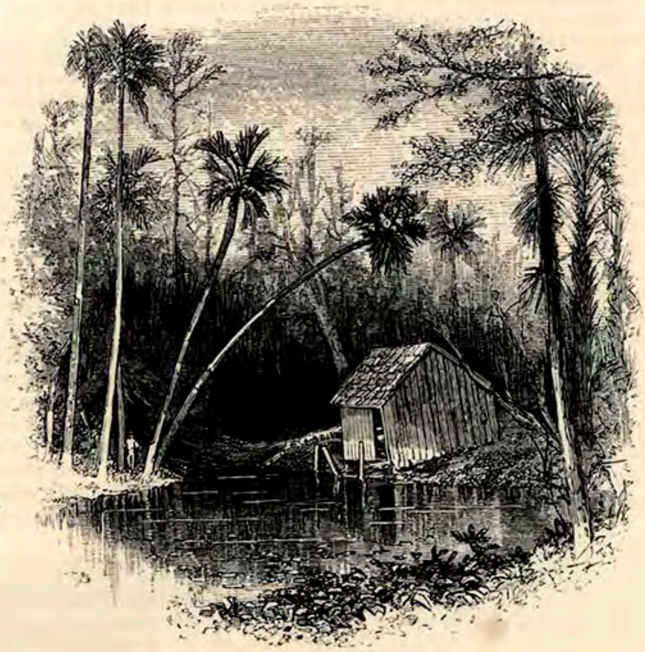
very tops of the trees. The forest came down except in a few cleared spots to the edge of the water & the undergrowth was so thick & tangled that it would have been impossible to penetrate it. Here we met with our first alligator and saw the splash made by several others as they left the logs on which they were sunning themselves and entered the water at the sound of the approaching boat. We also saw numbers of the beautiful white Herons with their exquisitely delicate plumage also little wild ducks that swam in front of the steamer rarely leaving the water till the boat was almost upon them.

The build of these steamers which run on the St Johns river is very unlike ours. They draw very little water and the whole lower deck is open to the air and filled with the machinery and the freights carried from points to points as there is no "hold" in which to stow cargo. On our return trip this space was largely filled with carcases of cattle which run wild in the woods, and are then caught killed and sent up to the markets at Jacksonville and other towns on the river. Ice is unknown here in any quantity, all that reaches Florida being brought

from the north packed in casks or in Schooners to Jacksonville and St Augustine. Fortunately the air on the river is so pure & fresh that the meat does not seem to spoil during its transit without ice but the cattle are not penned up & fattened before killing & the beef is very tough stringy and almost uneatable. There seemed to be plenty of venison and it was good and sweet but the natives seemed to busy or too lazy to hunt it & so we did not find it on our "bill of fare" very often. This is a digression, I now return to the steamer. A flight of steps brings one to the upper deck and here



PALMS ON THE ST. JOHNS.

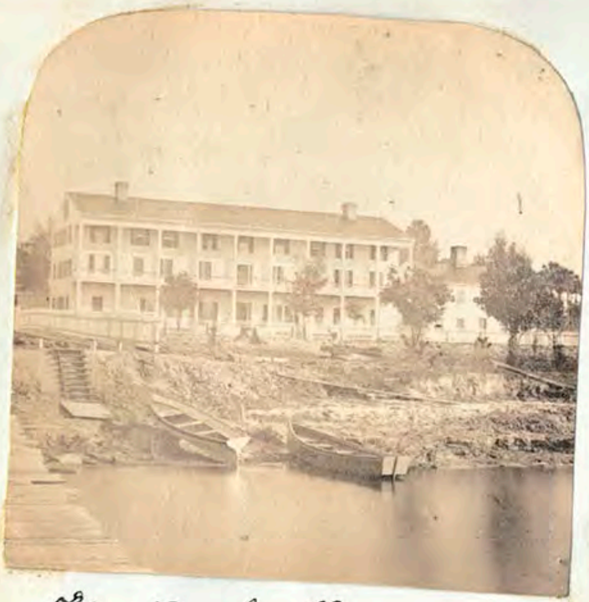


A LONELY LANDING.

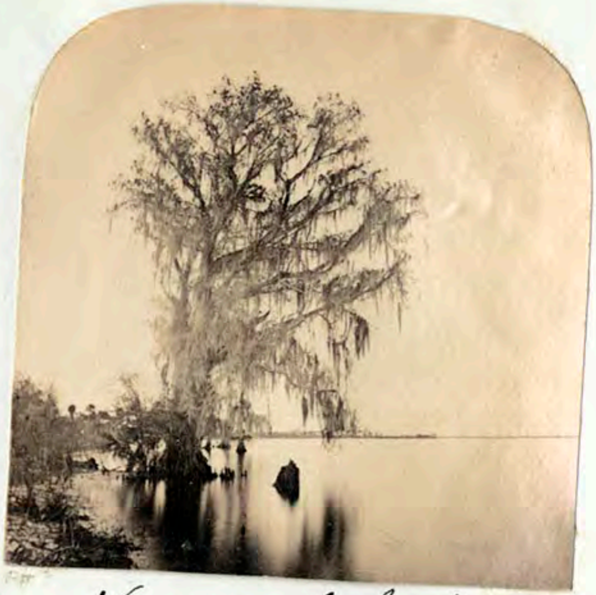
the dining saloon and staterooms are situated with plenty of room both at the bow and stern to sit and admire the scenes constantly opening out before us. There were almost no settlements on this part of the river and an occasional wharf on which wood was piled and at which we stopped to take on a fresh supply of fuel, with a rough road winding back into the thick forest which bordered the river was all that suggested the fact that any living soul might be found within miles of the spot. We reached Enterprize early the next morning and my uncle jumping ashore

Deep Creek, Florida.

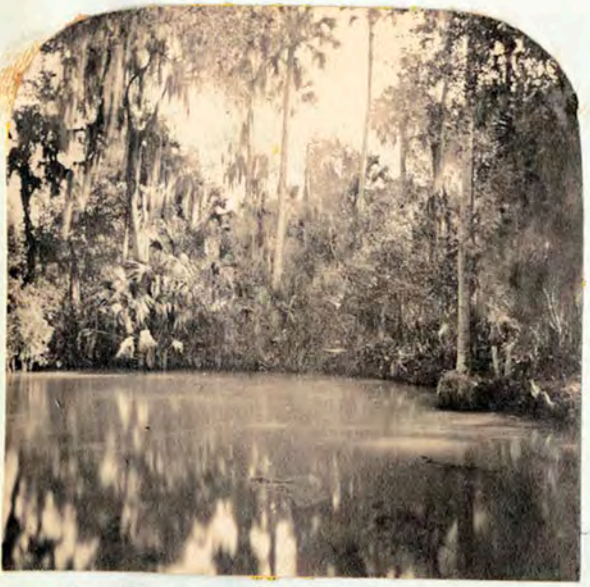
among the first, was able to secure the only remaining unoccupied rooms in the hotel for our party. These properly speaking were not in the hotel at all but over a little store close by and were of the most primitive description,. no carpet on the floor, a packing box turned up on end with a glass hanging over it served as a washstand and dressing table combined. Two wooden chairs and a bed completed the furniture of the room, but the beds were soft and clean and we were glad to find any kind of shelter for the night & not be obliged to return at once by the boat as many of the less



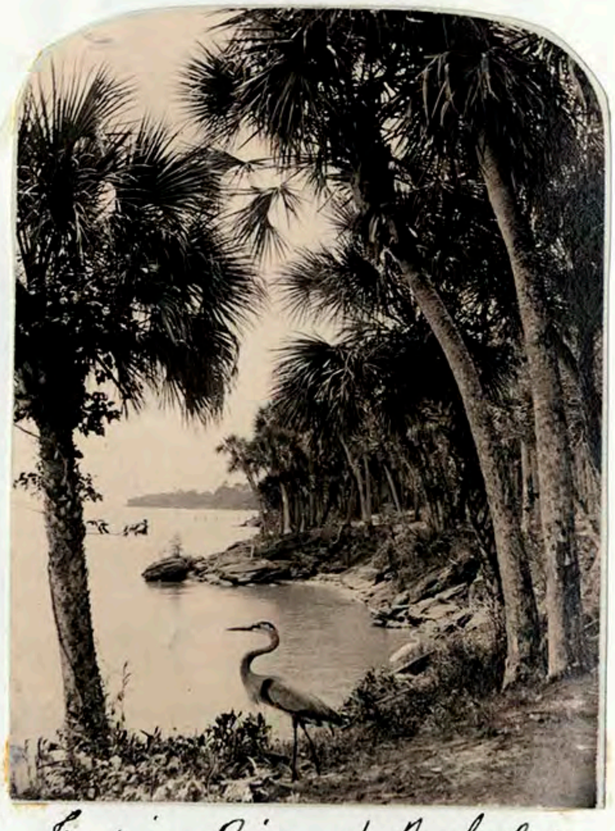
The Brock House
Enterprise



View on Lake Monroe
Enterprise



White Sulphur spring and pool
one mile from Enterprise



Indian River at Rock Ledge
on a line from Enterprise.

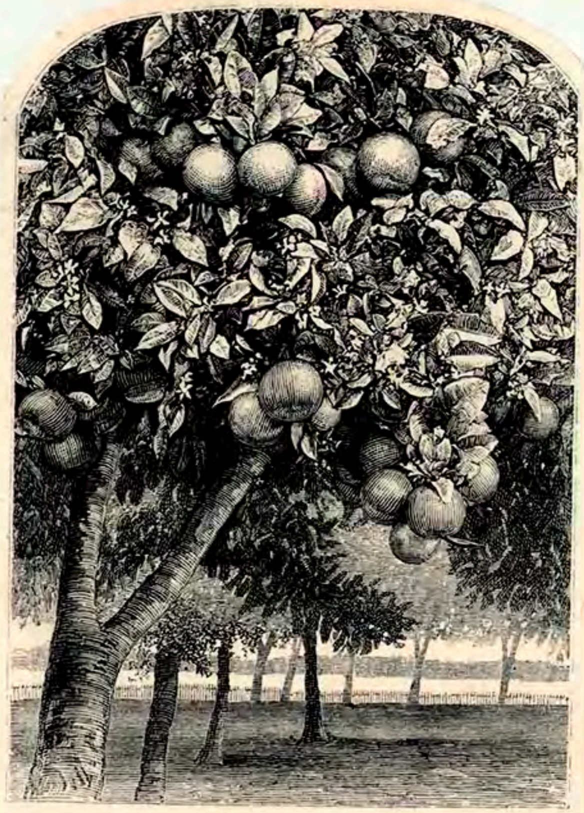
fortunate passengers were obliged to do for want of accomodation, so we did not complain even if the plaster had fallen off the walls and ceiling in big patches leaving the lathes exposed and the windows were only held open by sticks.!

We found Enterprize consisting of one hotel, about three private houses, the store over which we were quartered and a blacksmith shop. Here the trail to the Indian River on the coast started but the deep sandy road did not tempt us to explore it for any distance and the drive in a rough ox cart of over sixty miles did not attract us or lead

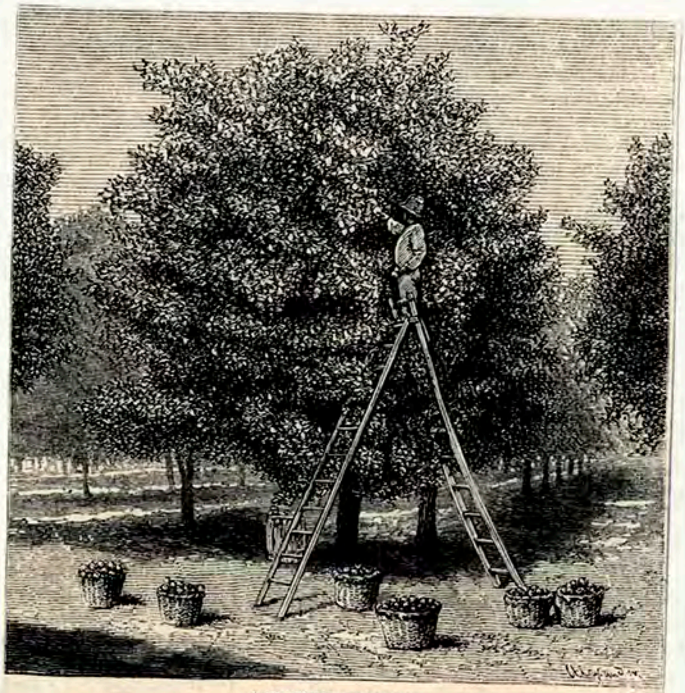
Indian River, Florida.

us to change our original plan of returning to Green Cove Springs ± there to await the rest of the party who we hoped would be able to join us by the time we reached there once more.

This part of the river is called Lake **Monroe** and on the opposite side is situated the town of Sandford. We did not go there but it looked across the water but little larger than Enterprize. Near the hotel we found a beautiful grove of Palmettos and live oaks and we sat for some time on the shore of the lake on an old log, listening to the waves that rippled softly on the stones. reminding us of the South Rocks at Presqu. Ile. About three quarters



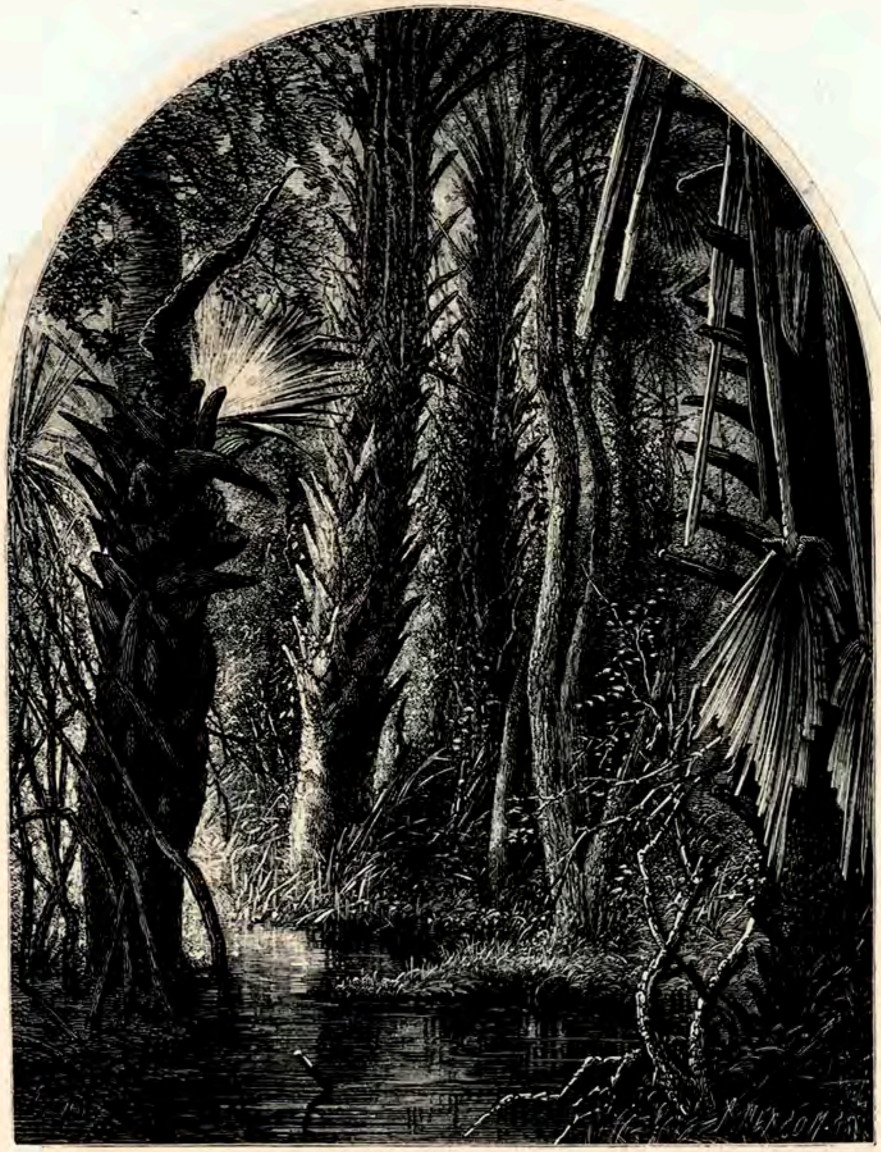
FRUIT AND FLOWERS.



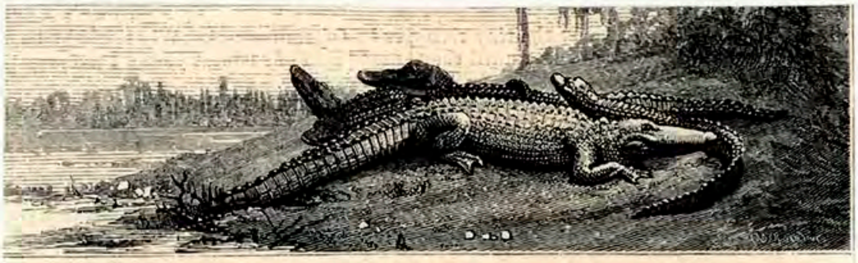
GATHERING ORANGES.

of a mile further the rest of the party found a sulphur spring and a lake but it was too long a walk for me. We also visited an orange grove where the man in charge gave us as much fruit as we could carry away for a quarter and he also allowed us to pick a few strawberries that were growing in his garden – This was on February 15th!

The mail only reached here place twice each week and altogether it was a very dead place and I dont think the enterprize of the man who started and named it has been rewarded so far. We went on board the steamer the next evening for our return trip



PALMETTO THICKET.



ALLIGATORS.

with great unquietness of heart, for some friends who had just arrived by her said she was alive with cockroaches and bugs and we were booked for two nights on her!. Fortunately for our nerves however the weather was very cool and our staterooms were some distance from the pantries where they were most plentiful. and so we never saw a sign of one and slept quite comfortably, though I must confess to having felt rather crawley the first night on board -

The sail back was even pleasanter than when going up the river, as it was cooler, and I saw several more alligators also large flocks of white herons which are the most

beautiful birds in Florida flying around us from tree to tree or feeding on the marshy spots in large numbers. At Picolata we were obliged to wait for over two hours for the stage from St Augustine which had been detained by wet roads but it arrived at last and then we went on to Green Cove Springs where we left the boat and took up our quarters in the Union Hotel the only one of any size in the place. and here the next morning we were joined by Etta and Rein the former just able to travel but still far from well. We were given comfortable rooms but on the third floor as the house was very full and Etta Emmie & I shared one

"Union House"

Green Cove 13th Mch/70

Soup

Oyster

Fish

Boild Bass Egg Sauce. Baked Shad

Meats

Roast Beef Bird Pie
" Pork
" Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Beef a-la-mode Boild Ham

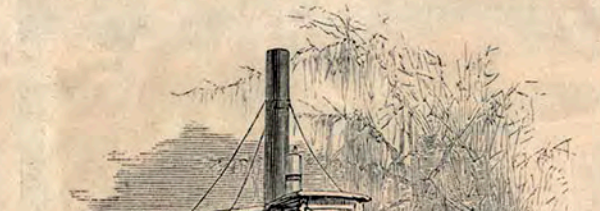
Vegetables

Ir & Sweet Potatoes
Turnips Onions Carrots
Tomatoes Peas Rice
Celery Radishes Olives Pickles

Pastry

Mince & Apple Pies Rice Pudding
Oranges Nuts & Raisins

together Our window looked out on thick woods of live oak and Magnolia trees and we had a fine fireplace where we could make a roaring fire of pitch pine on cold days and many evenings we used no other light. We found the climate delightful when we first arrived, could wear thin dresses and sit out of doors without any wraps, but it was very changable and a few days later one of the party found an icicle three inches long outside her window.

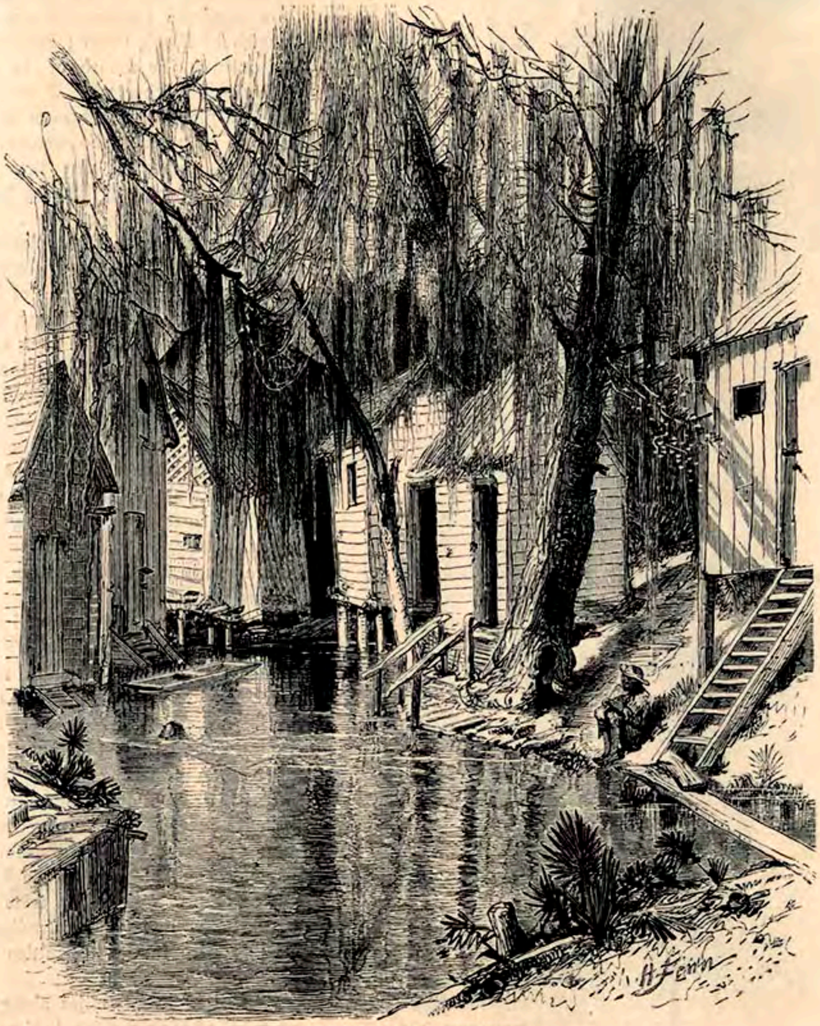


THE JOHN WILEY.

First boat on the Ocklawaha -

Green Cove Springs

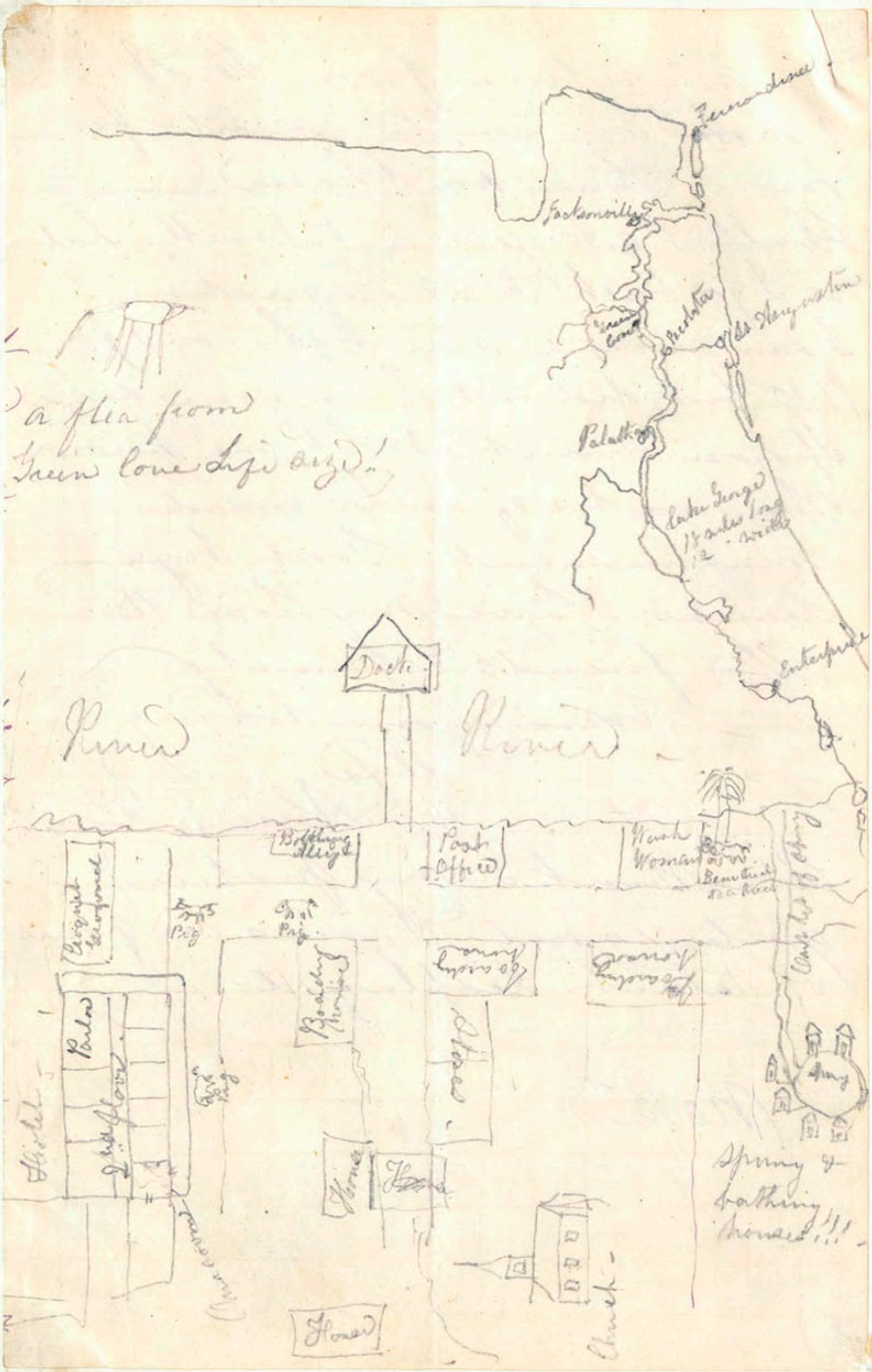
Green Cove Springs as its name implies is situated on a little bay of the river boardered with magnificent live oak trees and magnolias which are covered with the grey moss of the country and also with the yellow jasamine which climbs to the tops of the highest trees. The spring from which it also takes its name bursts out of the ground in the midst of a thick grove of trees which overhang the pool on all sides so that it is always shaded from the rays of the sun. The water boils up out of a hole thirty feet deep, at the rate of hundreds of gallons an hour and then spreads out into a shallow pool about three



GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

or four feet deep 15 feet wide and about twenty or thirty feet long. The water is beautifully clear and the bottom seems lined with a yellow deposit supposed to be sulphur. The ladies and men bathe at different times so our dresses were not the works of art required when in mixed company. It was a strange sight to see the foreshortning of the figures in the clear water and the little white feet paddling about apparently within a foot of their heads. The pool was surrounded on three sides by a high board fence and on the other were several tumble down shanties with steps leading to the water which served as dressing

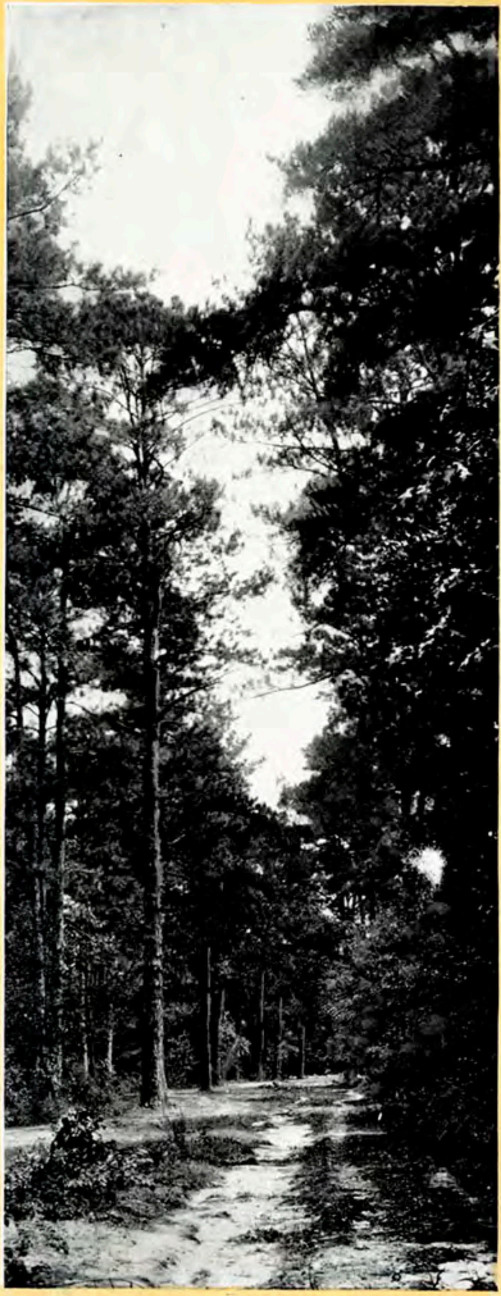
rooms for the bathers. Everything was delapidated and falling into ruin as fast as possible, but here numbers of persons came each day to bathe in the water which was considered a certain cure for many deseases. Those who could swim used to go directly over the spot where the water boiled up out of the earth and try to dive down into the hole, but they always found it impossible, the force of the water in its upward rush being so great that it brought the body at once to the surface again. The water was supposed to contain sulphur but lately it has been analized and none was found only a large quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen


Fernandina
Jacksonville
Green Cove
Picolata
St Augustine
Palatka
Lake George
18 miles long
12 " wide
Enterprise
a flea from Green Cove life size!
Dock
River
River
Bowling Alley
Post Office
Wash Woman
Beautiful Sea Beach
Oak Walk to Spring
Croquet Ground
Pig
Pig
Pig
Boarding House
Boarding House
Boarding House
Store
Parlor
2nd floor
Hotel
Our corner
House
~~House~~
House
Church
Spring
Spring & bathing houses!!!

Original sketch made
on the spot!

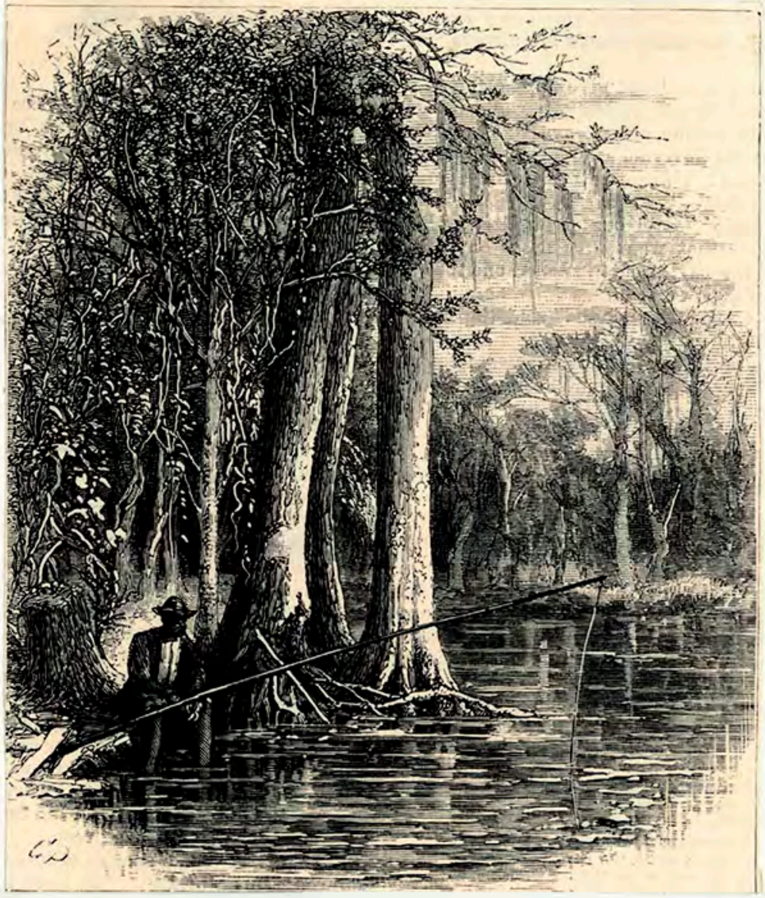
which however quickly evaporated when exposed to the air so that it was used at the Hotel for all the cooking and for making tea, coffee &c. The town at that time consisted of one street with a few cross ones running down to the river and back to the woods which came down close to the backs of the houses. A little chapel built by contributions from the residents of the Hotel the year before our visit, stood on the edge of the forest and also served as a school house and religious services were held there whenever any clergyman came to the place. A village store and a few houses completed the town. Almost every one took boarders when they could

get them, but people found the hotel more comfortable as the houses generally were built without plastered walls and only the clapboards protected the occupants from the weather which was very changable and often very cold. The paths were covered with sawdust as ~~is~~ is the case now & the pigs ran wild about the place & taking up their habitations under the houses & the hotel which was built on high piles & not closed in. Great quantities of fleas were deposited by the pigs in the sawdust paths & roads & were carried into the houses where they made their presence felt every where The beds & carpets were full of them & they were the source of the greatest discomfort to the guests.



Road through the Pines between Green Cove Springs and Magnolia.

for there was no way of getting rid of them. A pretty walk through the woods brought one to Magnolia a small settlement about a mile further down the river where there was another hotel much frequented by invalids in search of a warm climate and which also boasted of a spring of its own which was supposed to cure all deseases. I was very anxious that Etta should get there to see the beautiful pine trees surrounding the house, but she could not walk so far and there was not a single vehecle in the place in which she could ride but the mule cart that carried all the water used at the hotel from the spring and though I proposed putting a chair in it for her, she concluded not



to try it as it certainly would have proved but a rough conveyance. Strange to say with the river so near there was not a single row boat to be hired so we were obliged to forgo many a pleasant little excursions along its banks and up the various creeks that emptied into it near by.

At last the Denning party felt that it was time to return north, but before they turned their faces homeward they wished to visit the quaint, old Spanish town of St Augustine. Etta was still too unwell to bear the jolting of the long stage ride from the river to the coast so it was decided that she should be left with her brother

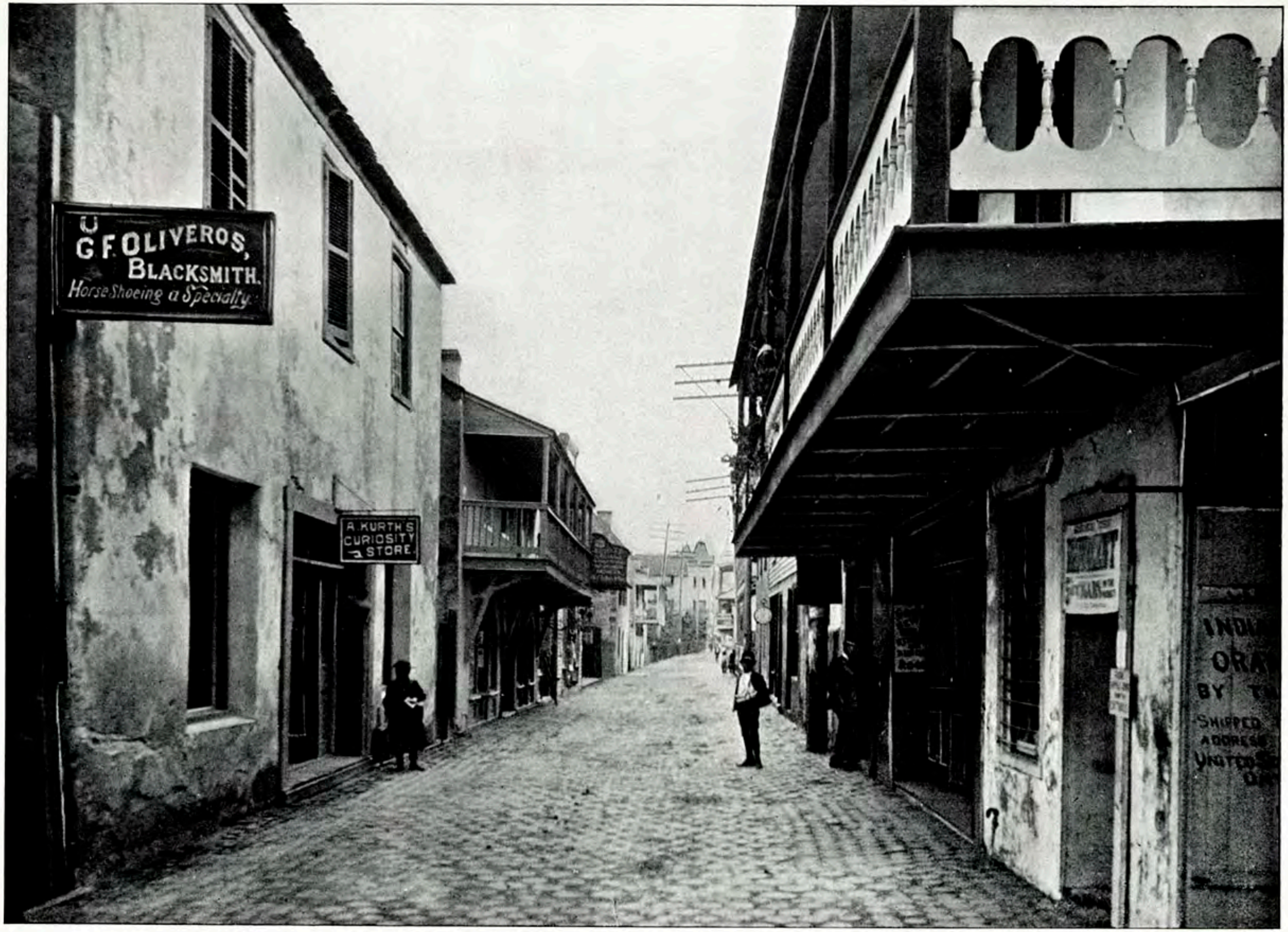
at Green Cove Springs while Uncle Brinckerhoff should take the rest of us over to St Augustine for a few days and as we returned Remsen should join the ladies with their trunks which would remain at Green cove and go with them to Charleston. where they would take the steamer, north and Uncle Brinckerhoff Etta & I should stay on for a while longer until it should be warm enough at home to make our return safe. Accordingly on March 6th we took the boat at Green Cove Springs at 10 AM for Picolata reaching there by 11. This is the point on the river that the Stage from St Augustine met its passengers three times a week!

We had to wait there for several hours while the horses which had just made the trip rested and were fed, before their return journey. The place consisted of the remains of an old wooden stockade erected during war times and one house occupied by a most disagreeable woman who refused to open her door and let the ladies of the party take refuge from the hot sunshine in her little parlor or even give us chairs on the front porch. One person tried to get something to eat but she refused to let them have even a piece of bread or a glass of water. We fortunately had been warned of what we might expect before.

leaving the hotel so had provided ourselves with a box of luncheon or we would have been badly off as we did not reach St Augustine until 6 P.M. At 1.30 we started in an old fashioned six horse Concord coach seven passengers inside and three on top for our ride of 18 miles across a most desolate country, the road nearly half the time being a foot under water with an occasional piece of corderoy over hoplessly swampy places. Both coach & harness were very old and dilapidated and before we got across we had broken down four times. First the trunk rack behind gave way and three times parts of the

harness broke and had to be tied up with string before we could proceed. At the St Sebastian river the stage was driven on an old scow ferry boat propelled by ropes and in the middle of the stream we stopped to allow the ferryman to collect his toll from the stage driver, about which I believe there was always some discussion before it was finally settled to their mutual satisfaction. There had been a bridge over the river before the war, but it had been burned and never replaced and so this rope ferry worked by one man was the only land approach to the oldest city in the United States.

X

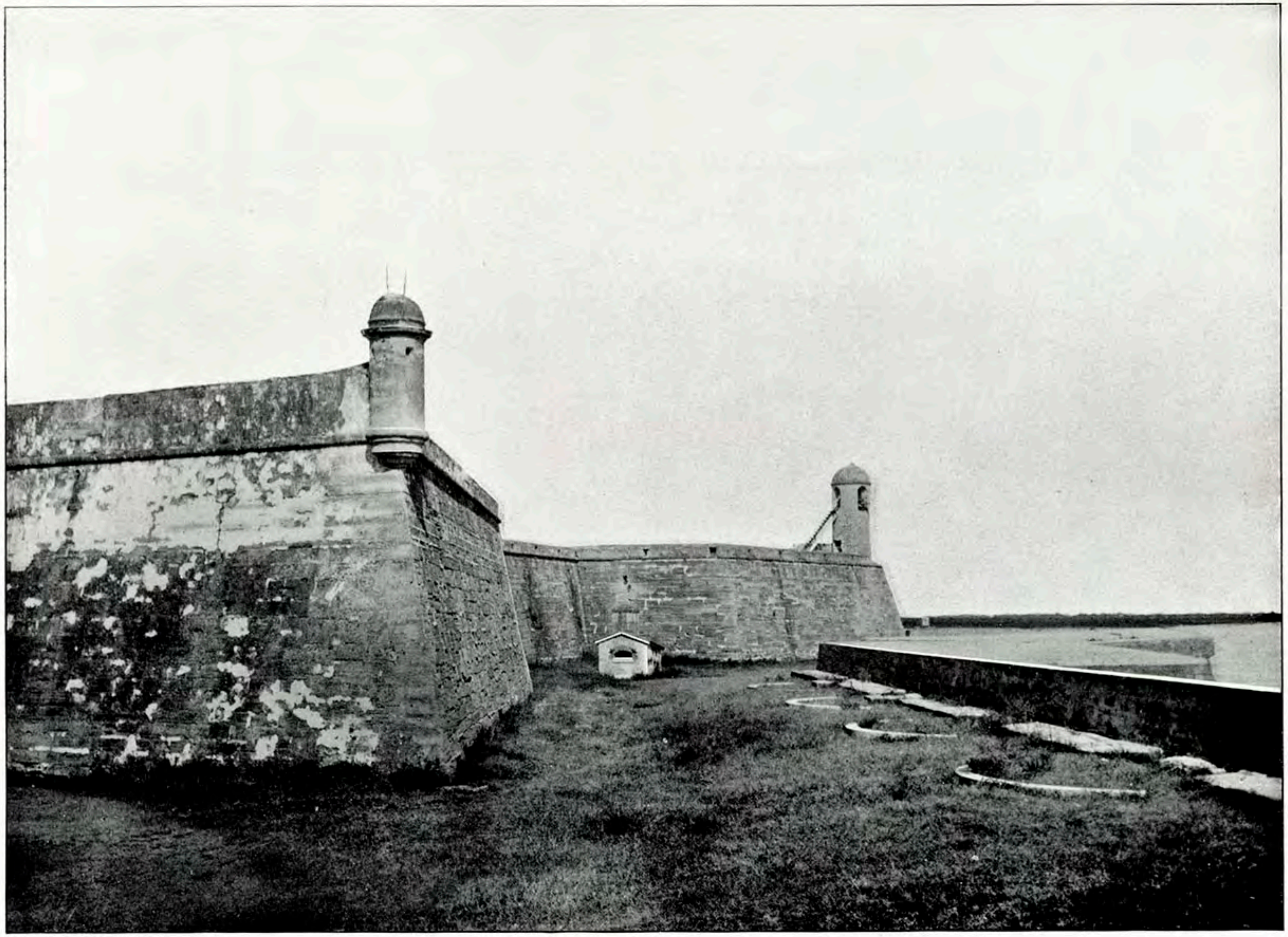

G.F. OLIVEROS,
BLACKSMITH.
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.
A. KURTH'S
CURIOSITY
STORE.

Not paved in the old ST GEORGE STREET, ST AUGUSTINE times.

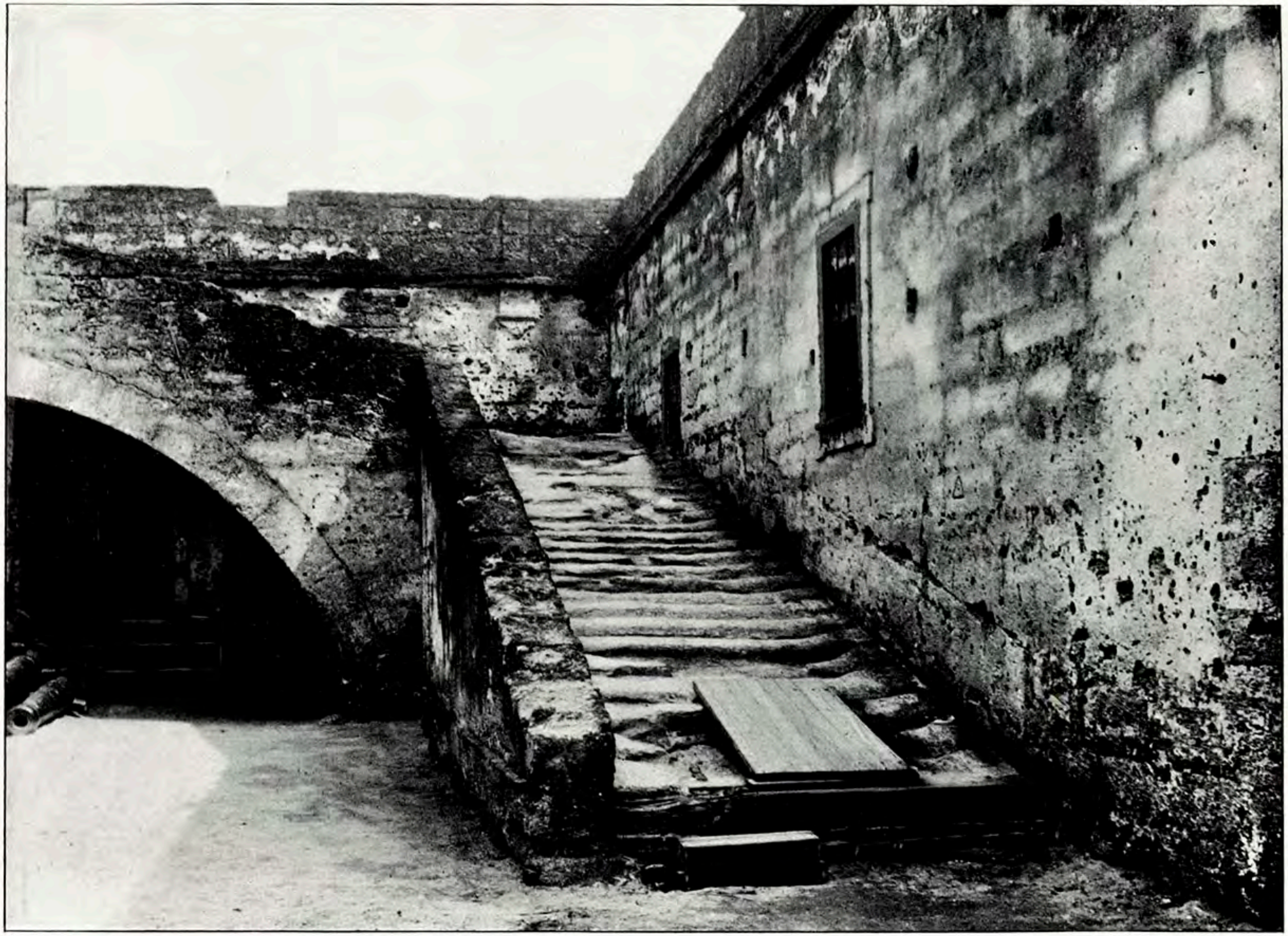
St Augustine

St Augustine was built while Florida was owned by the Spaniards and their style of architecture is seen on all sides. The streets were narrow and overhung by many balconys which extend from the front of the dwellings houses on each side of the street so that the driver of our loaded stage had to be careful to keep in the middle of the road or the top passengers would have been knocked off. The old fort built by the Spaniards is situated at the north end of the town directly in front of the opening between the islands which lie between it and the sea.

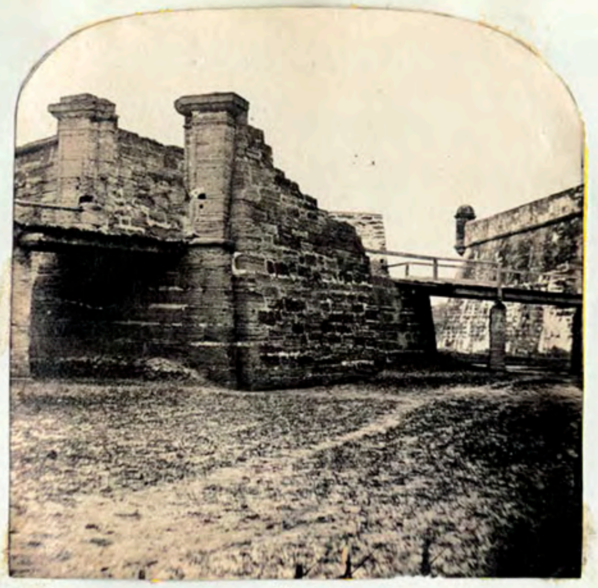
It is an entirely out of date



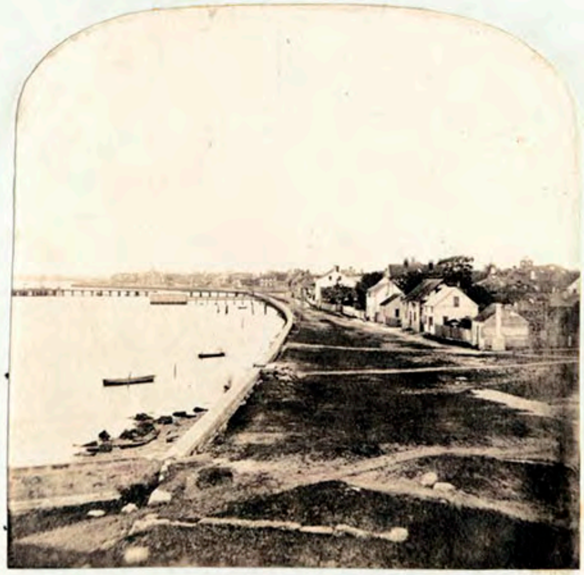
FORT MARION, SHOWING HOT SHOT FURNACE AND WATER BATTERY, ST. AUGUSTINE structure which could be knocked to pieces in a short time in these days, but it was all right at the period it was built. It is surrounded by a dry moat over which is a drawbridge which is never raised and in the moat stands a furnace for heating shot for the cannon. It is entirely built of coquina a stone found on Annastasia island composed of myriads of broken shells stuck together by the glue of the animals they once contained. It is very soft when first cut but hardens in the sun and air till it seems like other stone but it is apt to crumble on the edges and soon wears away when not



OLD COQUINA STAIRWAY, FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE protected by a plaster casing. Some time after the fort was occupied by the United States troops a secret dungeon was discovered, the entrance to which had been carefully walled up, and when opened was found to contain two skeletons one of which was confined in an iron cage in which he was obliged to stand upright! What their history was or why they were condemned to this horrible death must ever remain a mystery as there are no records remaining to tell the tale. Another room was pointed out in which an Indian chief was confined during the war with their tribe in Florida and a window shown at least

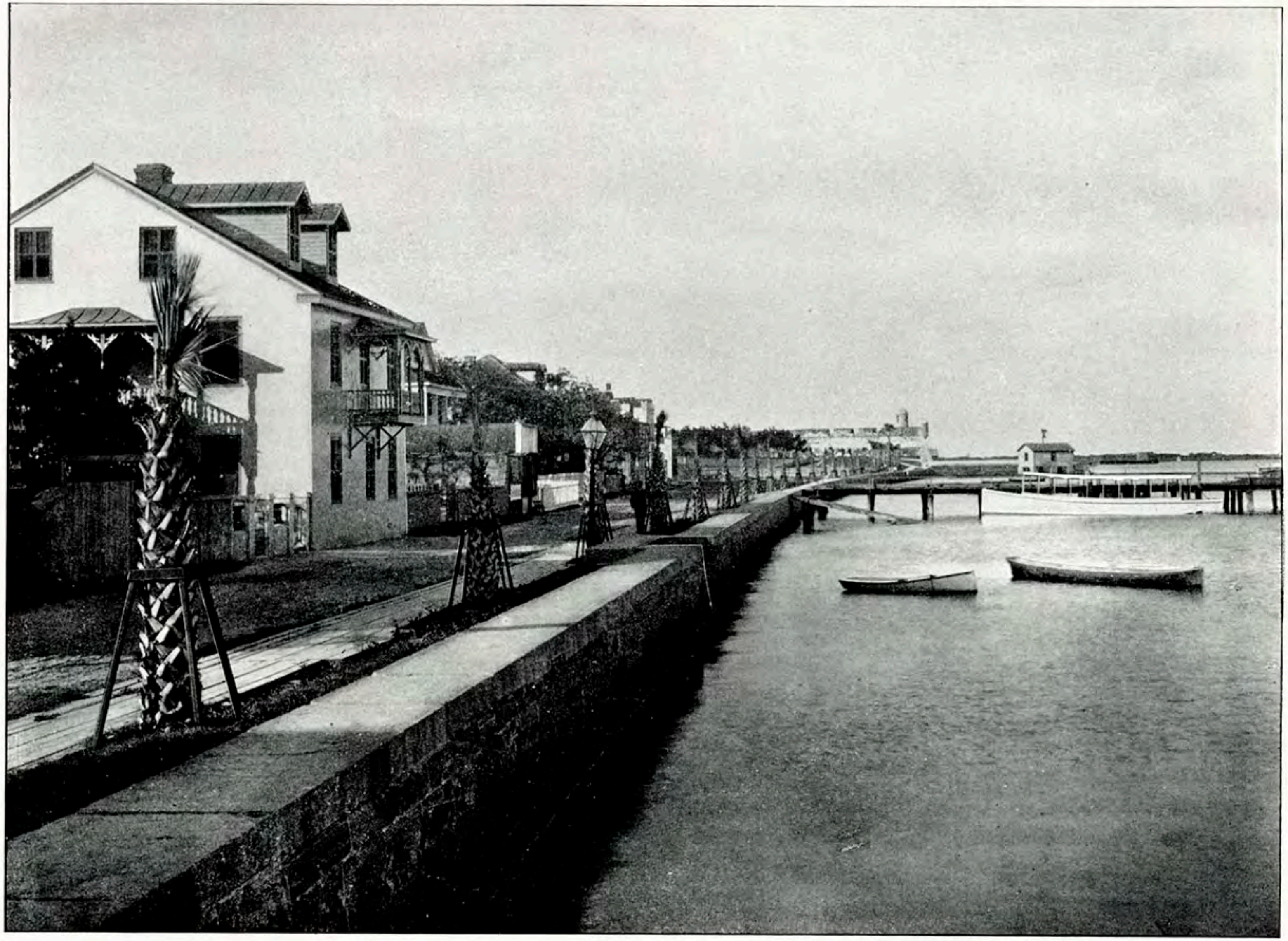


Old draw bridge over moat
San Marco.



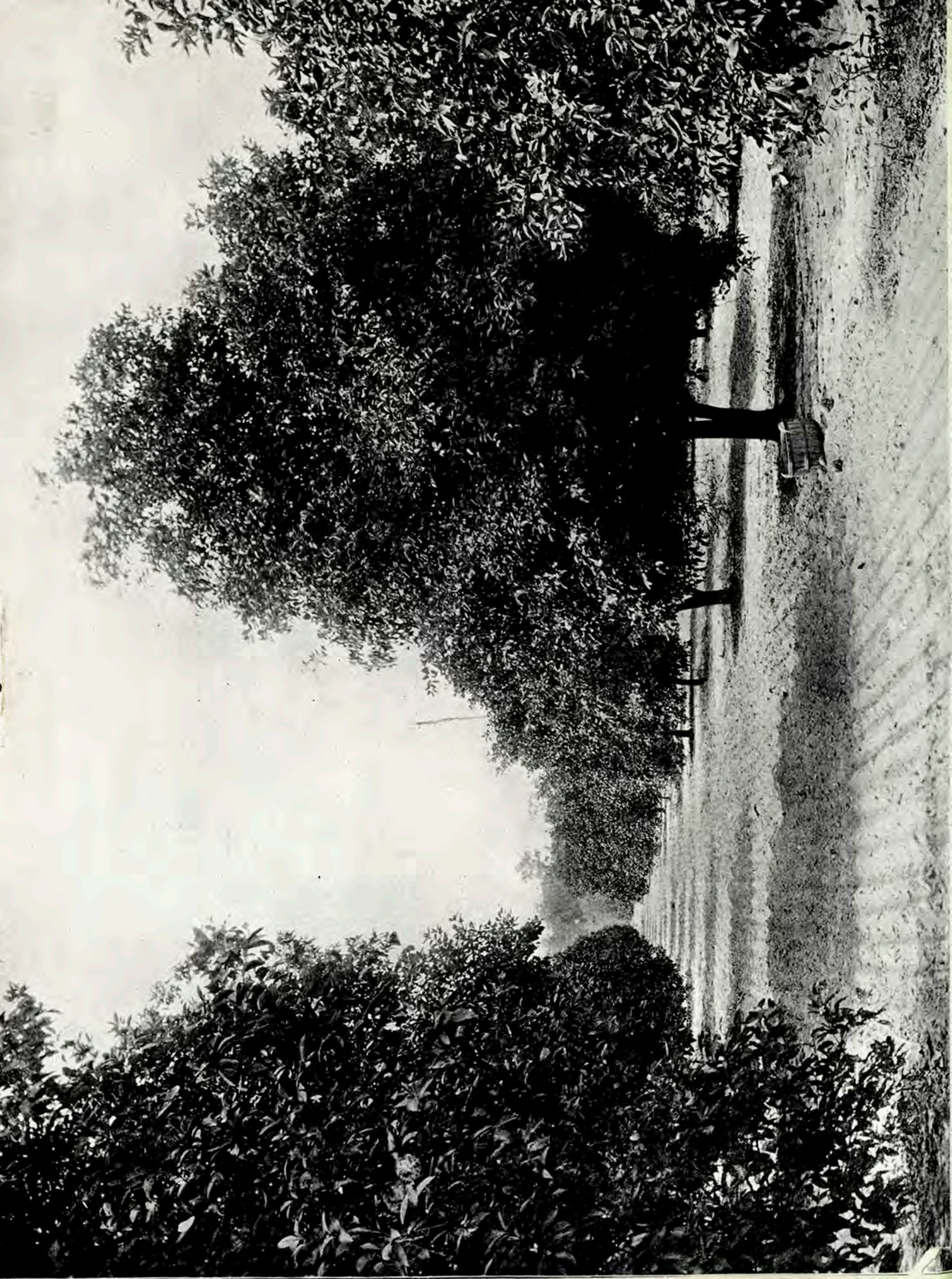
Sea Wall & street in 1870

twelve feet from the floor and guarded by stout iron bars between which small space he squeezed his body and so escaped from his imprisonment. There were still some old Spanish canon remaining with piles of balls but none were mounted on the ramparts or in the casemates as they were entirely out of date and useless for defense against modern artillery. The room used as a chapel in the time of the Spanish occupation was also pointed out but it was all dismantled and used for storage purposes. At the other end of the town is situated the Barracks for the U.S. troops and along the whole water front



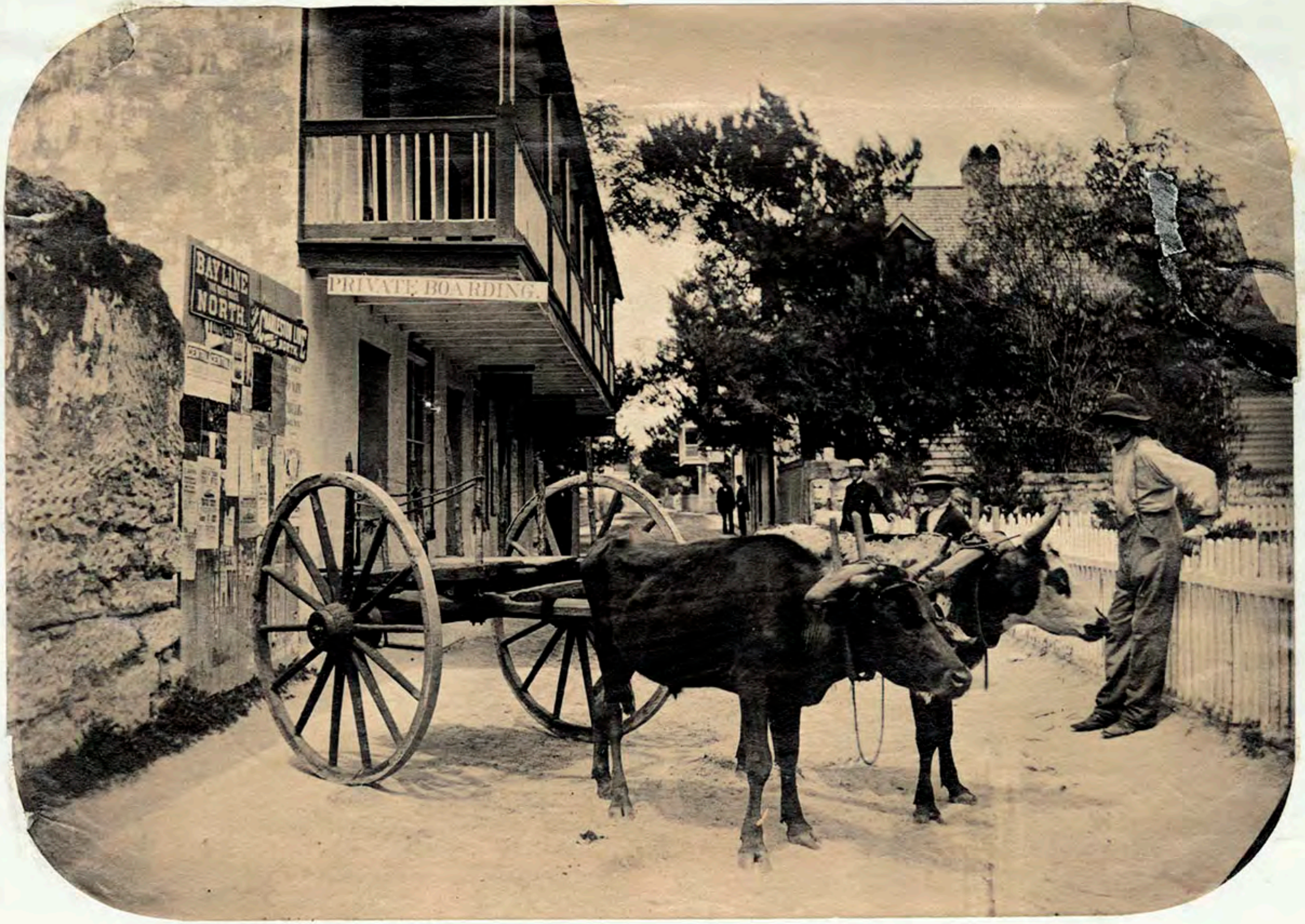
SEA WALL, ST. AUGUSTINE 1900

extending from the fort & the barracks runs a strong stone wall built by General Scott when in command of the station. It is four feet thick and capped with slabs of granate brought from Maine and this forms a favorite place for promenades for the residents during moonlight nights and in summer. There were several beautiful orange groves in the place notably those owned by a Mr Smith and one joining it the property of Dr Anderson and through which visitors were permitted to wander at will provided of course that they did not pick the fruit or in any way injure the trees.

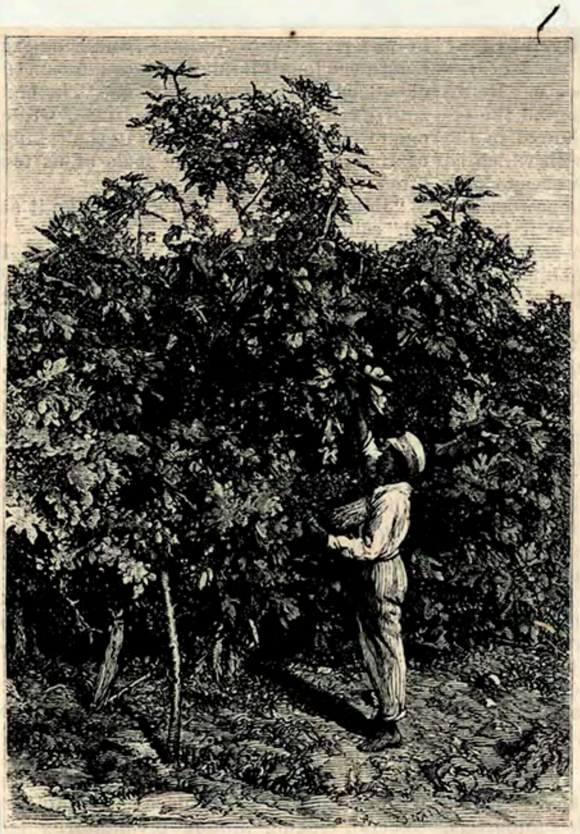


Orange Grove,

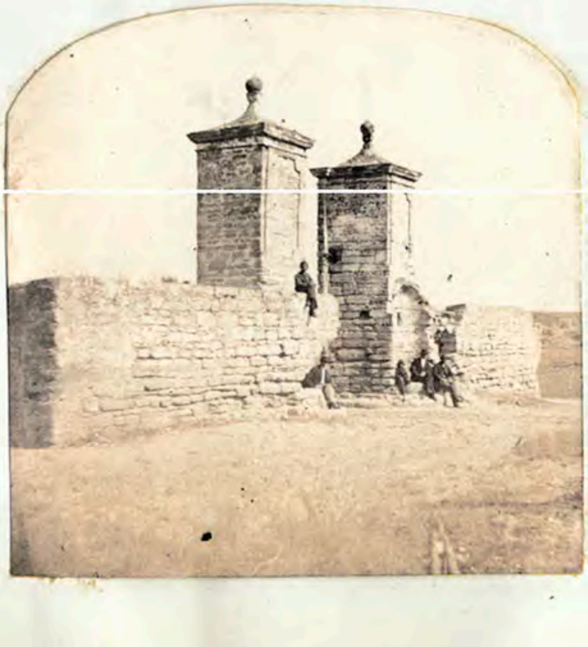
Part way through the centre of the town ran a little creek which rose and fell with the tide as it emptied into Matanzas bay on which the town stands. The houses on the narrow streets were for the most part built of coquina and their gardens were surrounded by high walls shutting off from view of the street the beautiful flowers and shrubs they contained. An immense "cloth of gold" rosebush nearly half filled the little garden patch of the blacksmith's shop and it was said to be the largest one in St. Augustine. The beautiful white Cherokee roses were climbing about every where & hanging over the tops of the walls which were built


PRIVATE BOARDING.
BAY LINE
NORTH.

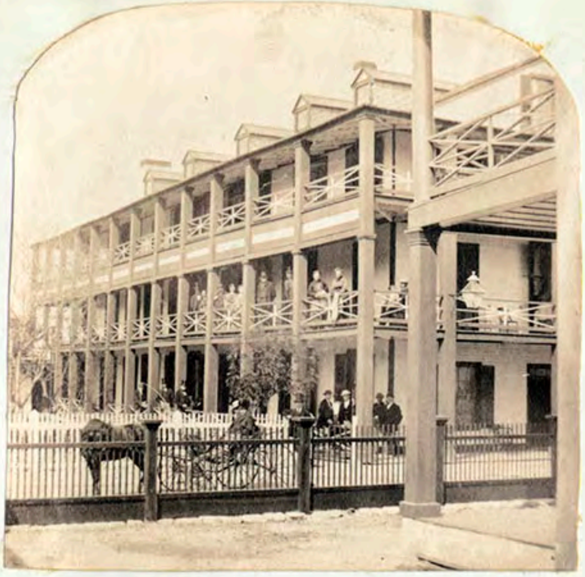
to hide them from view. There were very few modern frame houses to be seen and the whole town looked as if it had fallen asleep when vacated by the Spaniards and had hardly yet begun to awake. Occasionally one would see on the streets a "cracker" and his cart usually drawn by a cow or a pair of diminutive open. The old man was a picture with his long hair falling to his shoulders and his beard reaching to his waist. He had a farm some wheres back in the country, and had brought in a load of pine wood for sale. His big straw hat was of braided palmetto and his homespun shirt showed the skillful work of the "good wife" at home.



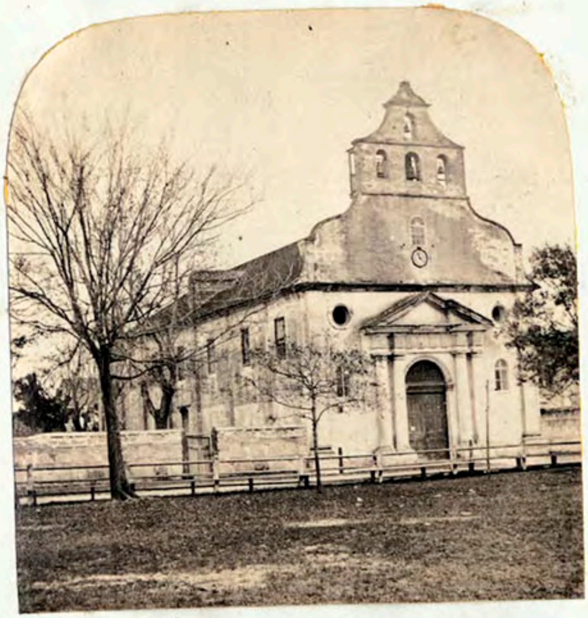
PICKING FIGS.



Near the fort stands the old gates or rather gate posts, as the gates have disappeared, with a short piece of wall on each side where it joined a deep ditch bordered on the outer edge by Spanish bayonet plants six rows thick which would prove as an efectual protection from intruders as any wall ever built. Occasionally a sloop loaded with oranges would arrive at the dock from Indian River an then the inhabitants of the town could be seen walking along the streets carrying baskets loaded with the juicy fruit for home consumption. The Magnolia Hotel where we staid was comfortable but very primative. Our first rooms

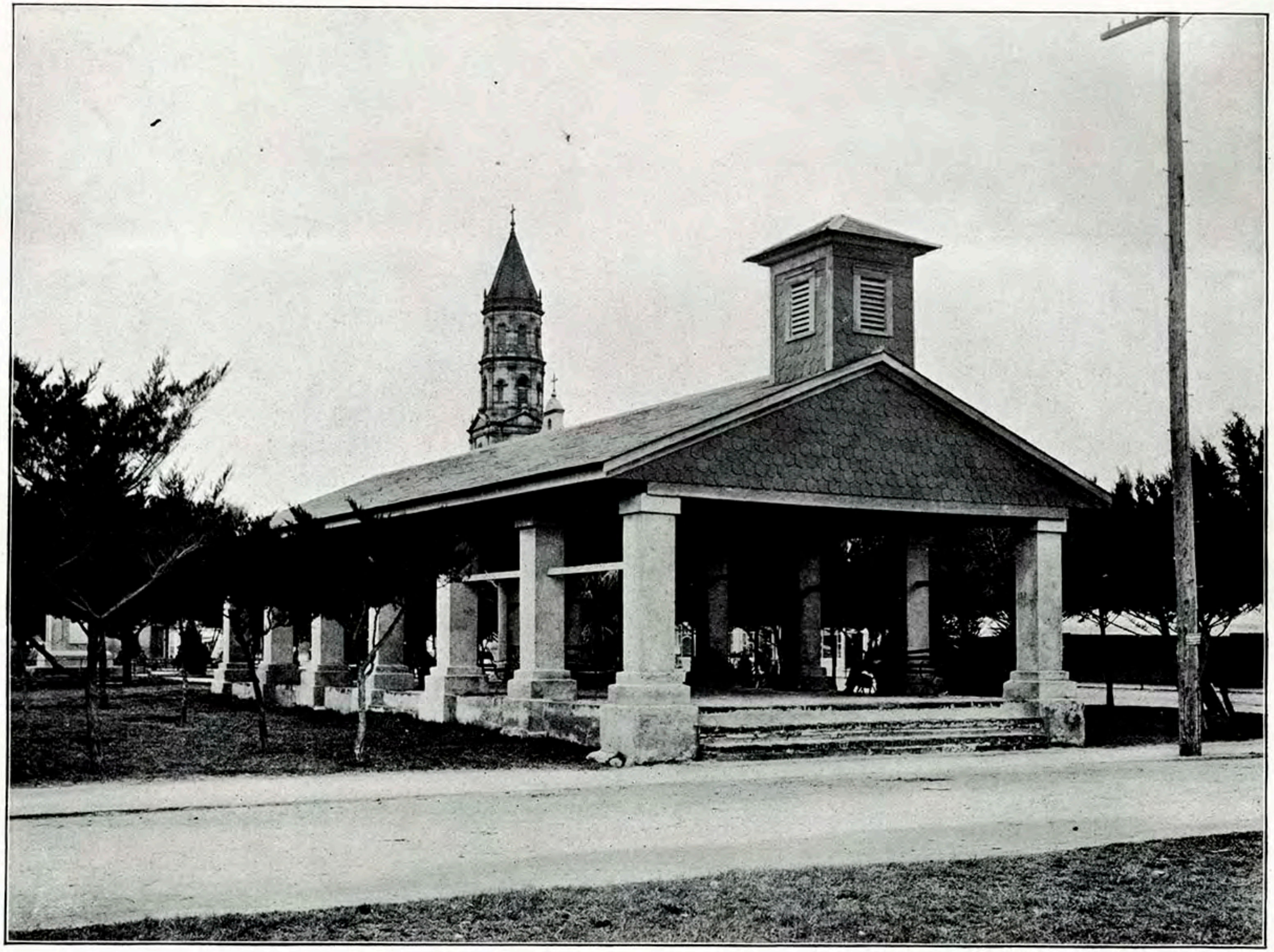


Magnolia Hotel 1870



Cathedral 1870

we occupied were carpetless, while a packing box as at Enterprize did duty as washing stand & dressing table and for this they charged us $4 a day each. Later however we were moved to a lower story where we had more comfortable surroundings. There were but few wells and cistern water was generally used for drinking and cooking.
Once a door in the back of the office happened to be opened and looking through it I saw several carcases of beeves and sheep hanging in an open shed ready to be used later for the table! Ice making machines were unknown & that luxury was only obtainable when a schooner from the north

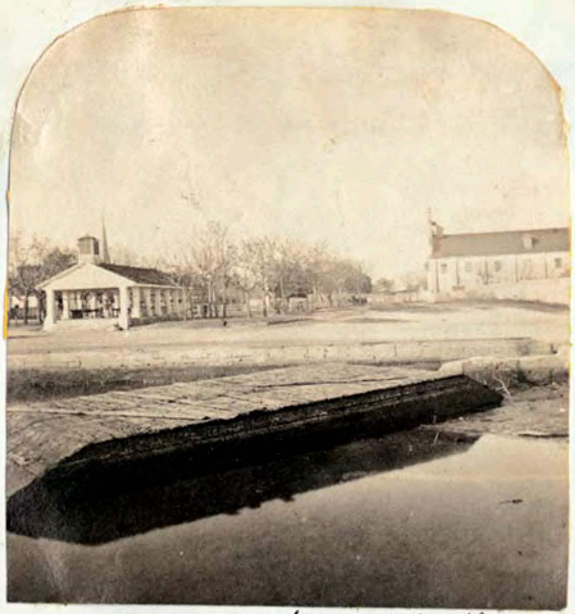


THE OLD SLAVE MARKET

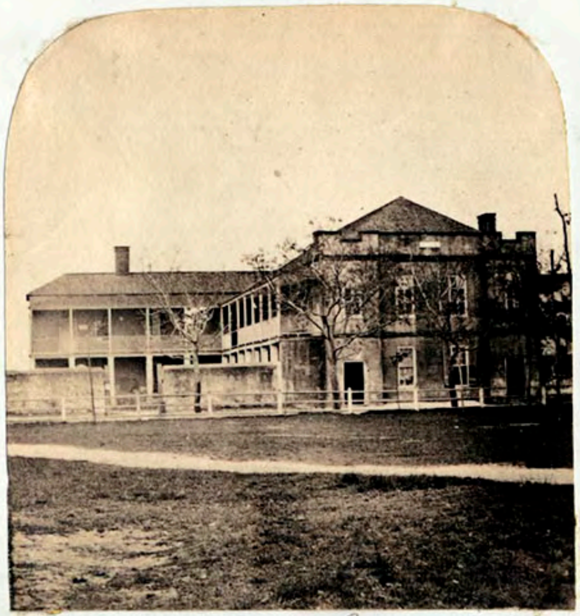
loaded with what is now considered an indispensable necessity arrived packed in big casks.

Wild game such as turkeys, ducks and deer were plentiful but the natives were too lazy to go off to hunt them. As we drove over from the river on the occasion of our first visit I saw a large deer run across the road about one hundred yards in front of the stage just as we entered a cleared space where he had evidently been feeding & disappear into the thickets beyond.

The Plaza or public square contained some very fine trees and an old building known as the slave market, where human beings were bought and sold as chattels



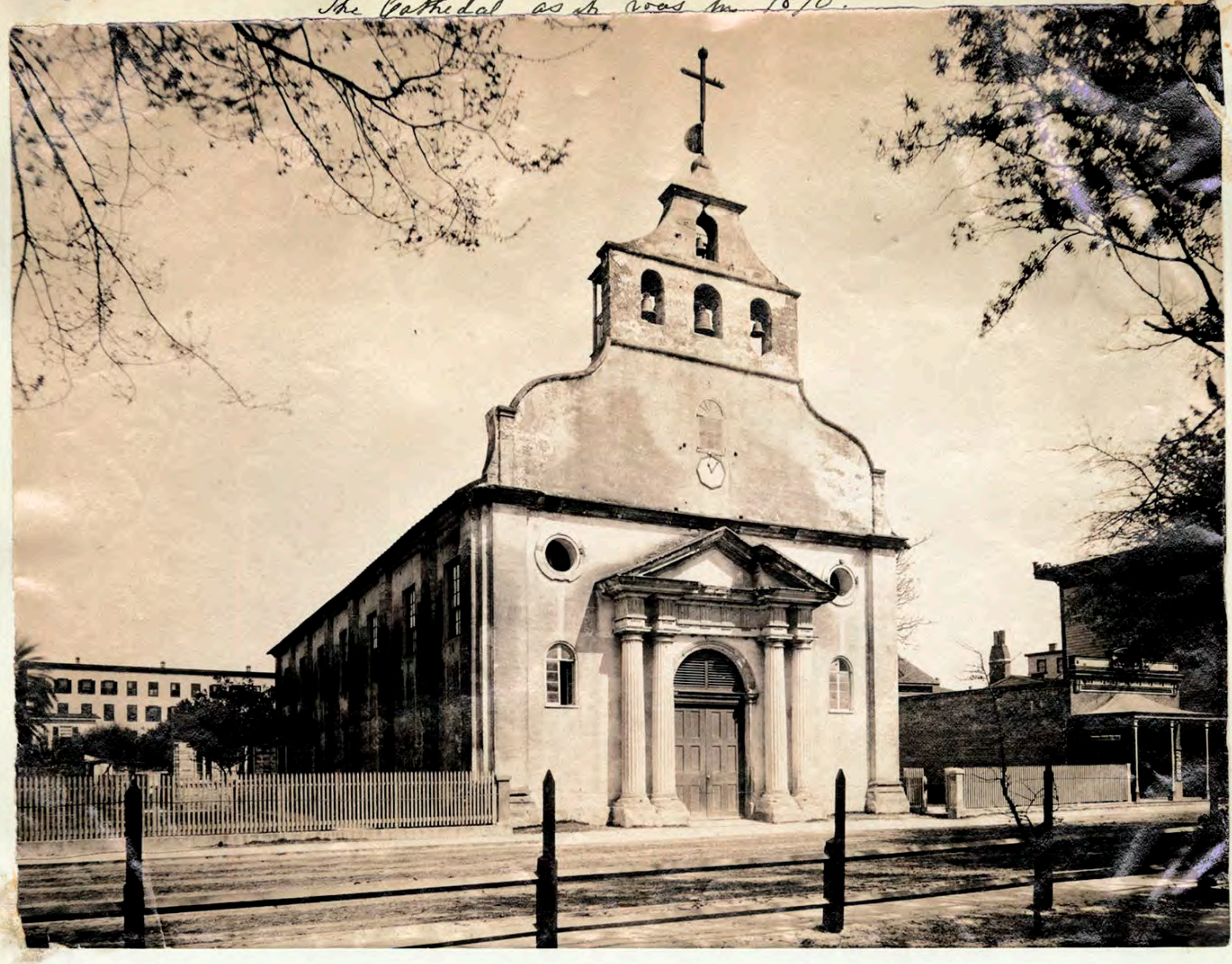
Old Slave Market Cathedral
in 1870



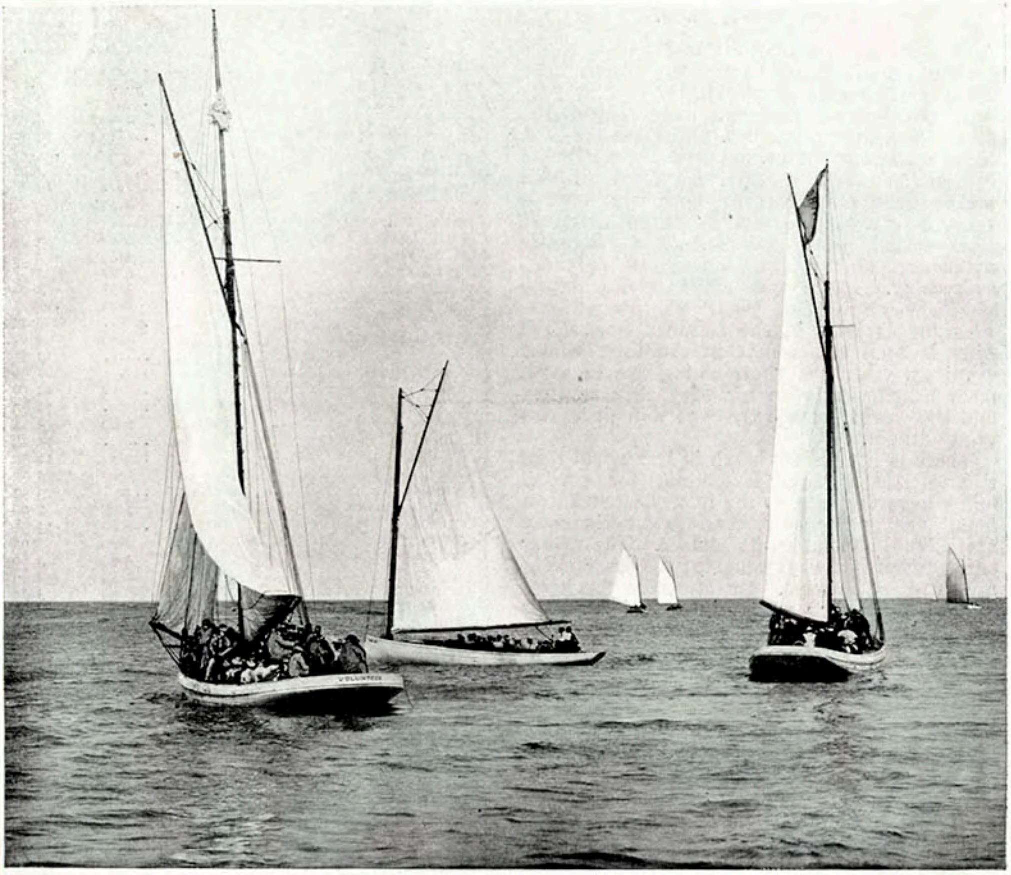
Post Office & Custom House.
1870

in the days before the war The building however I believe dates back to the time of the Spanish occupation. On the north side of the Plaza stands the R.C. Cathedral of massive architecture but devoid of ornamentation either in its interior or on its exterior walls. The Episcopal church occupies a small space on the southern side and on the West was the Post Office a most unpretentious building even at the present day. Down near the barracks stands what is known as the oldest house in St Augustine though there are several others on Charlotte St near the fort that certainly ante date it to judge from their appearance. In the garden of

The Cathedral as it was in 1870.

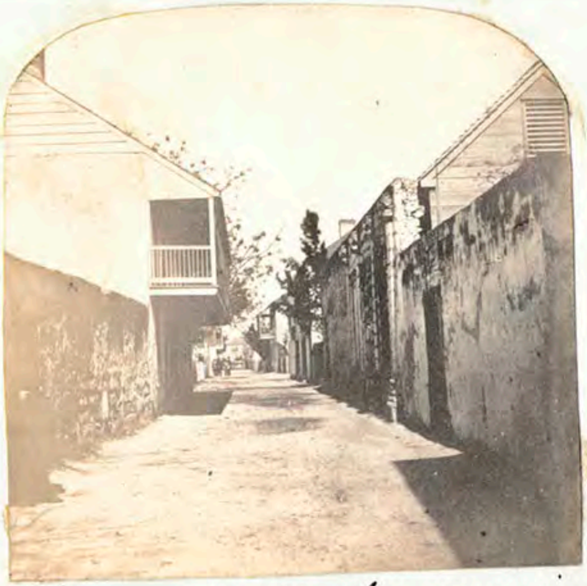


this house grew a palm tree which gradually bent over the wall saparating it from the street and was considered a great curiosity and visited by every one. See page 52 All the trees in the town were draped with long Spanish moss giving it a sad mournful look. There seemed to be but little business going on with the outside world, indeed how could there be when the only communication consisted of a tri-weekly mail and the four-horse coach which made its trips back & forth from the river where its met the boats and an occasional schooner coming down from the north. There was not a Rail Road in Florida further

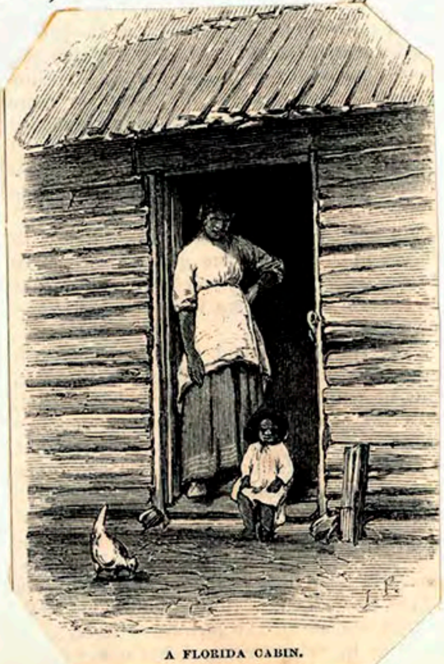


CATCHING THE BREEZE.

south then Jacksonville and
the river boats provided all the
communication with places
further south from that point.
A pleasant excursion and one
we enjoyed several times during
our stay was to take a little
sail boat and go over to the
lighthouse situated on Anastasia
Island or to cross to the North
shore where the waves broke
with full force when the wind
was high and where one could
gather the most beautiful fluted
shells most useful in cooking
oysters and also as sugar scoops
The mocking birds were flying
from tree to tree and by their
various imitations of the songs



Ruined wall. All that remains
of Old Spanish Treasury. 1870.



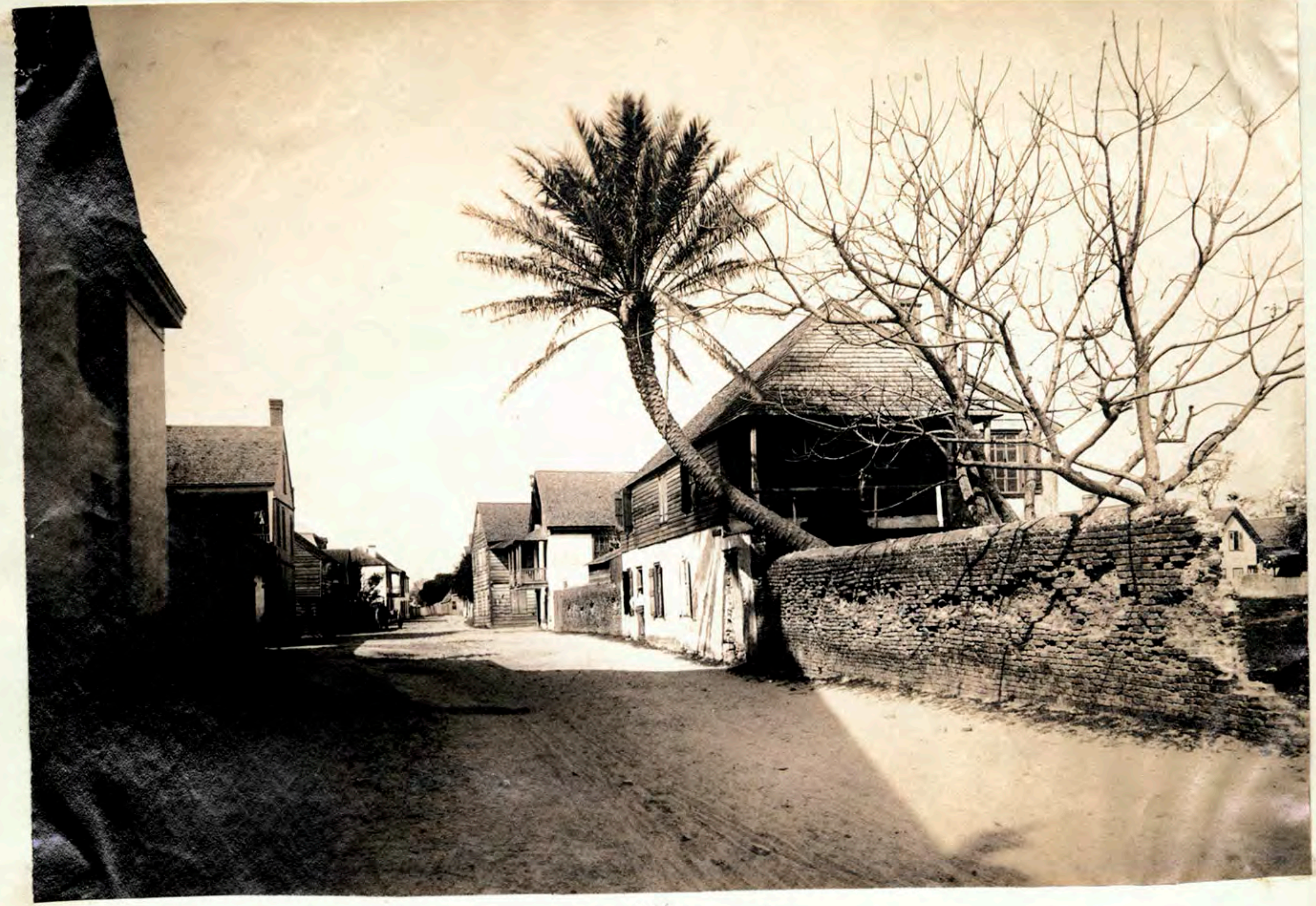
A FLORIDA CABIN.

of other birds made one fancy there must be a multitude of different songsters in the groves. The Scarlet colored "Red bird" flashes through the air like a gleam of fire among the green leaves of the orange lemon and citron trees.

Out on the sandy point of beach before the city sea, wall flocks of white and grey pelicans are sitting solemnly and apparently admiring their reflection in the water, various flocks of snipe run swiftly along the margin of the pebly shore while beautiful grey and sometimes pink cranes wade with their long legs and bend their flexile necks over the salt pools and over them the sea gulls circle and scream

Said to be the oldest house in St. Augustine.
The leaning palmetto a great curiosity. Now dead in 1900.

x 57

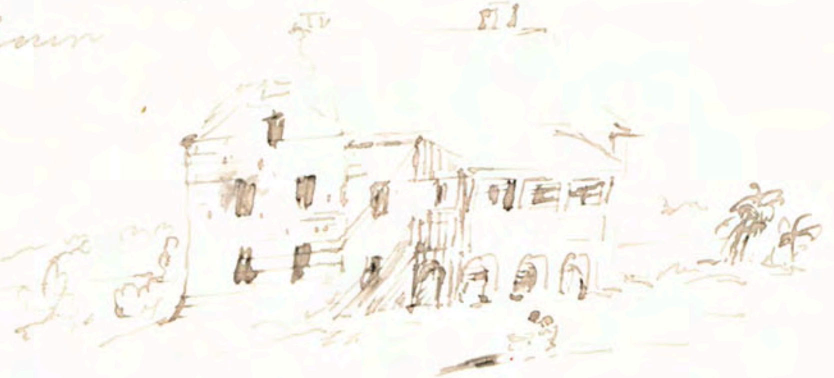


-4½-

51.2

and high above all one can see in the deep blue of the sky the great Bustard wheeling and wheeling in ever widening and shifting circles.

Some miles below St Augustine there lies an island called Fishers island about twenty miles long once famous for its magnificent orange groves, and a party was made up to take a little sail boat and visit it. On reaching the landing place we found there was no dock so all had to get out on the muddy shore, the men carrying the ladies till hard ground was reached. Here we found a grass grown & weed cumbered path and at length


house

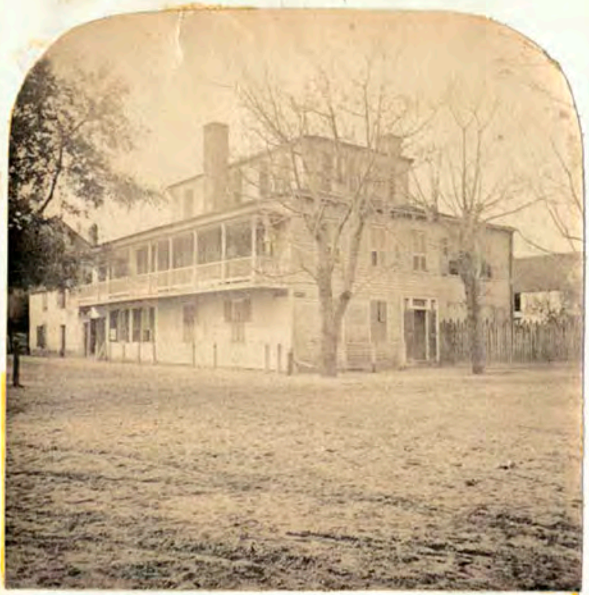
we came in sight of the house. It was the only habitation on the island and a more folorn and forsaken looking place I never saw It had once been a fine residence was built of stone with a stone terrace or balcony supported on arches across the front but there was not a pane of glass nor a window shutter nor a sash in the whole building. The gaunt black open casements stared at us as we approached like the hollow eye sockets of a skull.

A few little childrens heads clustered together in one of these windows and they stared with wild eyes as if they had never seen any strangers before our arrival.

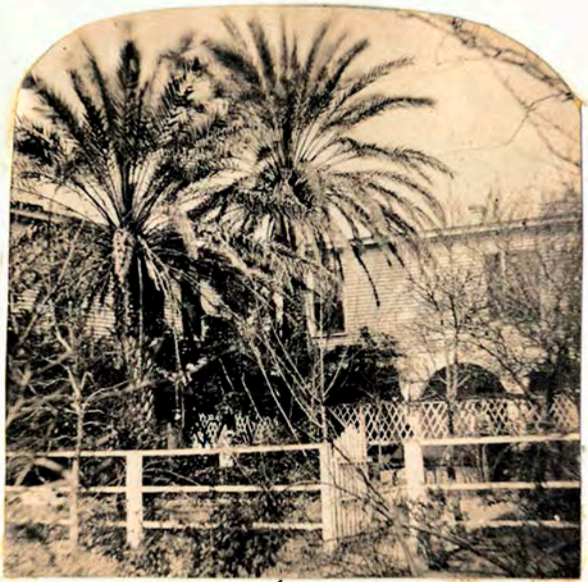
A savage dog barked his disapprobation of our presence but we had come to see the grove and so we went forward and examined it. But only the remnants remained a few beautiful avenues still stretched away, their boughs meeting together and making latticed aisles dotted with golden fruit, but everything was wild weedy over grown and falling into ruin. Returning to the house we saw the woman who occupied the place engaged in washing while six little children clustered around her. She said it was a dreadful place in winter and they had to board up the windows to keep warm, but they had the house rent free, and they

had no other place to go There was no school & the mother was too tired to teach the children when her work was done and so they were growing up in ignorance. If any of them were sick they had to go up to St Augustine in an old dug out. for treatment. A terrible illustration of the lonliness and isolation of the place was afforded by the fate of the family who preceeded the present one in occupancy of the premises. Here too there were six children, the eldest nine, the youngest a baby. The house during a storm was struck with lightning and the parents both killed and the six children left utterly alone. This storm took place on a Sunday

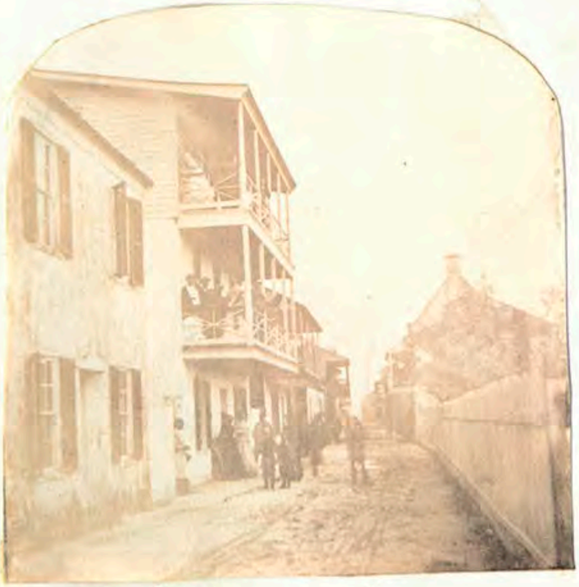
and no help was had until the next Monday. The eldest girl nine years old took her brothers & sisters out to the fig trees and let them help themselves while she fed the baby with the soft part of the fruit. On Monday when she went down to the shore as she had daily gone, she saw a small boat passing and hailed it and got the people in it to come to land and told her pitiful story and led them up to the house and there the little living children and the dead parents were found. They gave the latter decent burial and took the little orphans up to St Augustine, what became of them afterwards I never heard.



Mr Philip Ryalls house

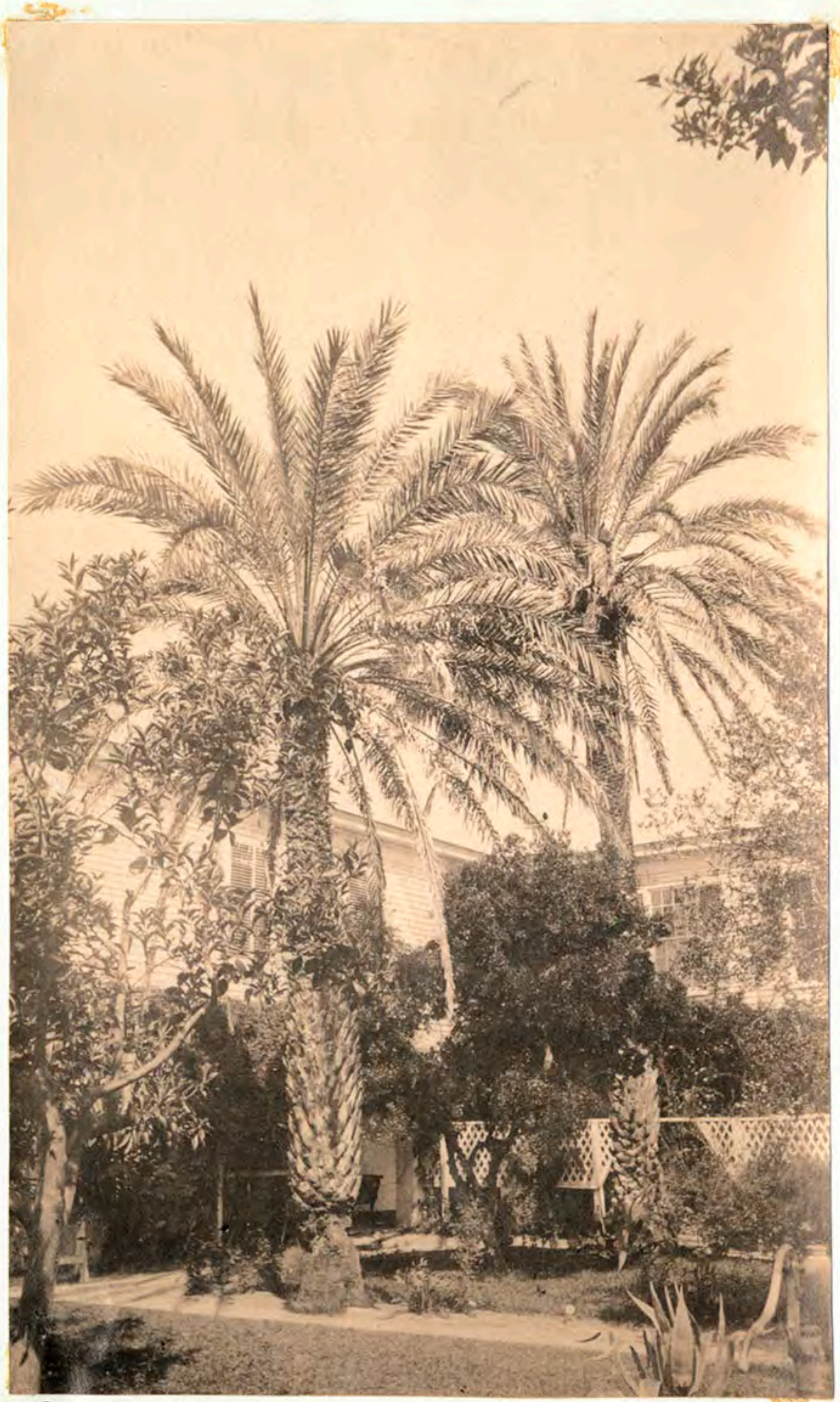


Dr Pecks garden



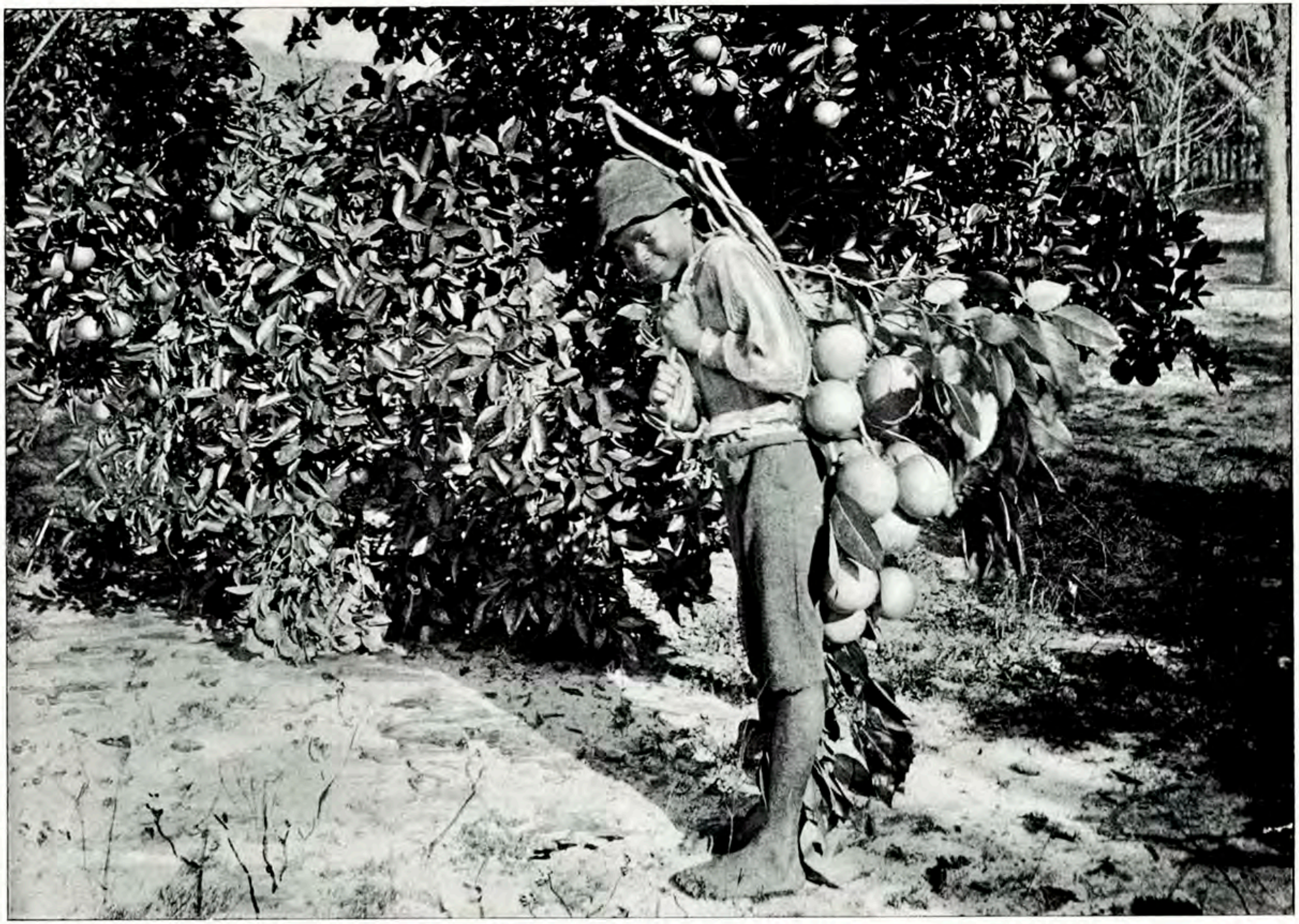
Mrs Gardners house

We made many friends during our short stay at St Augustine among them the family of Dr Bronson who lived in the house just west of the Episcopal church & now altered into a hotel Mr Philip Ryall and wife who were old friends of the Brinckerhoffs & who once lived near them in Freehold N.Y. Their house was of frame above & coquina below and stood on the corner of ~~St George~~ Cordova St & the Plaza where the Cordova now stands. Dr Peck and his sisters also called they lived in the same house on St George St that the surviving sisters still occupy near the Florida Hotel. Besides these there was Captain Van Ness



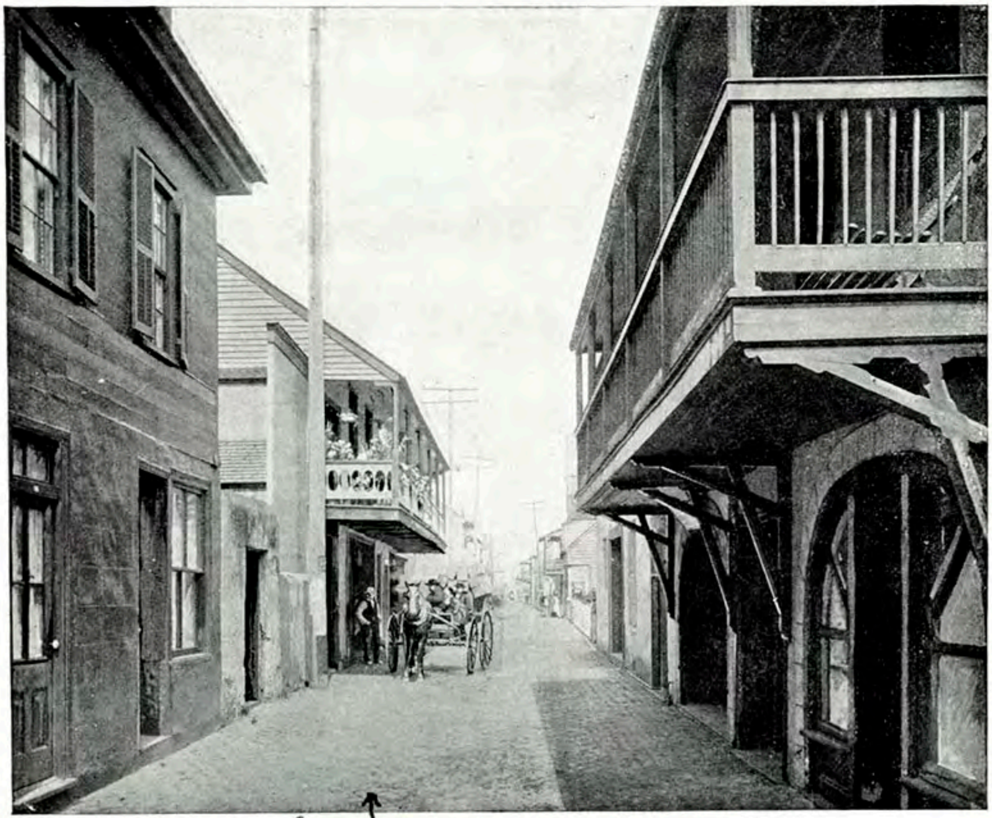
Dr Pecks house and garden with two fine date palm trees.

and several others whose names I have forgotten now, These all called on us invited us to dinner and showed us all the attention in their power. The time for our short stay however soon came to an end and so somewheres in the middle of the night as it seemed to us we were called and told that the stage would soon be ready so eating a hasty breakfast we started at about six thirty, back over the same road on which we had come for our trip to the river This time the horses were fresh and the harness had been sufficiently patched up to take us safely without a break down and so after a time the Steamer City Point



NATIVE FLORIDA PRODUCTS.

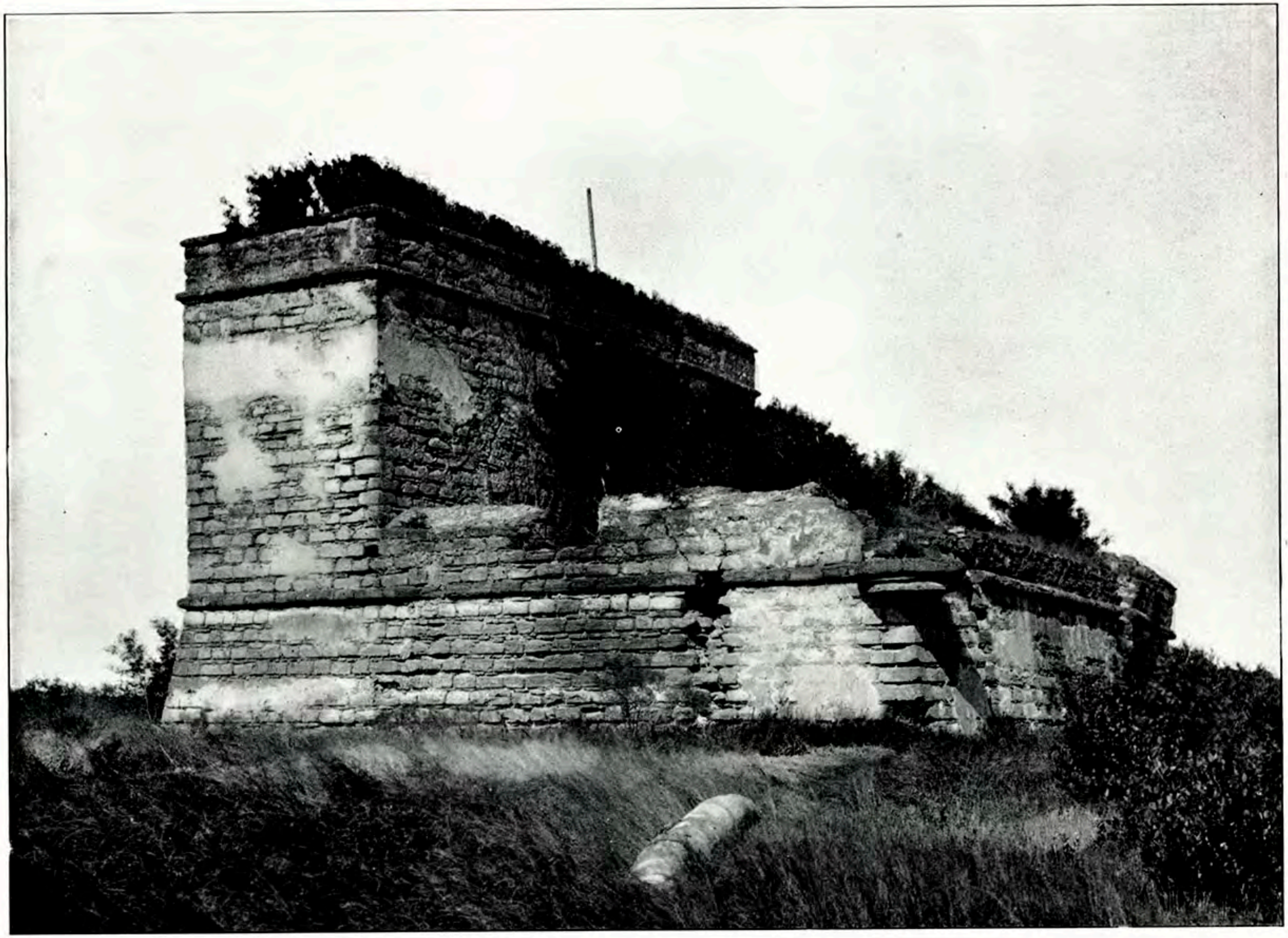
came along and took us all onboard till we reached Green Cove Springs where the Denning party secured their trunks and my brotherinlaw joining them they returned north without further stop only changing steamers at Savannah. Now I was left with my sick cousin and her father to linger on in the warm climate until it was considered safe to take our rheumatic bones home again We therefore remained two weeks longer at Green Cove Springs. My cousin had now become very much better of her trouble and she was so interested in the account I gave her of my short visit to St Augustine that



Mrs Gardners IN OLD ST. AUGUSTINE. home

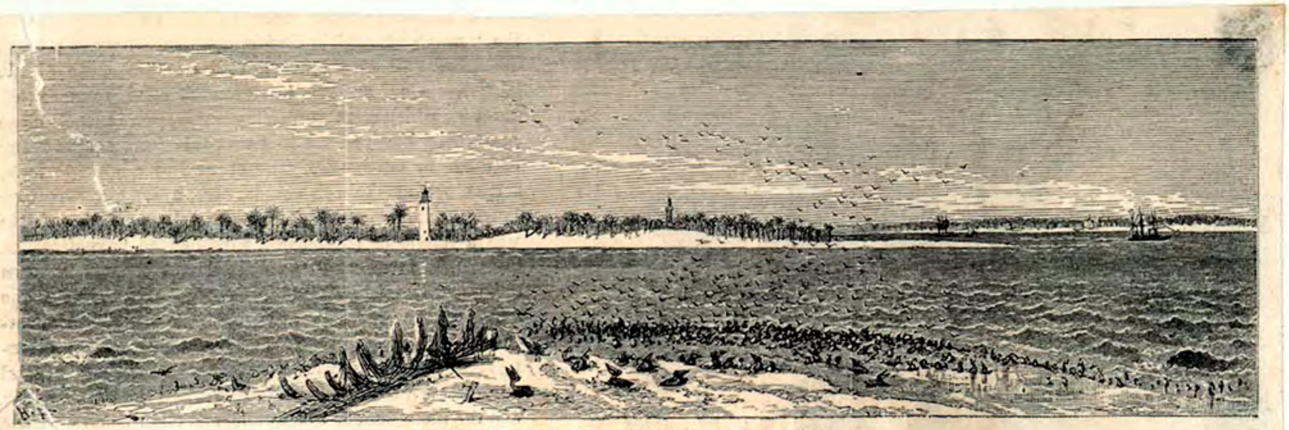
(St. George Street.)

she said she was quite able now to undertake the journey The fleas by this time had become utterly unbearable and so most gladly we packed our trunks and repeated the trip which I had so lately taken with the other party. Arriving at St Augustine we settled ourselves in Mrs Gardners boarding house on St George St where friends of mine had been spending the whole winter, and which we found far more comfortable ~~than~~ one of the large hotels. Here we spent three delightful weeks seeing our many friends, walking about the town, going over old ground to me but always



OLD FORT MATANZAS, NEAR ST AUGUSTINE

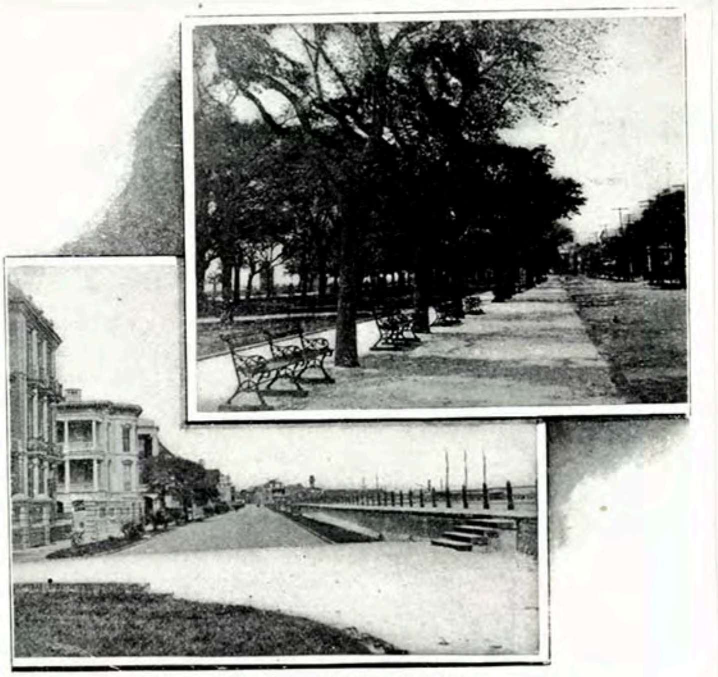
with fresh pleasure, rejoicing in the sea air, visiting the quaint old fort and streets and houses enjoying the moonlight on the water from the sea wall and listening to the roar of the breakers on the far away beach which we heard very distinctly when the wind was from that quarter. At last the end came and we had to pack our trunks and turn our faces northwards. Again we were roused in what seemed the middle of the night, ate our hurried breakfast by the light of a lamp and took the stage just as the sun was rising out of the distant sea.



MOUTH OF THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER—LOOKING IN.

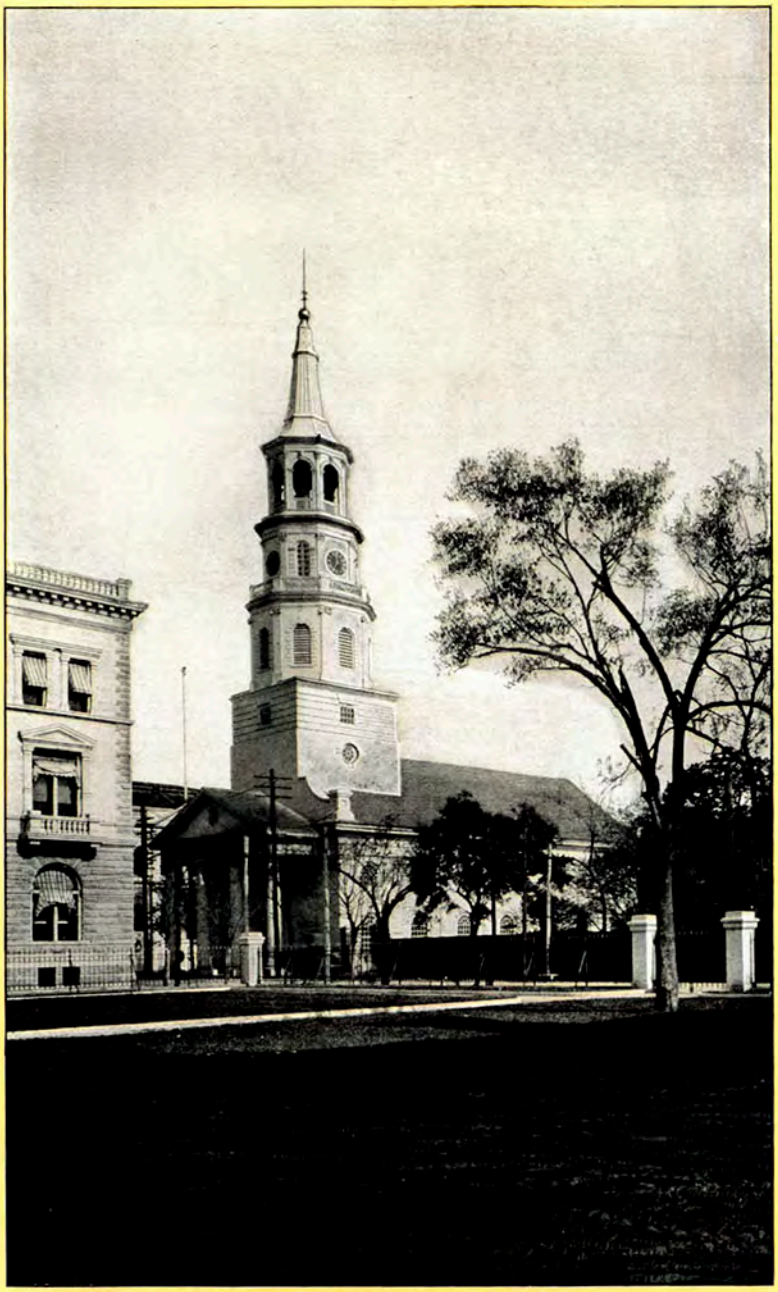
We went on board the City Point as she was on her way up the river to Palatka so Etta was able to see that quaint old town which she had missed when the rest of us first made our trip on the river After spending a few hours there we turned and went back to Jacksonville and after a brief stop, made our way out of the mouth of the St Johns where to my great delight we saw numbers of alligators sunning themselves on the low sand bars that blocked the mouth of the river while flocks of pelicans filled the air with their discordant cries.

Our voyage north was uneventful



The Battery at Charleston, S. C.

We reached Savannah in safety and after a short stop went on to Charleston. Here we left the City Point and took another boat whose name I dont remember She was very uncomfortable for she rolled dreadfully & as all her births were built across ship the occupants alternately stood on their feet & then on their heads with each movement of the ship. While waiting for her to sail we took a carriage and were driven all about the town which we had not visited before and there we saw the much talked of dwellings on the Battery where the inhabitants congregated to witness the bombardment of Fort

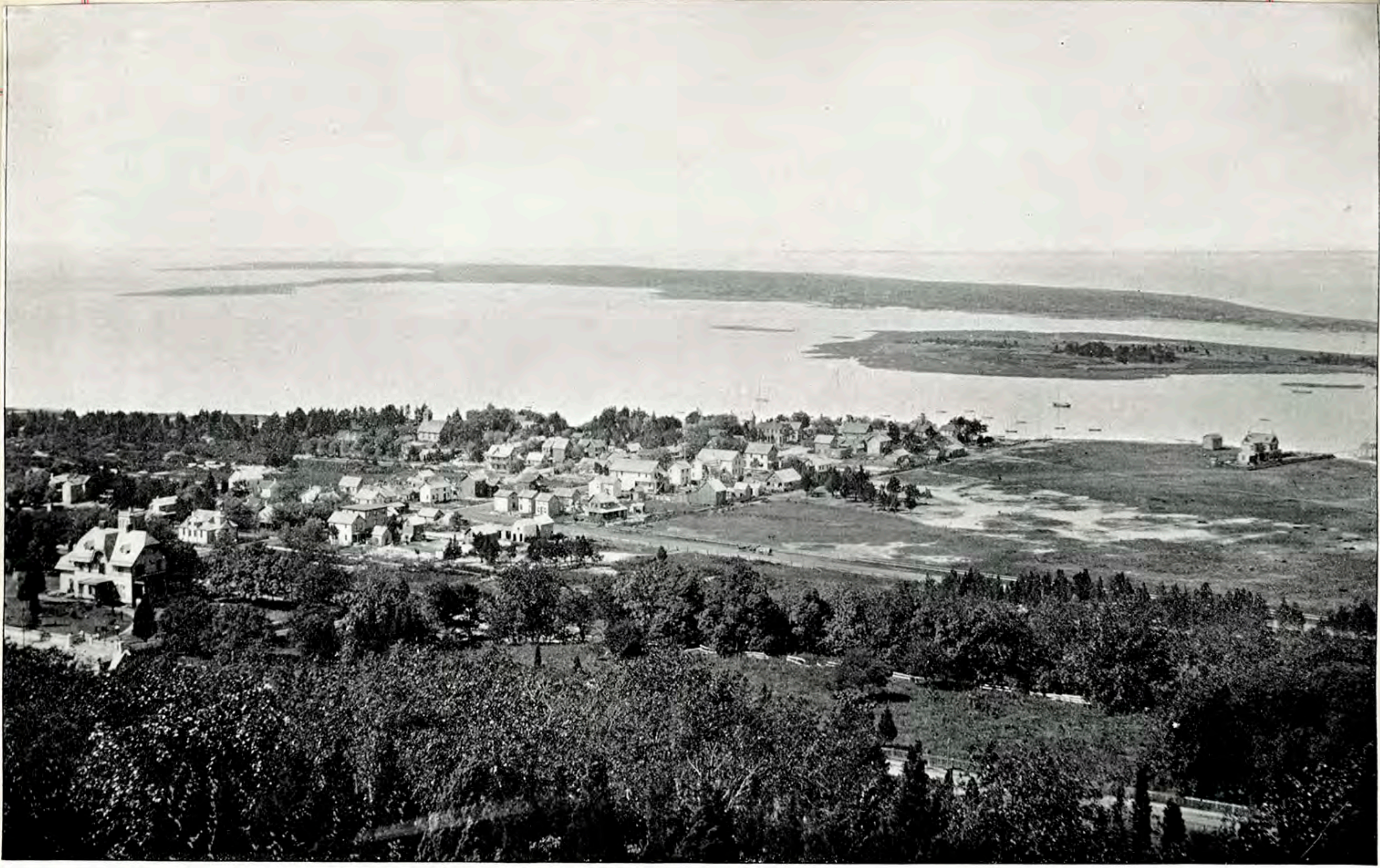


ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH: CHARLESTON, S. C.

Sumpter. We also drove through the burned district which at that date still stood as when destroyed by the great fire.

We passed close to Fort Sumpter as we went out of the harbor and had a good view of the pile of ruins which had not been occupied since its surrender. As we went north it became much colder and there was a heavy swell on caused the Captain said by a storm which had passed northward just before us. At last Sandy Hook was reached quarantine passed and at last we set our feet on the streets of New York about ten weeks after we had left them that cold February day.

Alice E. Browne.



Sandy Hook, from Highland Light, New Jersey.

THE view seen in our picture is of the charming little settlement adjoining Sandy Hook Bay, the fine stretch of water lying south of the Lower Bay of New York, and between the New Jersey coast and the long spit of land which forms Sandy Hook. The view is taken from the bluffs in the neighborhood of the Shrewsbury River, known as the Highlands of Navesink. These Highlands are the first land seen in approaching New York from the sea, and the last to sink below the horizon in quitting it. At the mouth of the Shrewsbury stand the two lighthouses familiar to the mariner and the excursionist along the waters of the coast on the way to Seabright and Long Branch. The little village of Highlands, seen in the picture, is an attractive summering and sea-bathing resort for New Yorkers. The place may also be reached by the Sandy Hook division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

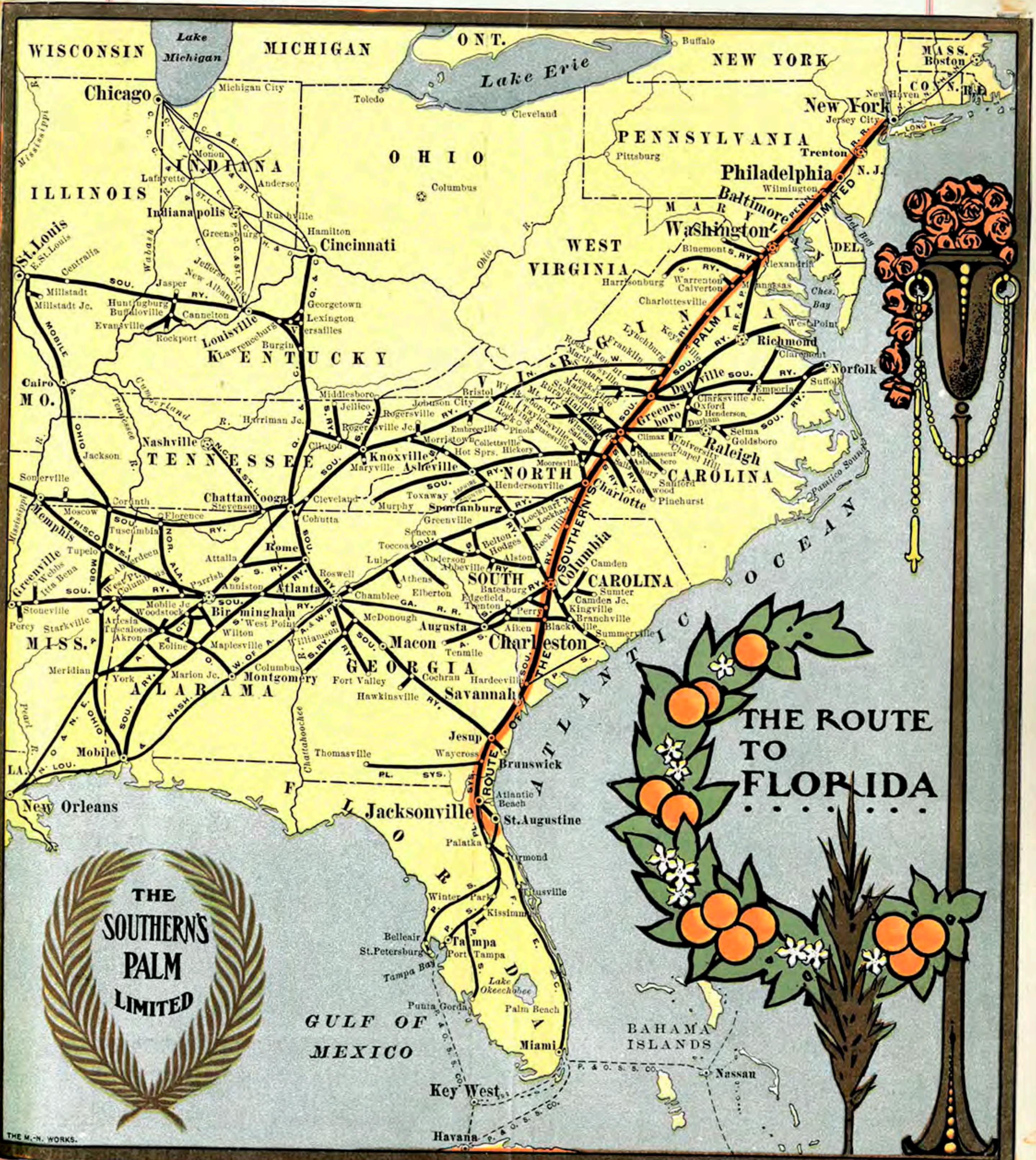
Florida Revisited

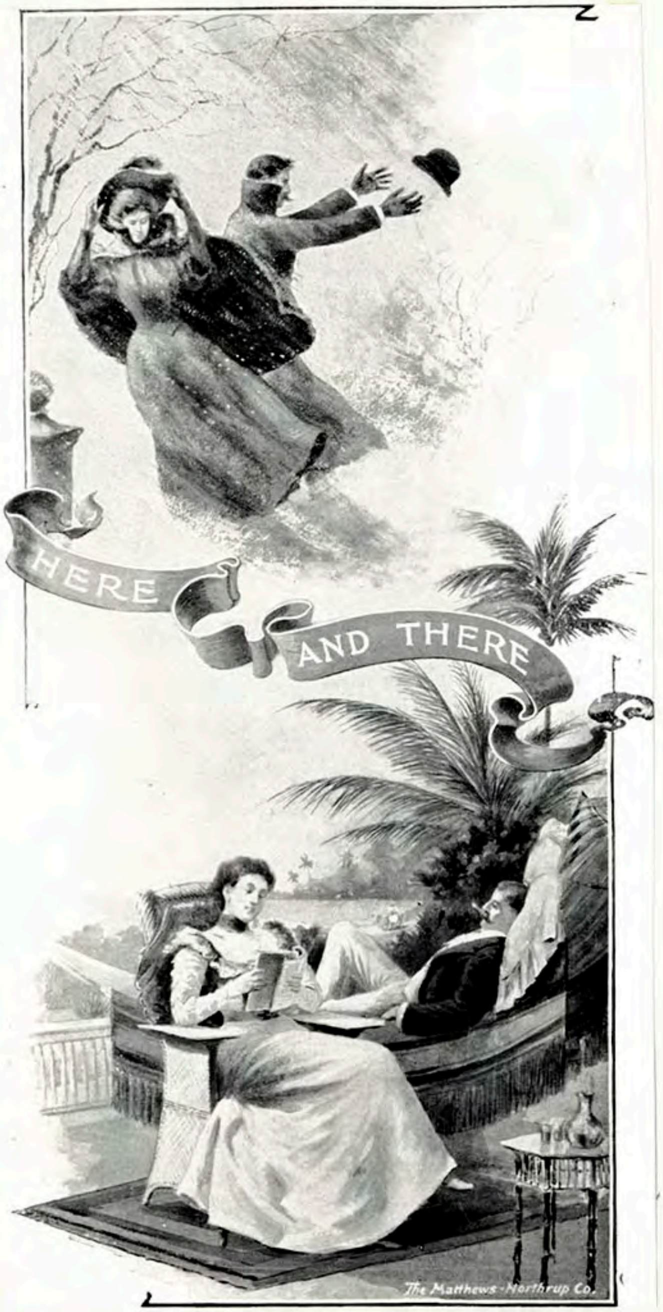
After

Thirty Years.

1897 & 1902.

FLORIDA PRODUCTS.

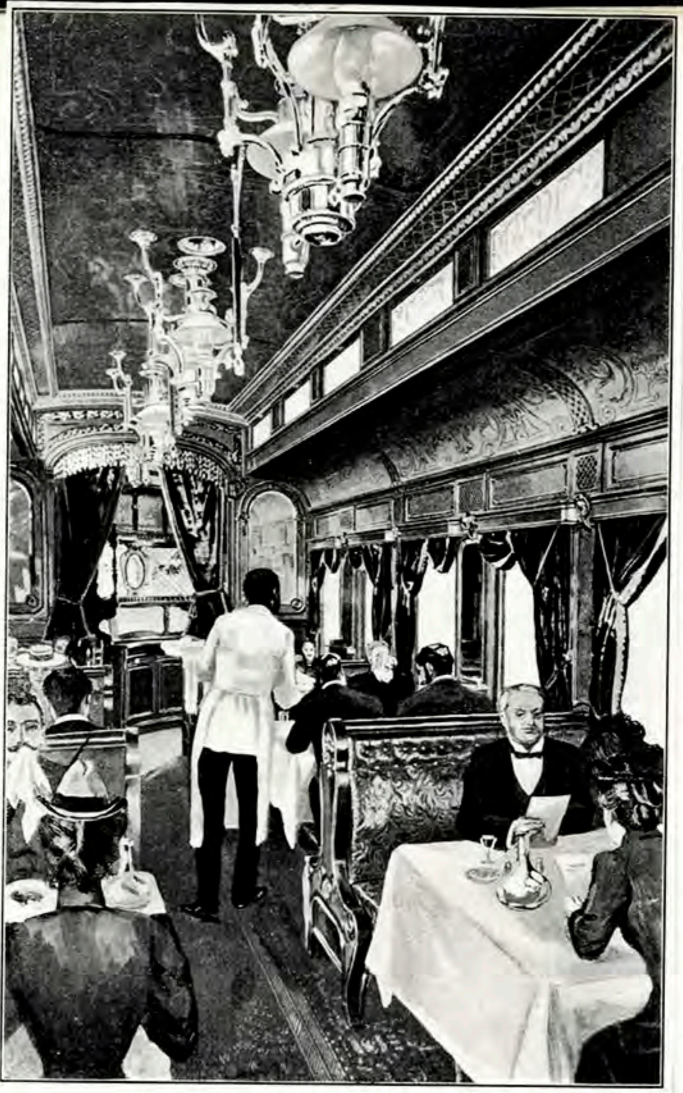

THE ROUTE TO FLORIDA
THE SOUTHERN'S PALM LIMITED
THE SOUTHERN'S PALM LIMITED ROUTE
WISCONSIN
Lake Michigan
MICHIGAN
ONT.
Lake Erie
NEW YORK
MASS.
Boston
CONN.
R.I.
New Haven
New York
Jersey City
LONG I.
Buffalo
Toledo
Cleveland
Chicago
Michigan City
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburg
Trenton
N.J.
Philadelphia
Wilmington
Baltimore
MARYLAND
Washington
DEL.
Del. Bay
OHIO
Columbus
INDIANA
Indianapolis
ILLINOIS
Cincinnati
Hamilton
St. Louis
E. St. Louis
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
Alexandria
Manassas
Charlottesville
Lynchburg
Richmond
Ches. Bay
West Point
Norfolk
Suffolk
Danville
Greensboro
Raleigh
Durham
Goldsboro
NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte
Asheville
Pinehurst
Pamlico Sound
KENTUCKY
Louisville
Lexington
Georgetown
Versailles
Cairo
MO.
TENNESSEE
Nashville
Knoxville
Chattanooga
Bristol
Memphis
Corinth
SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia
Spartanburg
Greenville
Charleston
Augusta
Aiken
Camden
Sumter
Summerville
GEORGIA
Atlanta
Rome
Macon
Savannah
Jesup
Brunswick
Waycross
Thomasville
ALABAMA
Birmingham
Montgomery
Mobile
MISS.
Meridian
Greenville
LA.
New Orleans
FLORIDA
Jacksonville
Atlantic Beach
St. Augustine
Palatka
Ormond
Titusville
Winter Park
Kissimmee
Tampa
Port Tampa
St. Petersburg
Belleair
Tampa Bay
Punta Gorda
Lake Okeechobee
Palm Beach
Miami
Key West
Havana
BAHAMA ISLANDS
Nassau
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
P. & O. S. S. CO.
SOU. RY.
THE M.-N. WORKS.


HERE
AND THERE

The Matthews-Northrup Co.

Florida Revisited
After thirty Years.

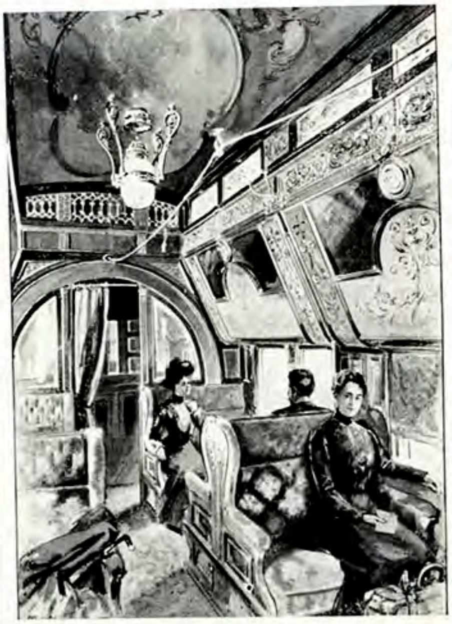
Our start on this occasion was not in search of health but a pleasure excursion, and also at the same time to escape the cold and snow storms of our northern winter. No trip by sea was necessary for a most palatial train of cars replete with every convenience and luxury was in waiting to carry us in the space of twenty four hours to the "Sunny South" We were to be "personally conducted" too for when we reached Jacksonville we were to join a party of Raymond Excursionists in charge of a Mr Barrett who proved to be all that any one could desire in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY I.C.RUSSELL

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

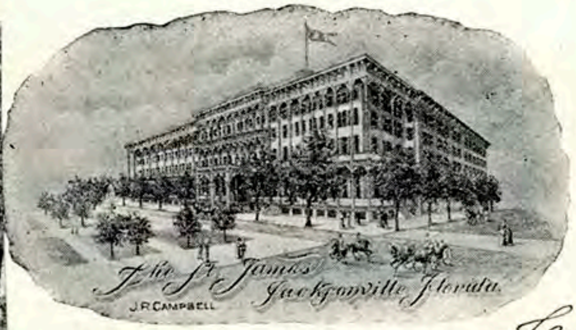
On the borders of Virginia and North Carolina, near the seaboard, is a lonely morass, forty miles long and twenty-five wide, covered by a luxuriant growth of brushwood and timber. This is the Great Dismal Swamp. In slavery days it was a secure harbor for runaways.



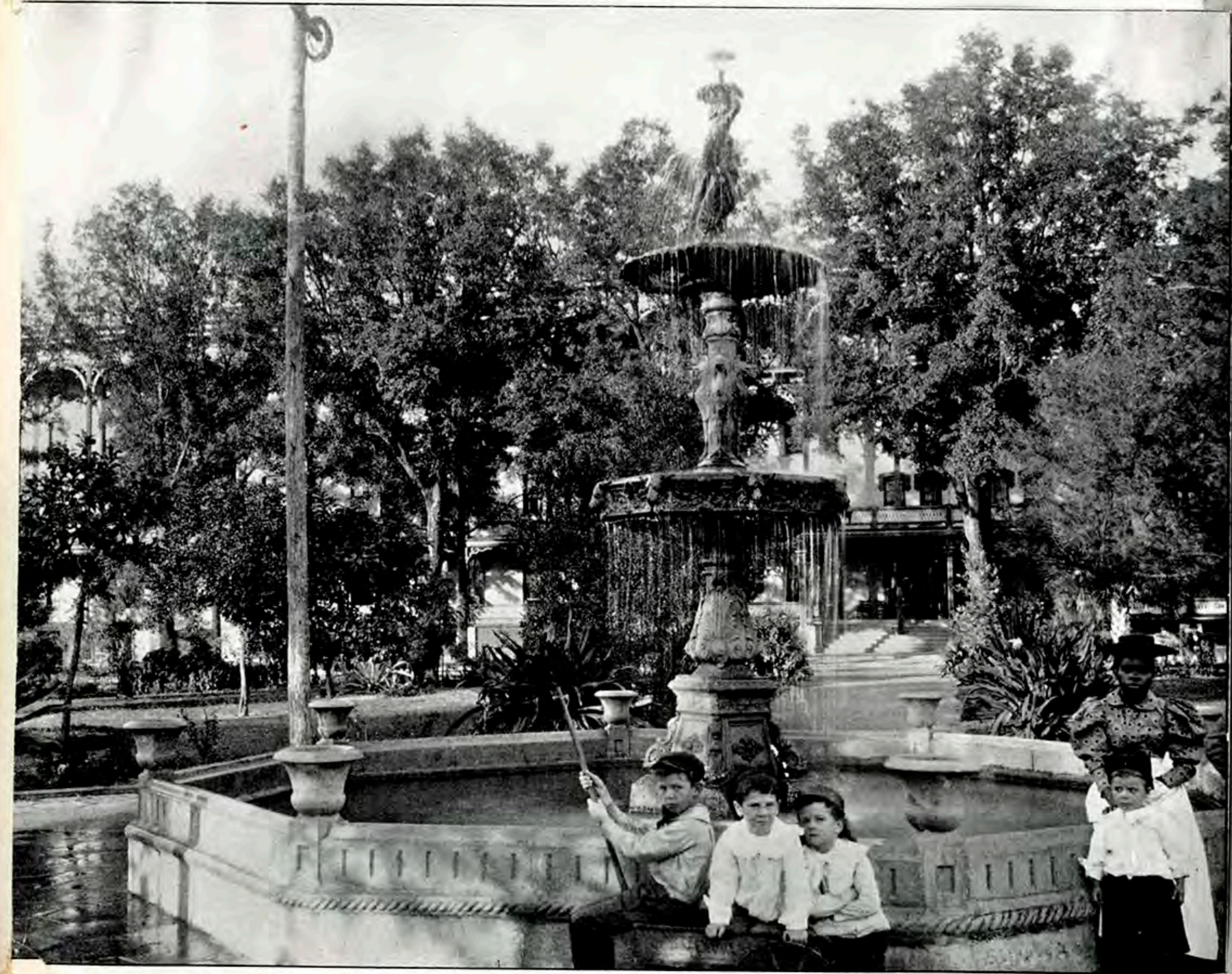
LUXURIOUS SLEEPING CARS

ease and comfort with which he made all arrangements and cared for us as we moved from point to point. The rest of the party had taken a more circuitous route to Florida via Atlanta but we could not join them at that date and so we started alone in our own drawing room on Feb 15th 1897. The air was cold and the country bleak and covered with snow till we reached Columbia S. C. I pushed up my blind at night as I passed through various towns and was amazed to see large factories lighted by electricity, going at full blast evidently running "double time" and I thought of the endless pine barrens and cypress

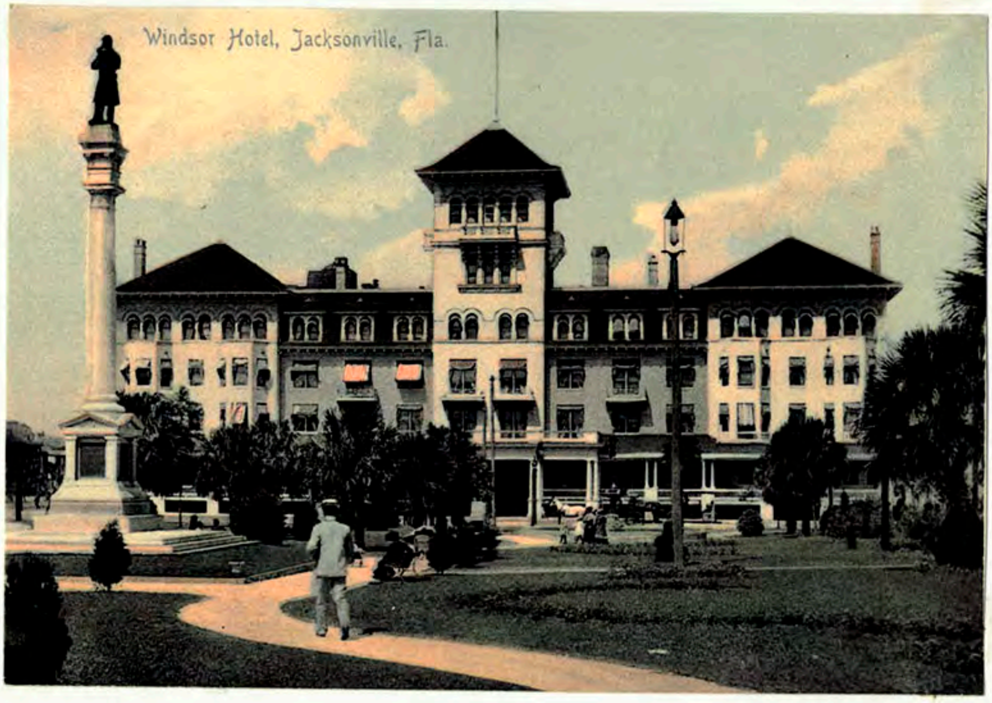
In the City of Jacksonville


The St. James
Jacksonville, Florida.
J.R. CAMPBELL

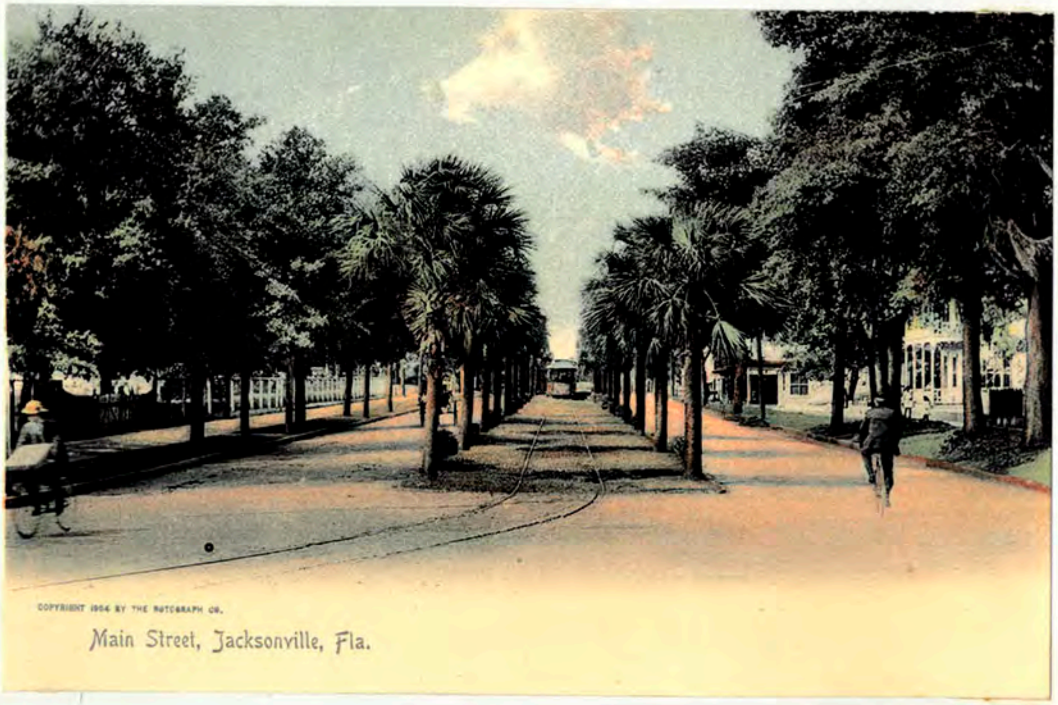
Flo



FOUNTAIN IN ST. JAMES SQUARE, JACKSONVILLE swamps through which I had passed when below Savannah on the occasion of my visit thirty years before, and the bare and uninhabited sweeps of country through which I had gone by train not fifteen years later showing what northern capital and business enterprize had done for the Southern States when they were relieved from the curse of slavery. We reached Jacksonville about 6 PM and were met by Mr Barrett who took us to the St James hotel and there introduced us to the rest of our travelling companions They were a mixed lot from various localities A man and his wife from Chicago representative western



Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla.



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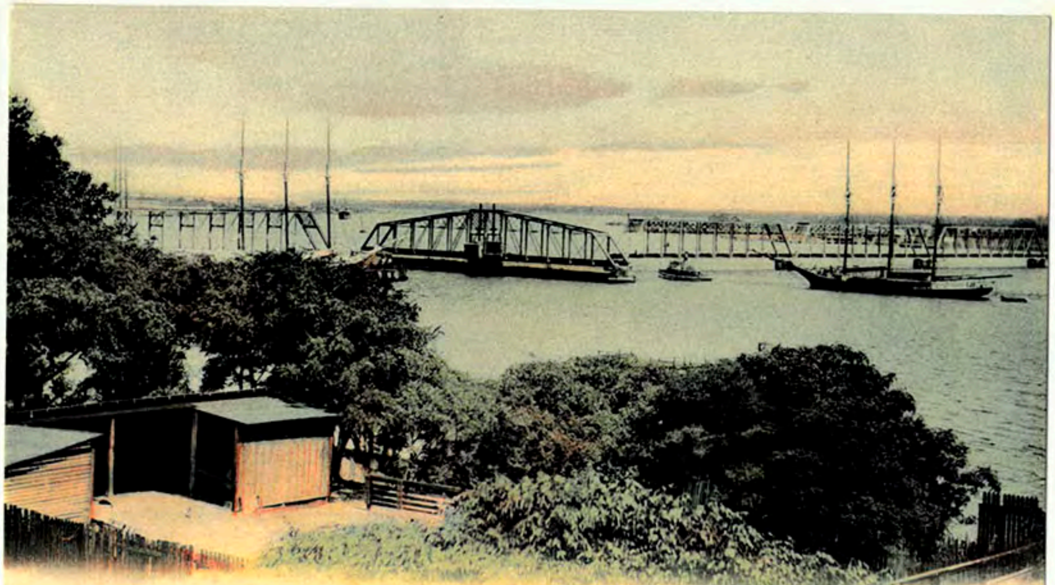
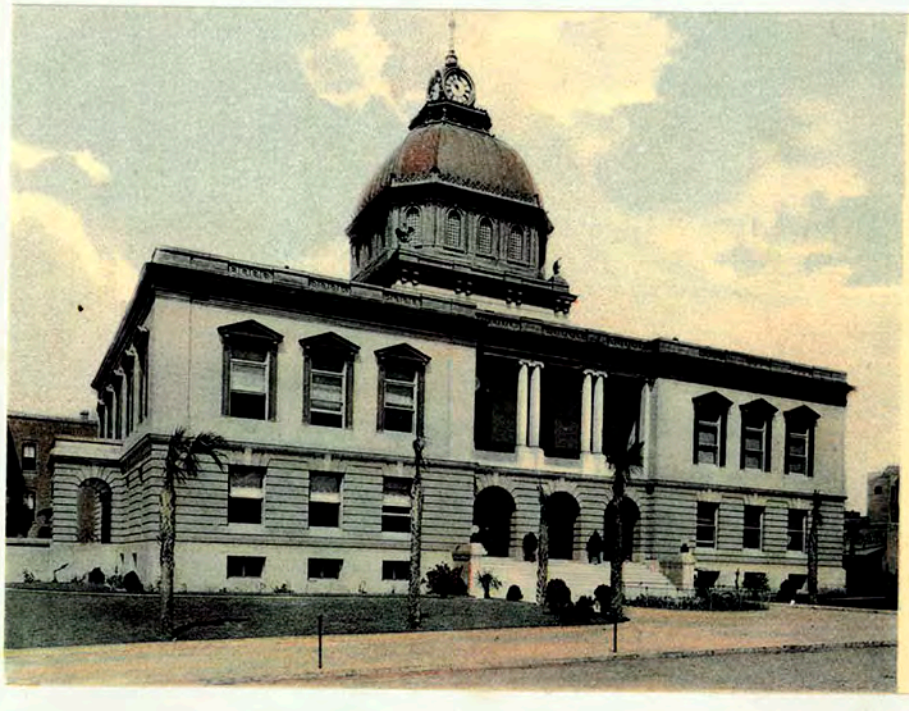
Main Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

people, two ladies, sisters, from New York quiet and unobtrusive a representative Boston girl travelling without any companion or chaperon but who knew all about everything far better than any one, a middle aged old maid without any marked peculiarities, an elderly young man from Brooklyn who was dreadfully afraid of the Boston girls designs upon him, a sweet faced old lady who didnt seem to belong to any one but who had also come from Chicago and a party of six others who I do not remember much about as they separated from us a few days afterwards and whom I called the "knife eaters", those who saw them at table will know why. These with Edith and



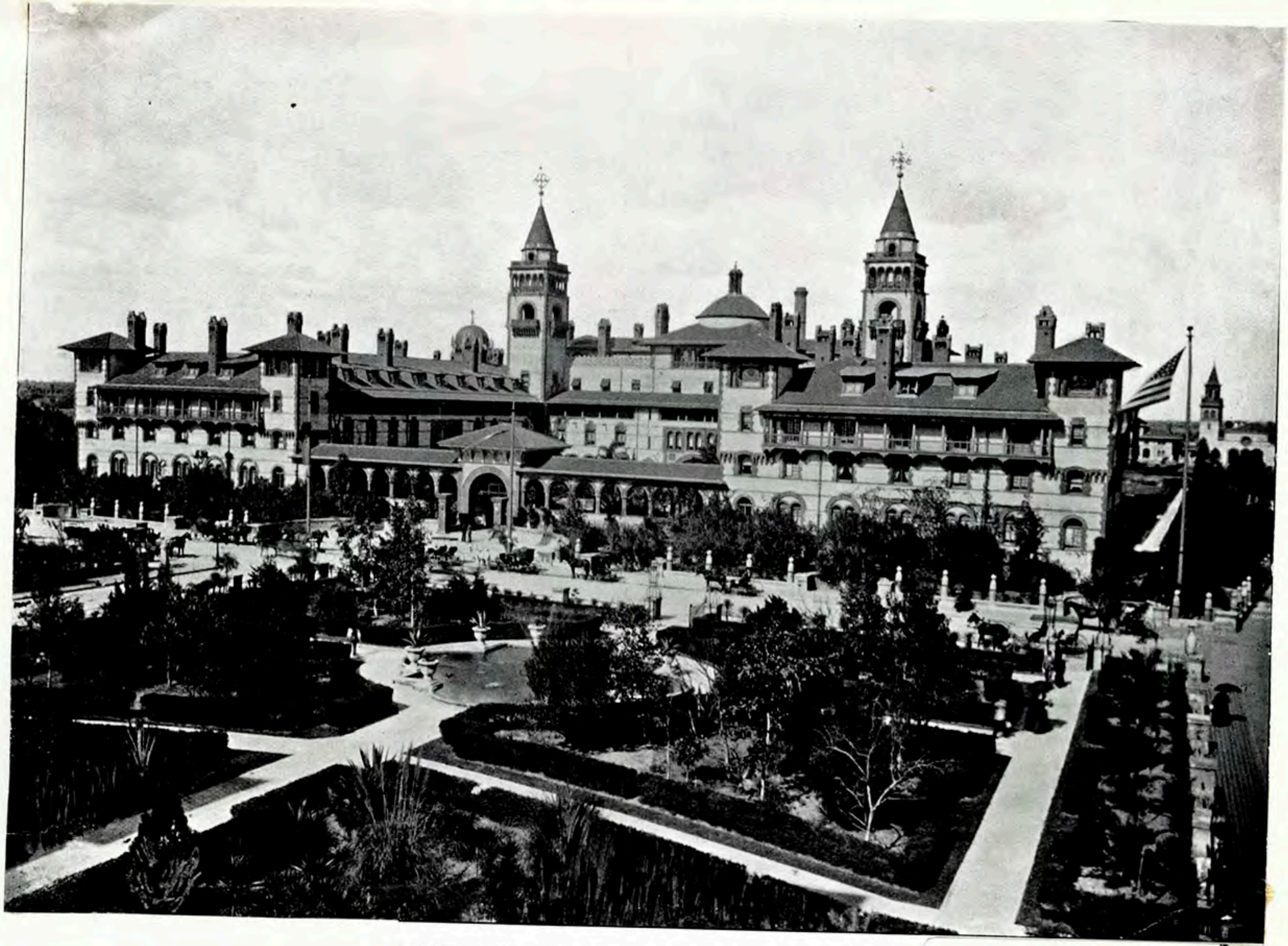
St. John's River and Bridge, Jacksonville, Fla.



City Hall,
Jacksonville,
Fla.

myself made up the party and I can say here that from first to last every thing went smoothly there was no fault finding, quarelling or complaining and when we separated at the end of our three weeks together all were sorry to say good bye to the rest. Since this visit to Jacksonville in 1897 the largest part of the town has been swept by a disasterous fire. which took in both the large hotels the Court House and many churches, shops and dwellings.

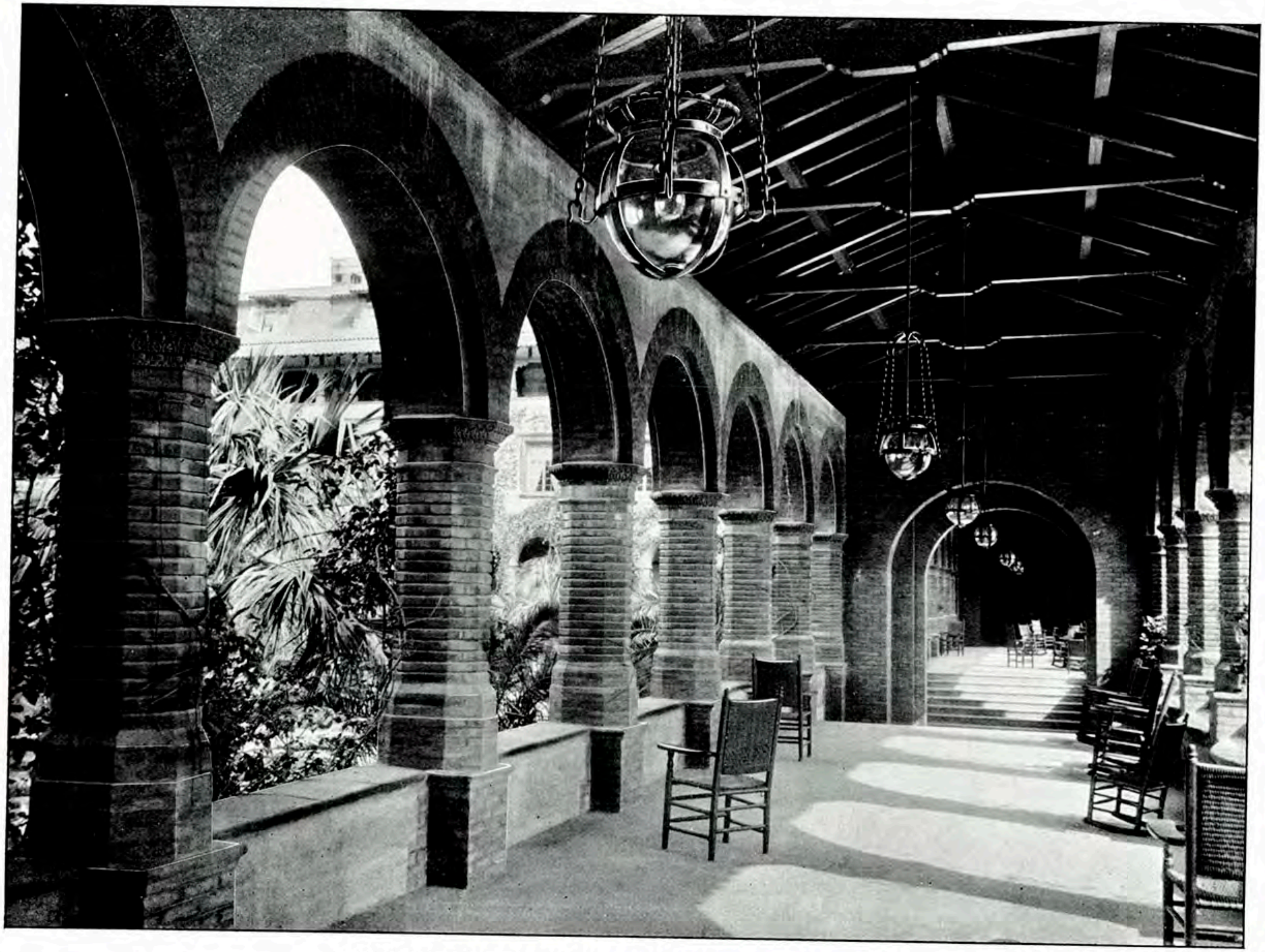
When I visited Florida again in 1902 I took a carriage and was driven all over the burned district and I was astonished to see how quickly the town had recovered from its disaster and how many houses were springing up in all directions though strange to say after such an experience, they were all built of wood. There were several brick and stone blocks but they were in the business portion of the town and were used as stores. The Hotel Windsor was hardly completed but the pressure for accomodations from visitors was so great that they had opened their doors and were using what rooms were finished and hurrying with the rest as fast as possible. The poor old St James our former stopping place was still a mass of ruins and no preparations for rebuilding seemed to be in order.



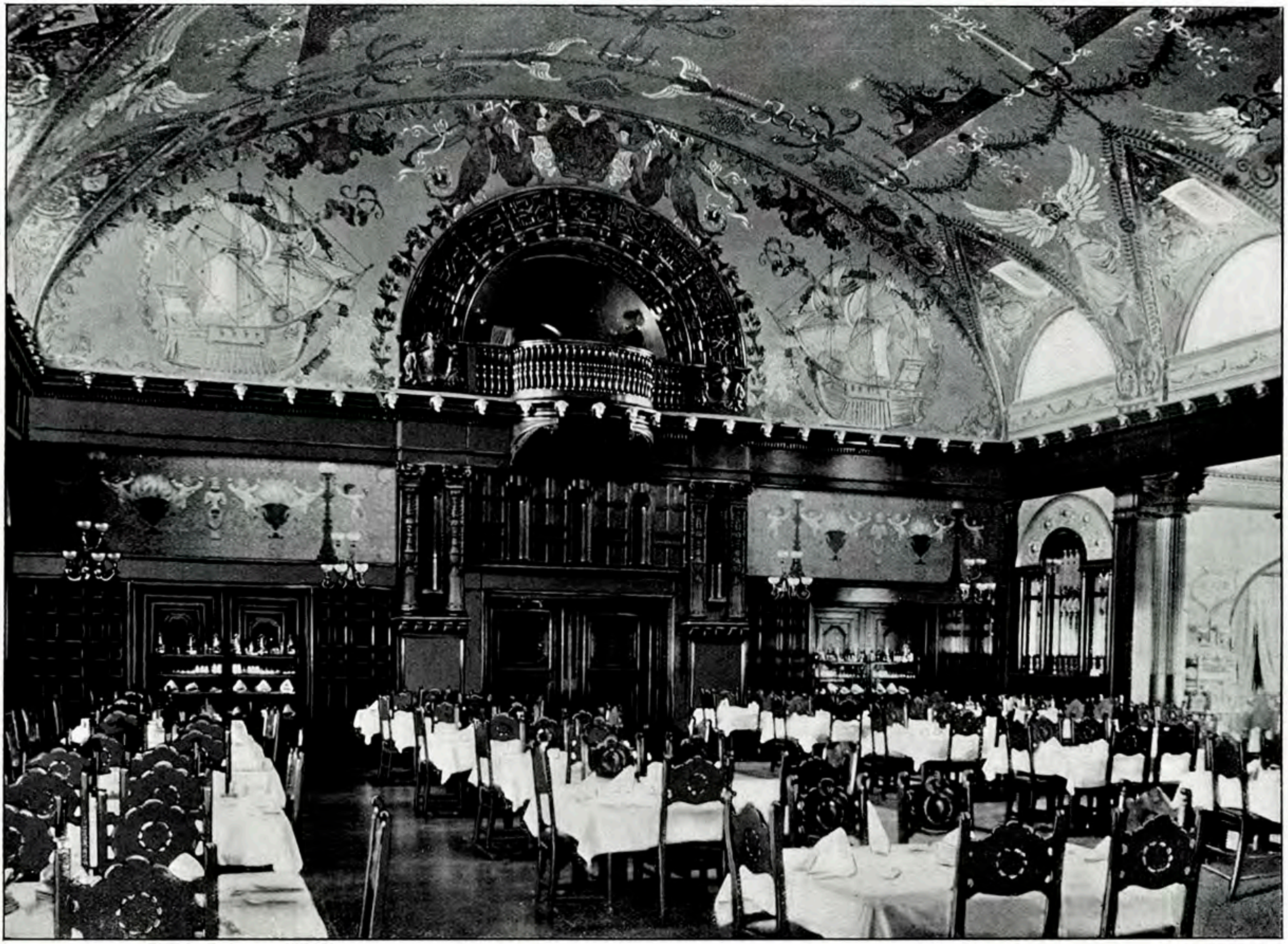
HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST AUGUSTINE

The next day we took a train from Jacksonville for St Augustine which crossed the St Johns at that point on a handsome iron bridge. No long fatiguing ride in a stage coach this time, no waiting at little Picolata in the hot sun while the occupant of the one house in the place refused us shelter. No ride as in rather later years was the case from Tokoi over first a rough rail road with wooden tracks in small cars drawn by a pair of mules and later by a very poor and illy constructed steam road whose terminal station was on the east side of the San Sabastian river over which however a bridge had at-

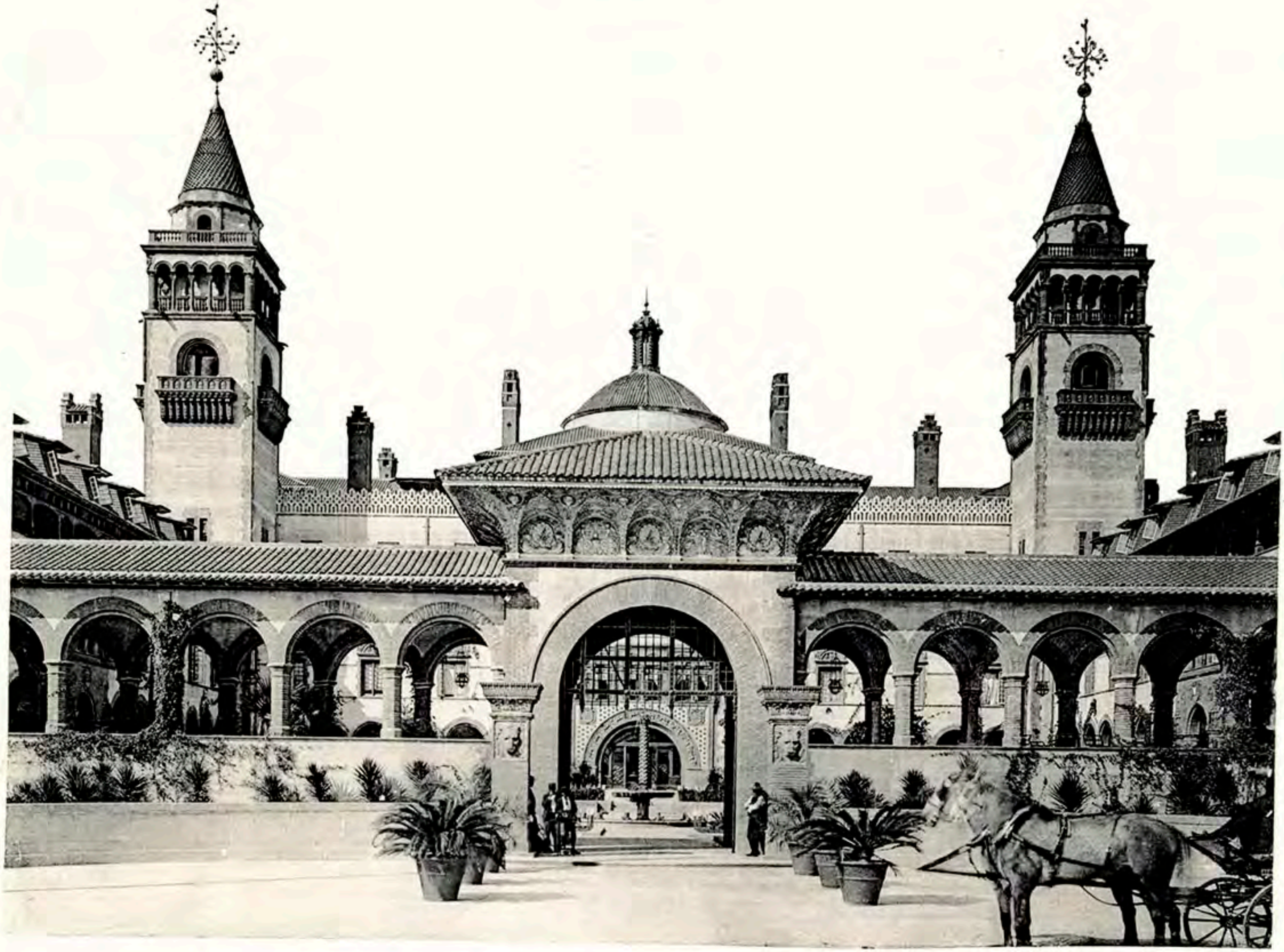
had been built and the whole ferry done away with. When we reached St Augustine after about a two hours ride we drew up before a beautiful stone station, magnificent roads, electric lights, beds of beautiful flowers and a large park covered with smooth green grass. Of orange trees alas! there were none, a big freeze a few years before had killed them completely and they had not been renewed. We entered a stage and were driven to the Hotel Ponce de Leon. the most beautiful Hotel of its kind in the world, built of coquina in the Spanish style and its large court filled with a fountain, palms & various tropical plants.



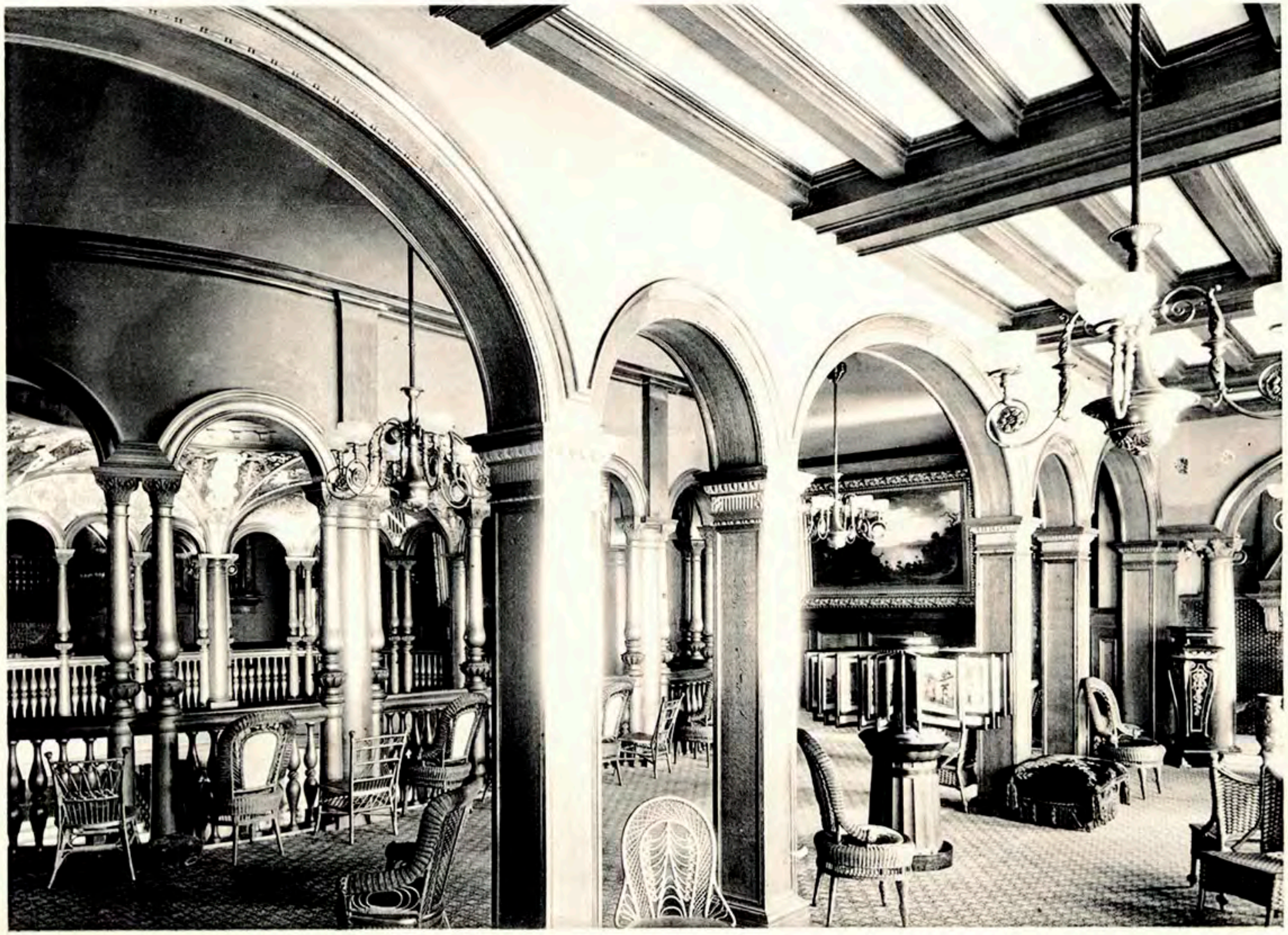
LOGIA OF HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE



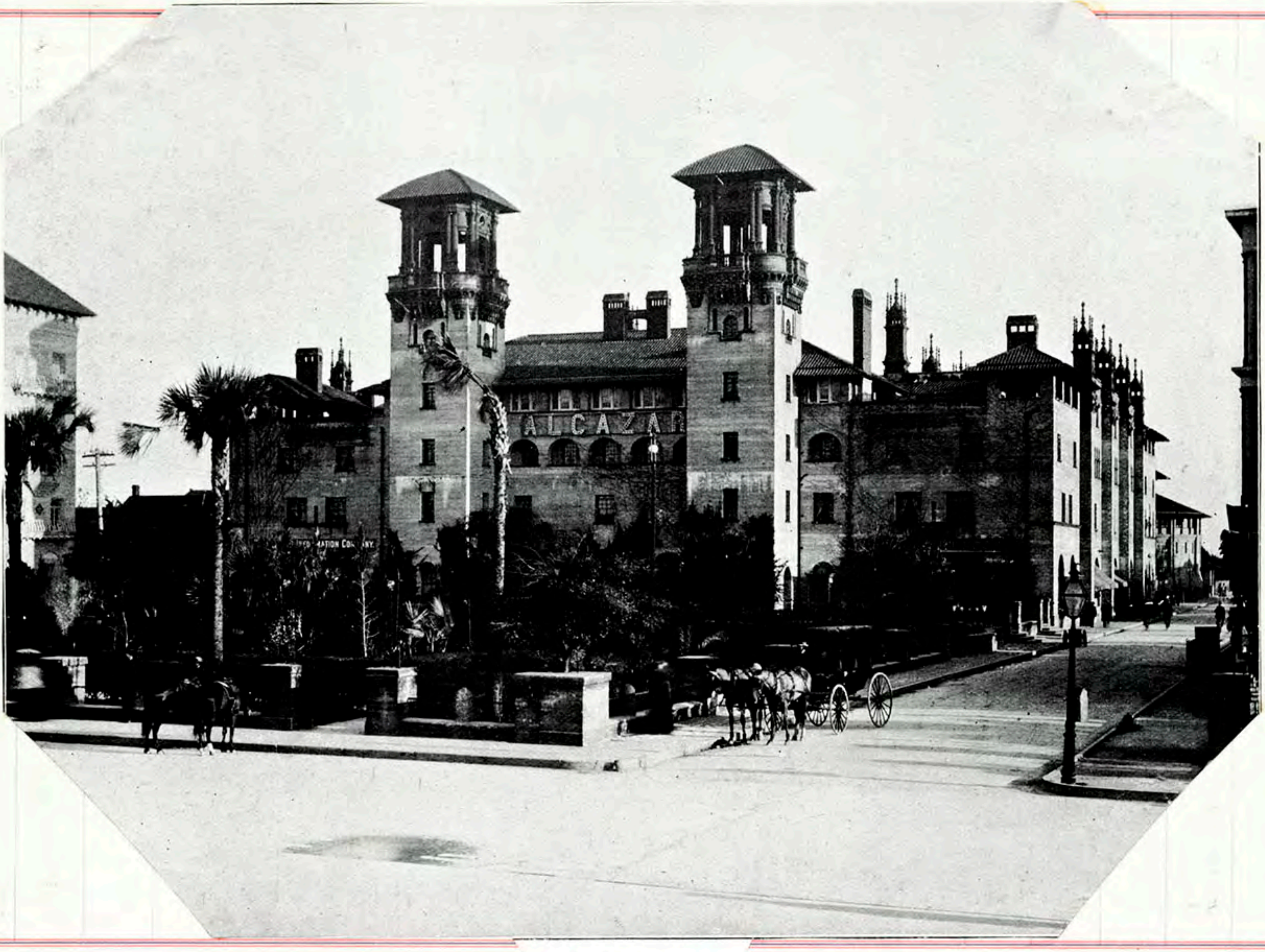
DINING ROOM OF THE PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE



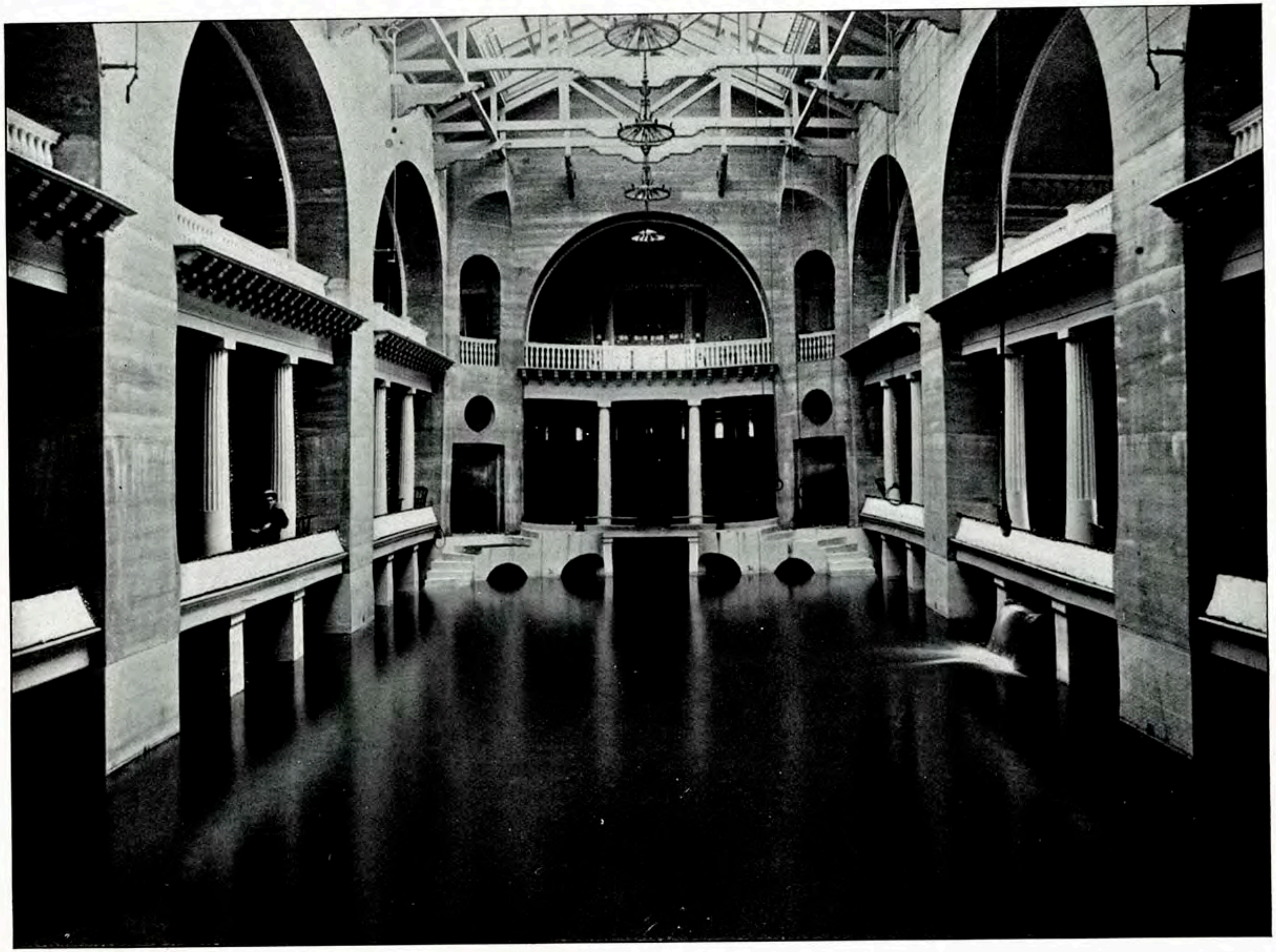
PORTICO AND GATEWAY—HOTEL PONCE DE LEON.



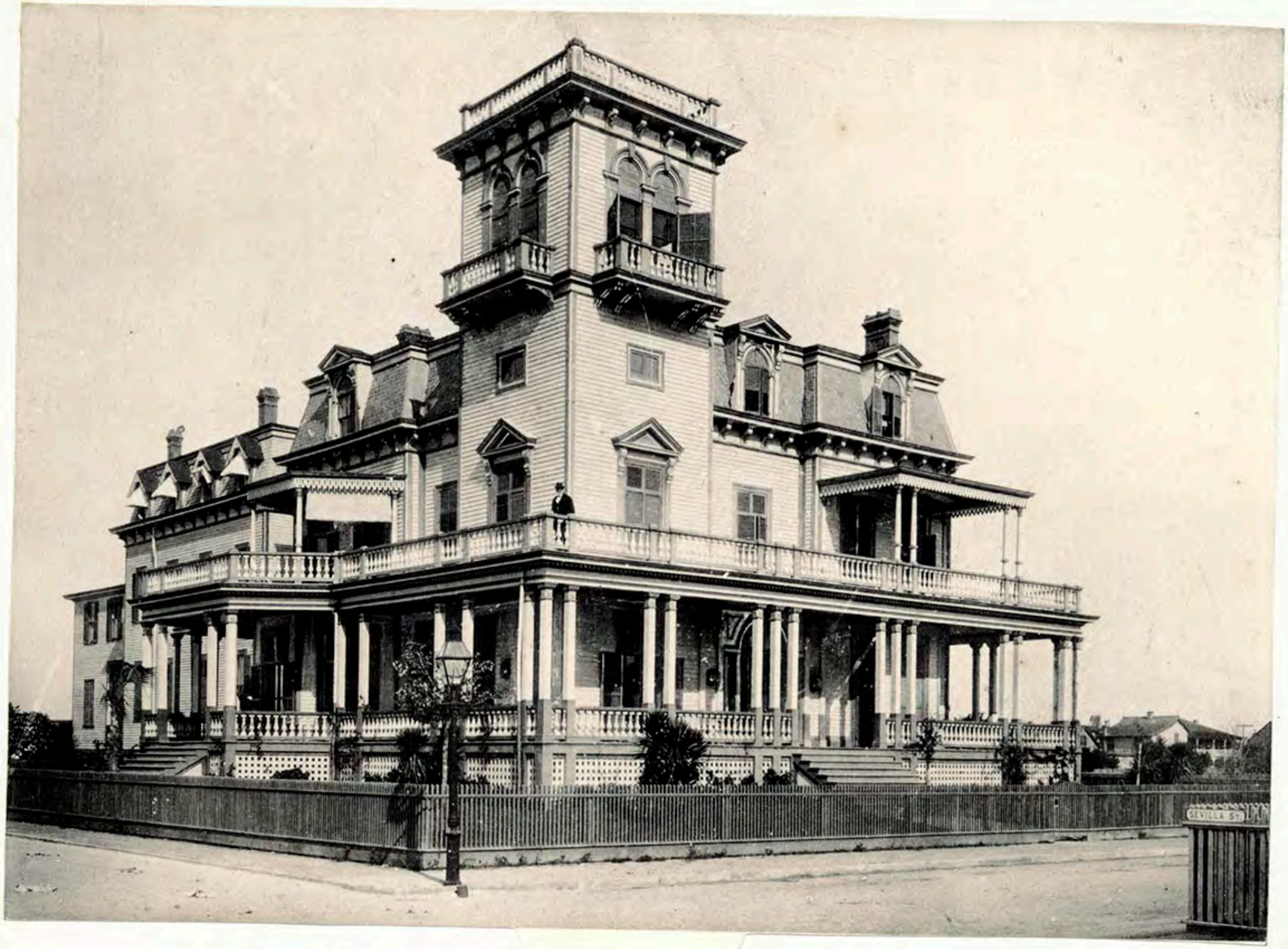
SECOND STORY ROTUNDA—PONCE DE LEON.



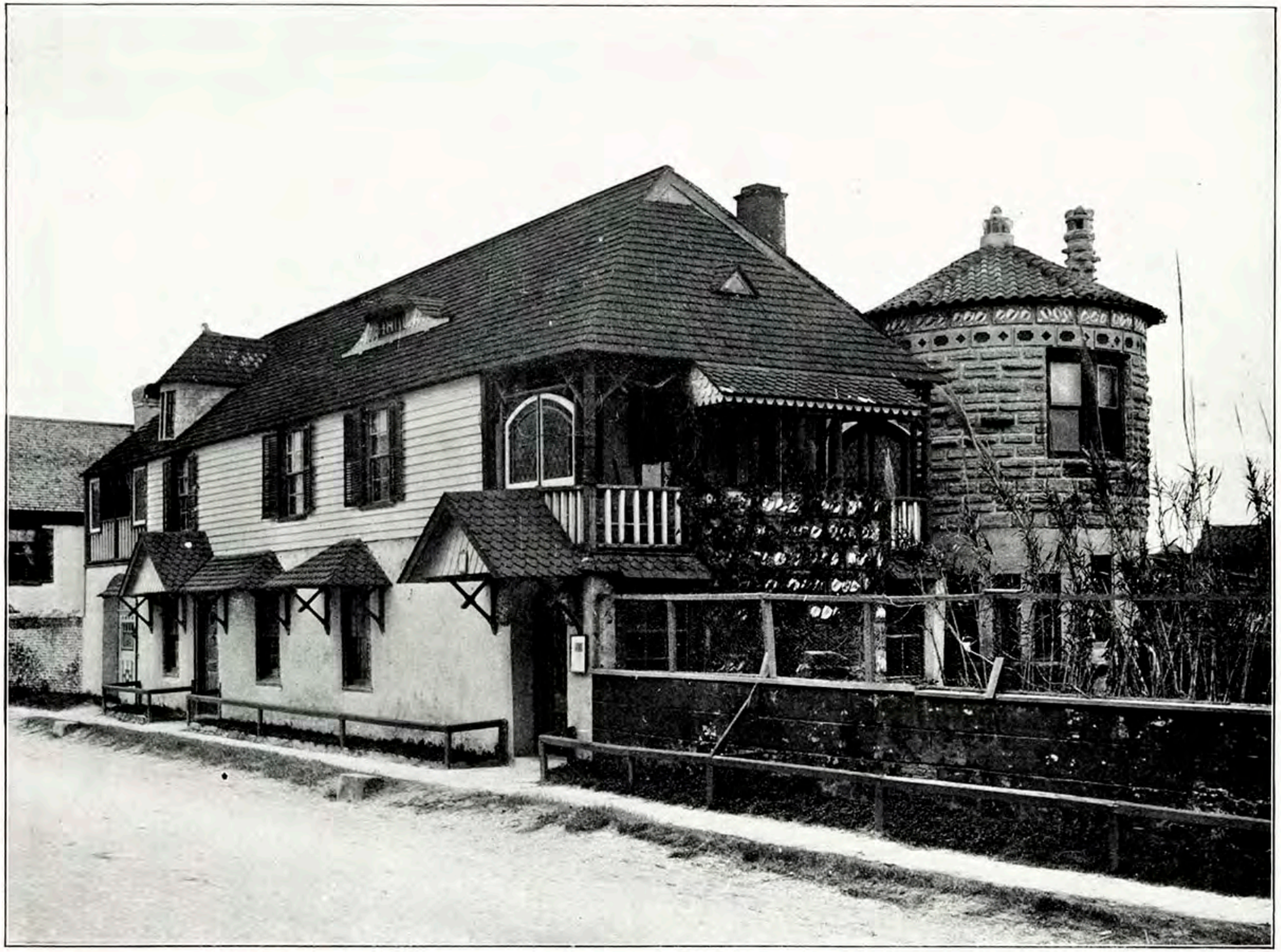
THE ALCAZAR



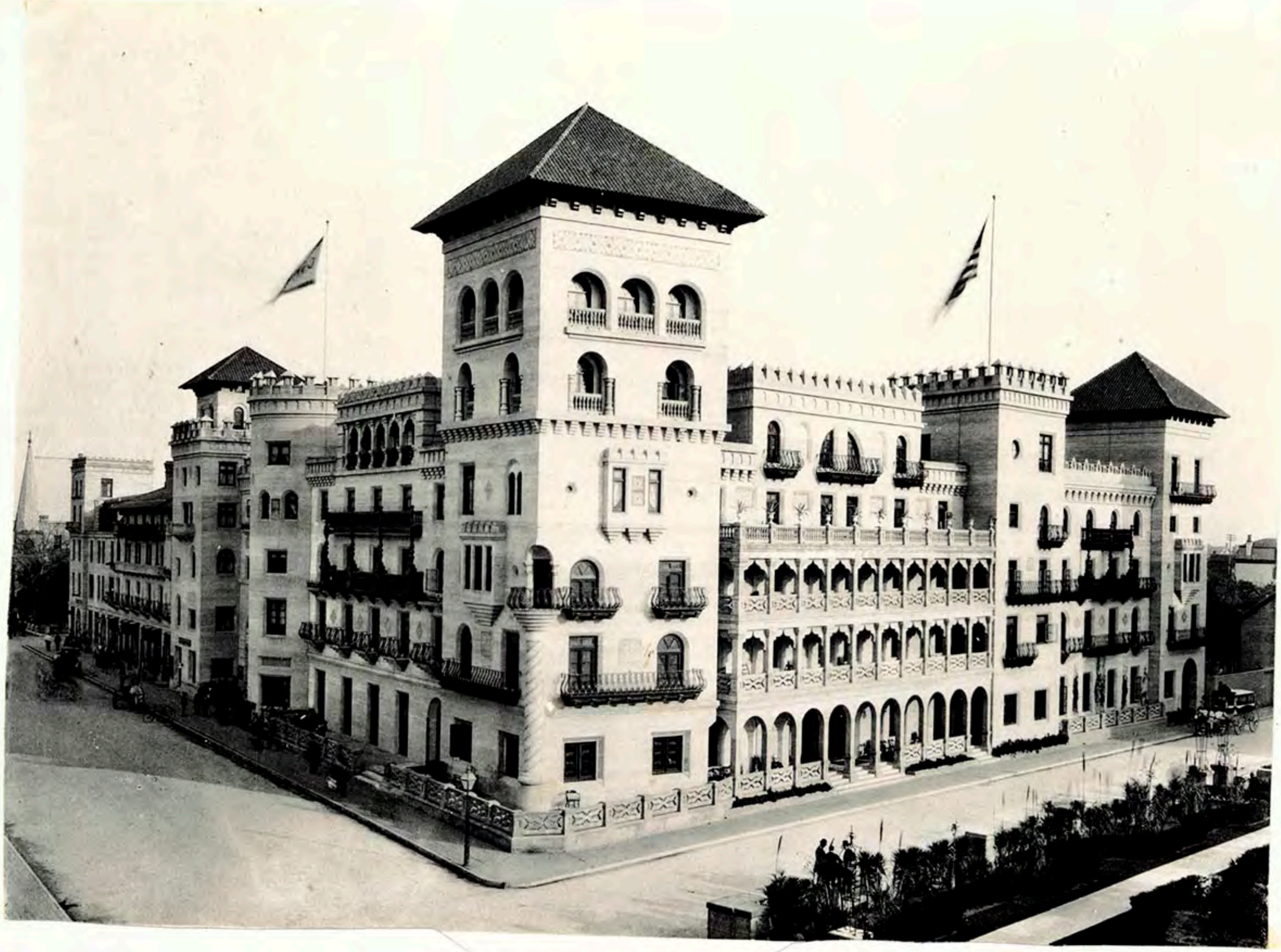
SWIMMING POOL IN THE ALCAZAR, ST. AUGUSTINE



THE BARCELONA.



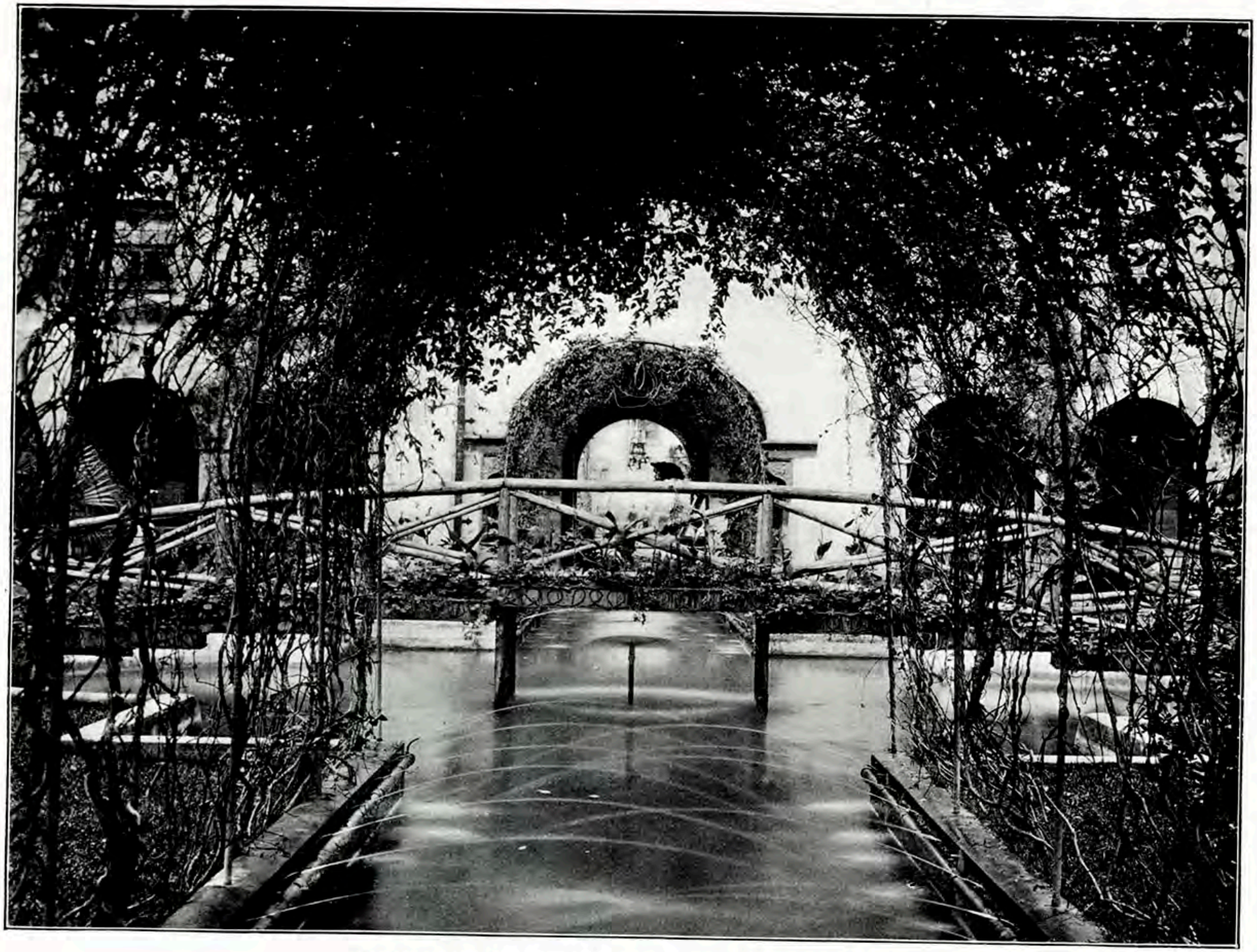
OLDEST HOUSE IN ST AUGUSTINE See page 51. Vol. 1.
in 1900.



HOTEL CORDOVA.

I tried to locate its position and at last succeeded. It was built on ground made by filling up the little tide-water creek which I before mentioned as running part way through the town and the bridge over it on which I had often stood to watch the little fiddler crabs as they ran about at low water on the muddy shore was now replaced by a magnificent paved street.

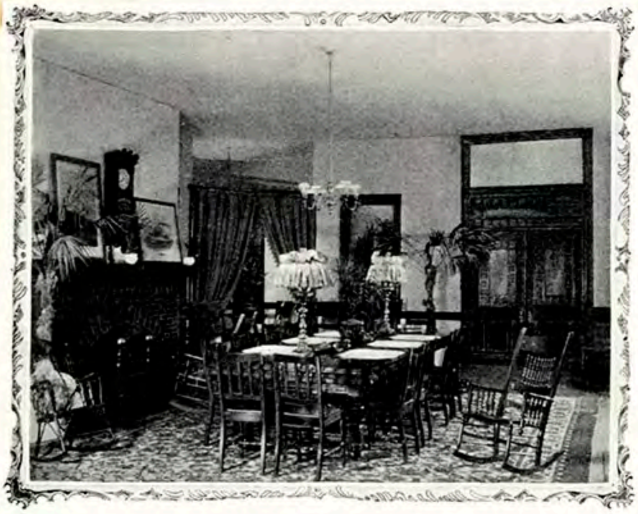
Across the way from the Ponce de Leon stands the Alcasar another fine hotel also built on made ground over the stream and under the same management, containing a central court with a fountain and palms surrounded by a logia where the guests usually sat; and behind the



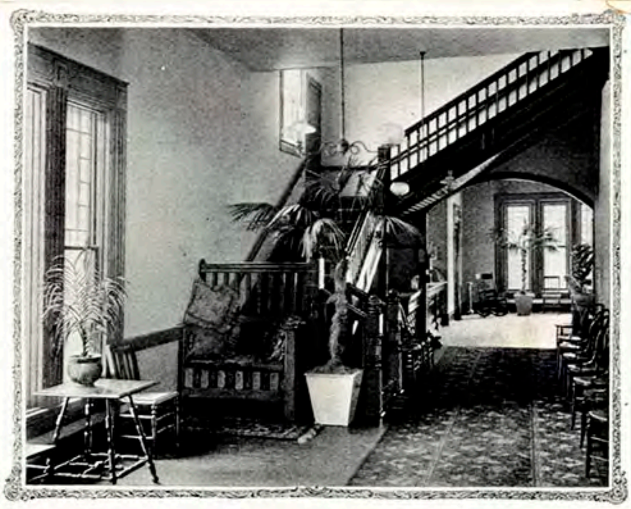
FOUNTAIN IN COURTYARD OF THE ALCAZAR

hotel a very fine swimming and Turkish bathing establishment, fitted up regardless of expense and the finest I am told in America. It took me a long while to get my bearings and find the places which had once been so familiar.

The beautiful Orange groves as I said were all gone. Mrs Balls or rather as I knew it Mr Smiths house was altered out of my remembrance and was now Mr Flaglers residence. Dr Andersons house was still occupied by members of the family, but of the second or third generation. Another hotel called the Cordova whose whole lower floor was occupied by stores filled the place where Mr Philip Ryalls house and many others

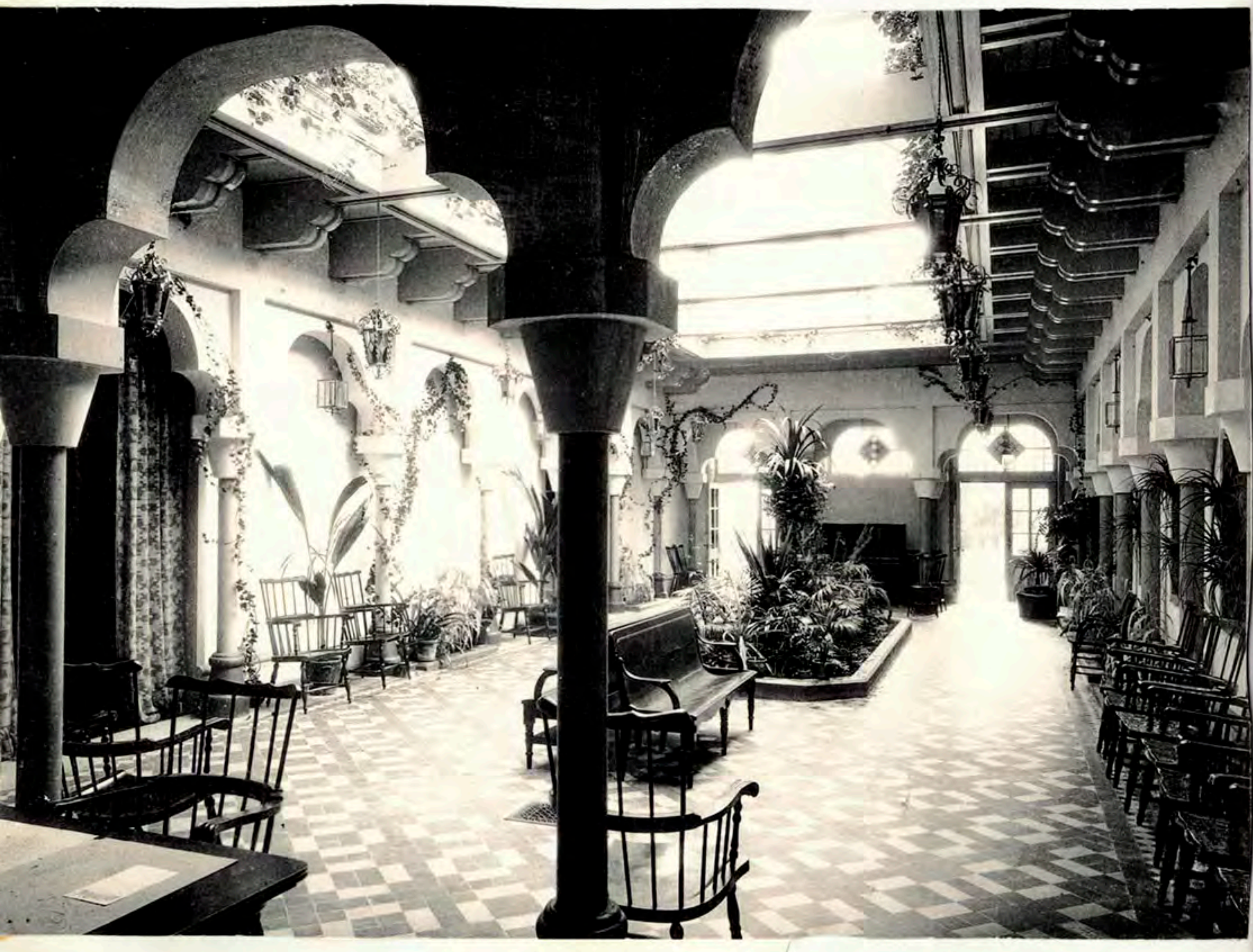


OFFICE



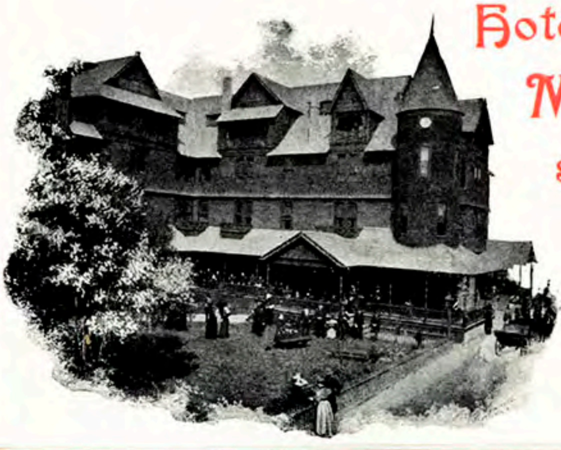
A COZY CORNER IN THE CORRIDOR

Hotel Magnolia.



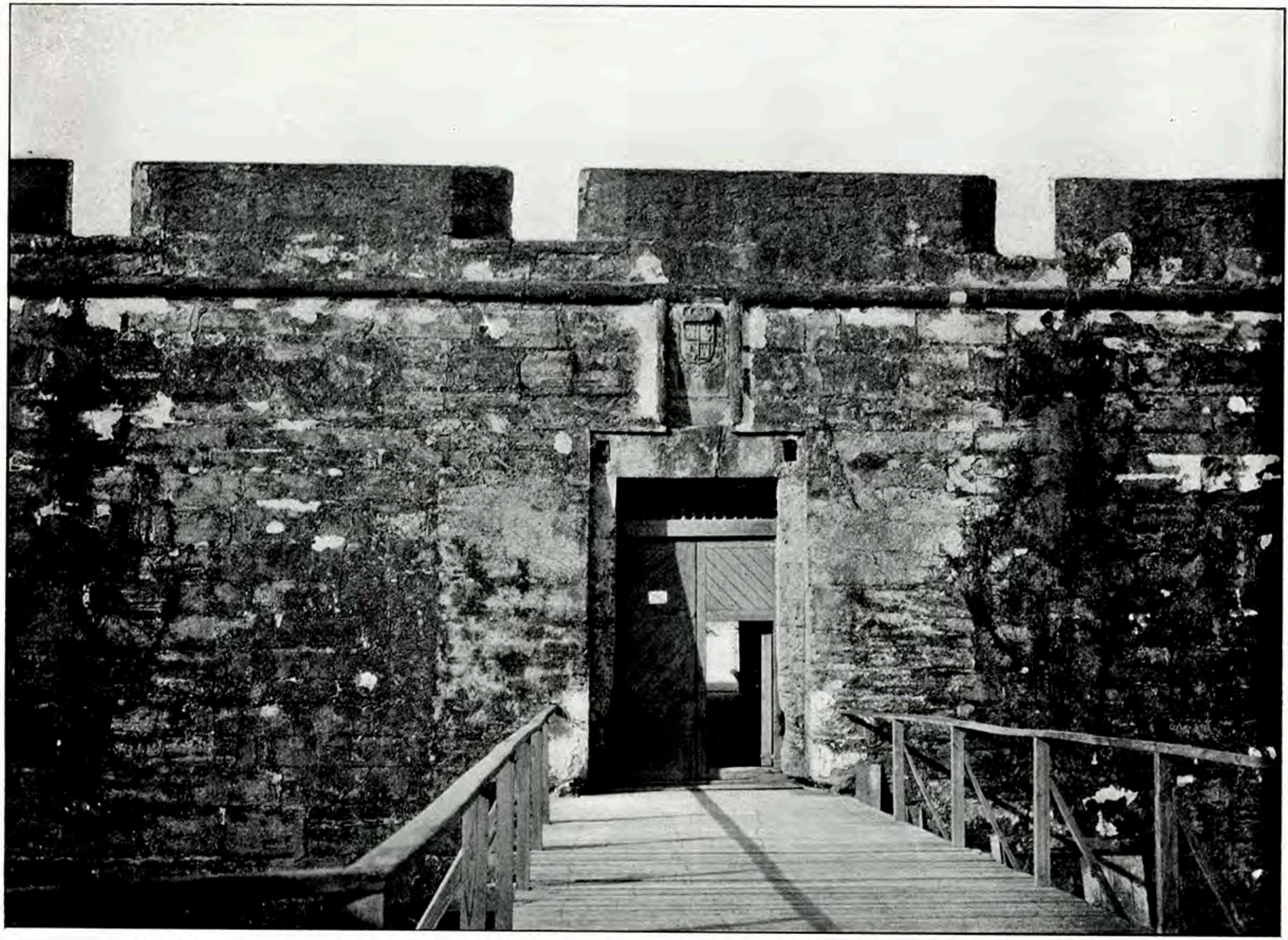
SUN PARLOR—HOTEL CORDOVA.

once stood and Dr Bronsons home had been enlarged by a wing & other additions and was now known as the St George Hotel. One change for the better soon struck my eye for the high stone walls which used to shut in the gardens from view of passers by had nearly all been removed and the glories of the jealously guarded treasures were revealed. The old Magnolia too had been altered almost past recognition. No more rooms furnished with packing boxes for tables, no more sheds outside the office containing



Hotel Magnolia,
St. Augustine,
Florida

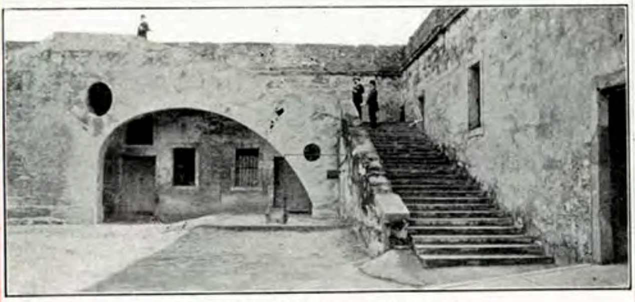
PALMER
AND
MACDOWELL



ENTRANCE TO FORT MARION, ST AUGUSTINE

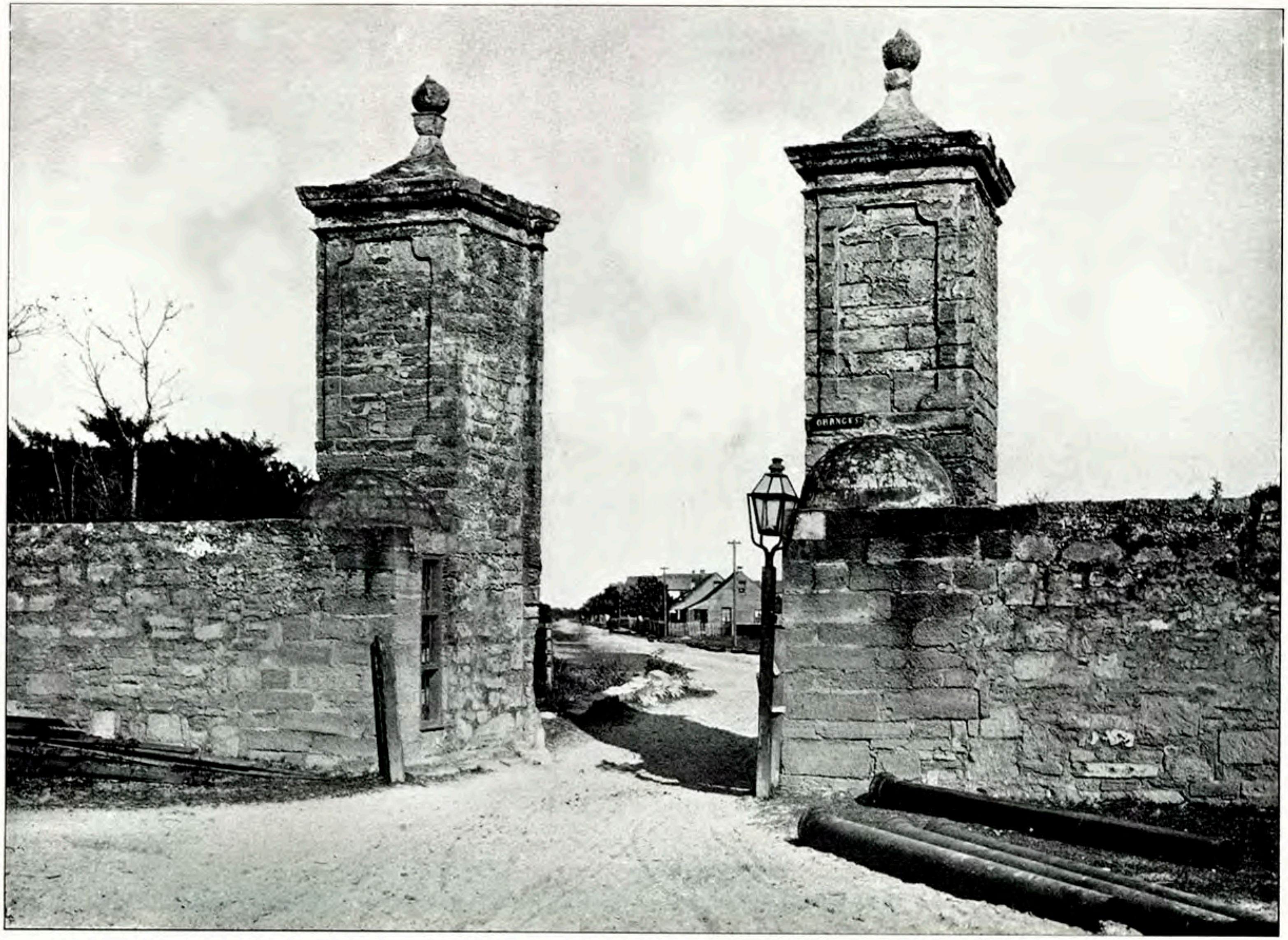
carcases of beef and mutton now! A big ice plant furnished every one in the town with a sufficiency of that necessary article and many of the large hotels had a manufactory of their own.

Our first walk was along the sea wall & up to the fort and here we saw but little change. The old broken



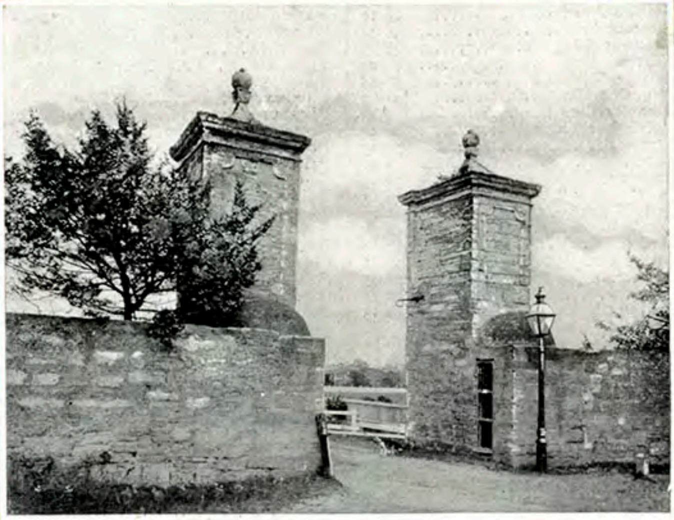
Inside of Fort Marion, St. Augustine

steps inside had been renewed or repaired but except that the place seemed to have been cleaned up nothing else had been done. Indeed there was no use in spending time or money in fortifying an out of date structure like this which could easily be knocked to pieces in five



CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE

minutes by a vessel six miles out at sea which its guns could not reach The sea wall was just the same and also the old gates through which we often passed in our drives



CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE.

for this was another of the many changes in St Augustine; the deep sandy roads outside the town had given place to hard shell drive ways in various directions so that one could go by wheel or horse for many miles through the woods and down the coast with the greatest ease and pleasure. Large vineyards have been started along the Matanzas

A FLORIDA ROAD.

Old Watch Tower, Fort Marion,
St. Augustine, Fla.

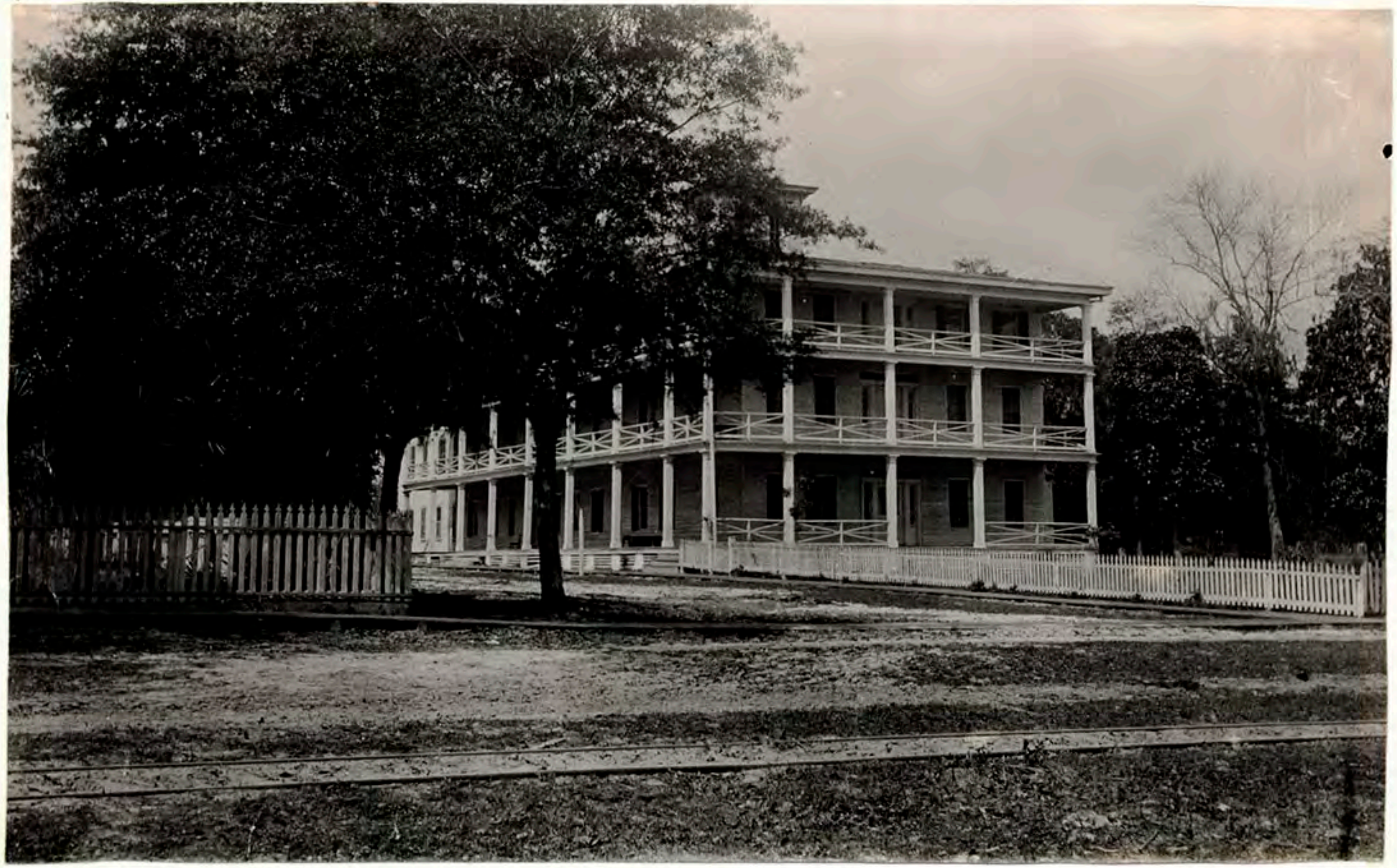
river and the manufacture of wine is rappidly becoming one of Florida's great industries particularly in the northern part where the changed climate does not admit of the growing of oranges lemons &c. This wine is very fine and pure and is sold at very reasonable prices.

A bridge now crosses the river to Anastasia Island on which the light house stands and at the other side is a short rail road with a car drawn by a small engine. that runs past the light house to a spot on the beach a few miles below where a small excursion house has been built and bath houses been erected for the use of excursionists during both the

WINTER BATHING IN FLORIDA.

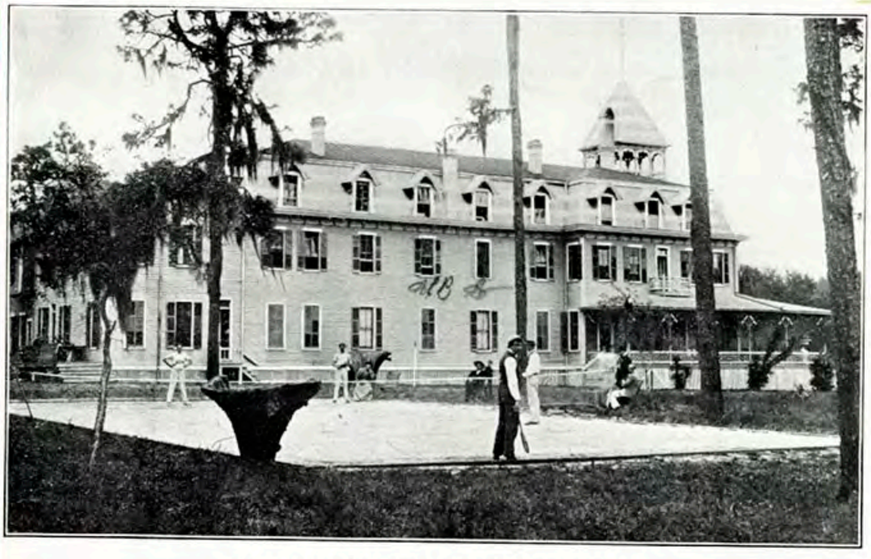
summer and winter seasons who are anxious for a refreshing dip in the sea which breaks here on the sandy shore in long rollers and sometimes in quite high waves. The cars run every hour and it made a very pleasant trip to go over and spend the time on the shore gathering shells, the sand being very hard and easy to walk on so that many persons brought their bicycles for a ride up and down the beach. There were a few houses on the island but the mosquitoes were so very bad except when the wind was directly off the

sea that I wondered how any one could have lived there. The places on the St Johns river had also changed very much since I visited them thirty years ago. Since Mr Plant built his Rail Road running from Jacksonville on the west side of the river and passing through or near all the towns situated there as far south as Palatka which until that date had only been reached by boats and from there to Tampa Bay on the Gulf these places had experienced a mild sort of a boom, town lots were laid out and held at high prices, streets opened and houses built, and then — every thing fell flat and has so remained.

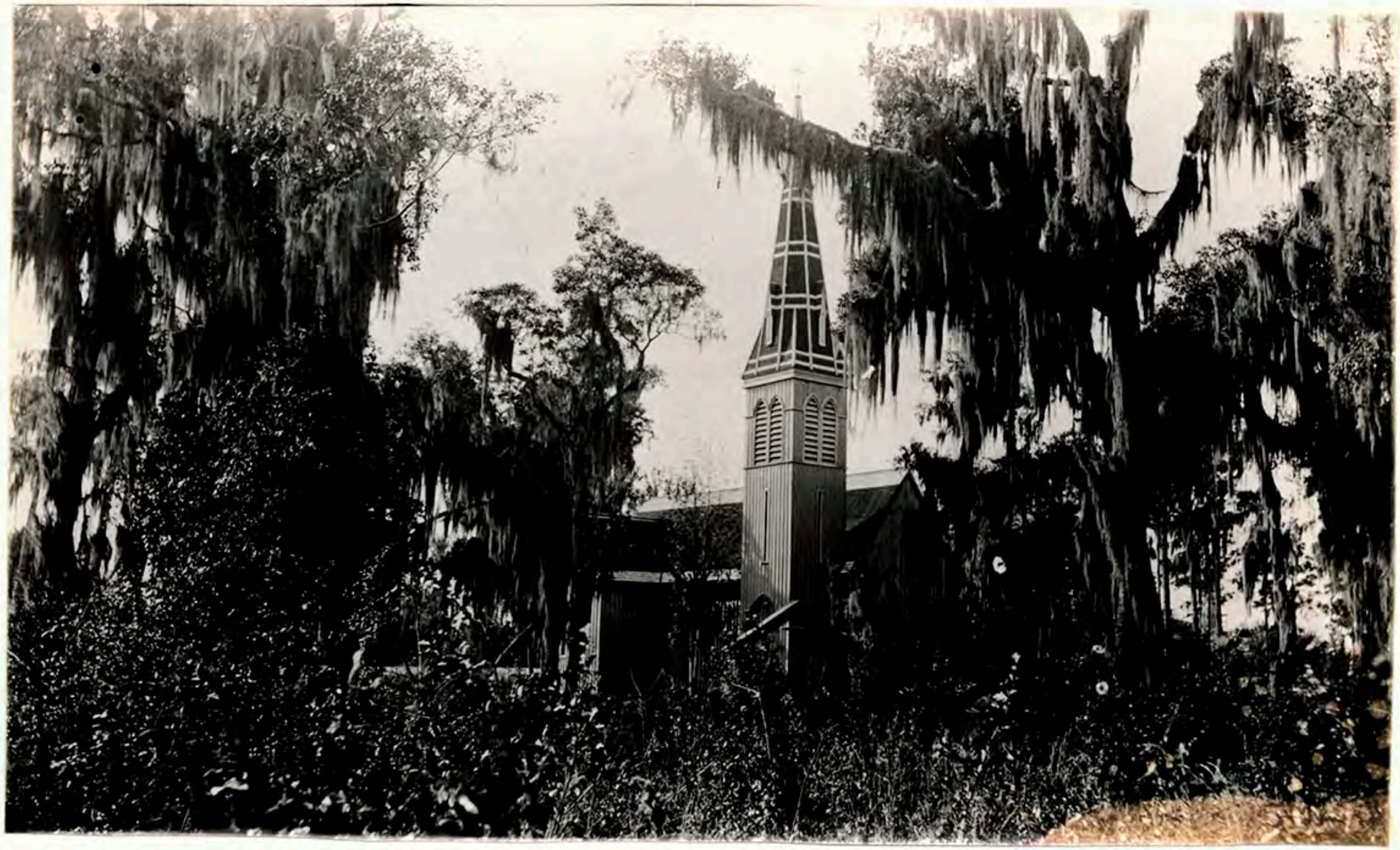


The Union Hotel.

I visited Green Cove Springs and looked with some curiosity at the place recalling it in the old days. The Union Hotel where we staid on the occasion of my first visit is still standing but in a great state of dilapidation and uninhabited. A new hotel had been built called the St Elmo about 100 yards further north in what was in olden times a thick pine grove The little chapel was gone and a fine Presbyterian church and Rectory was standing on a new street running

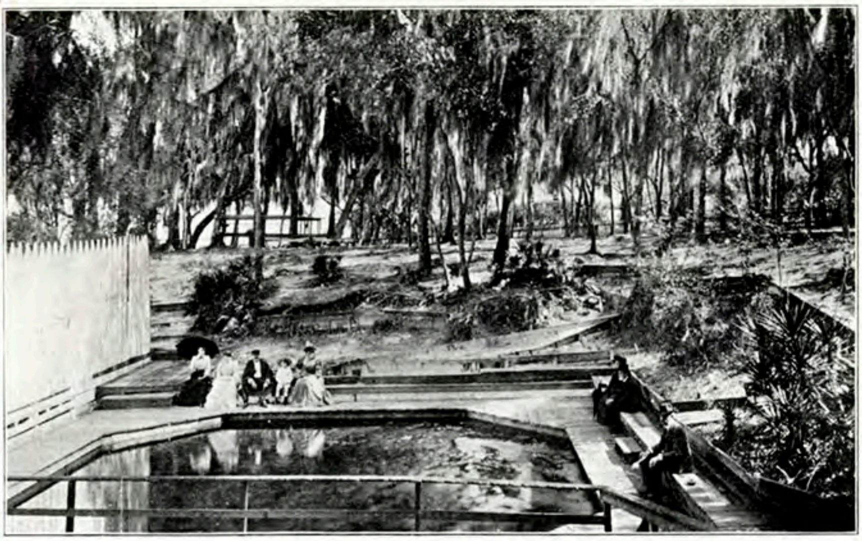


HOTEL ST. ELMO, GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLA.

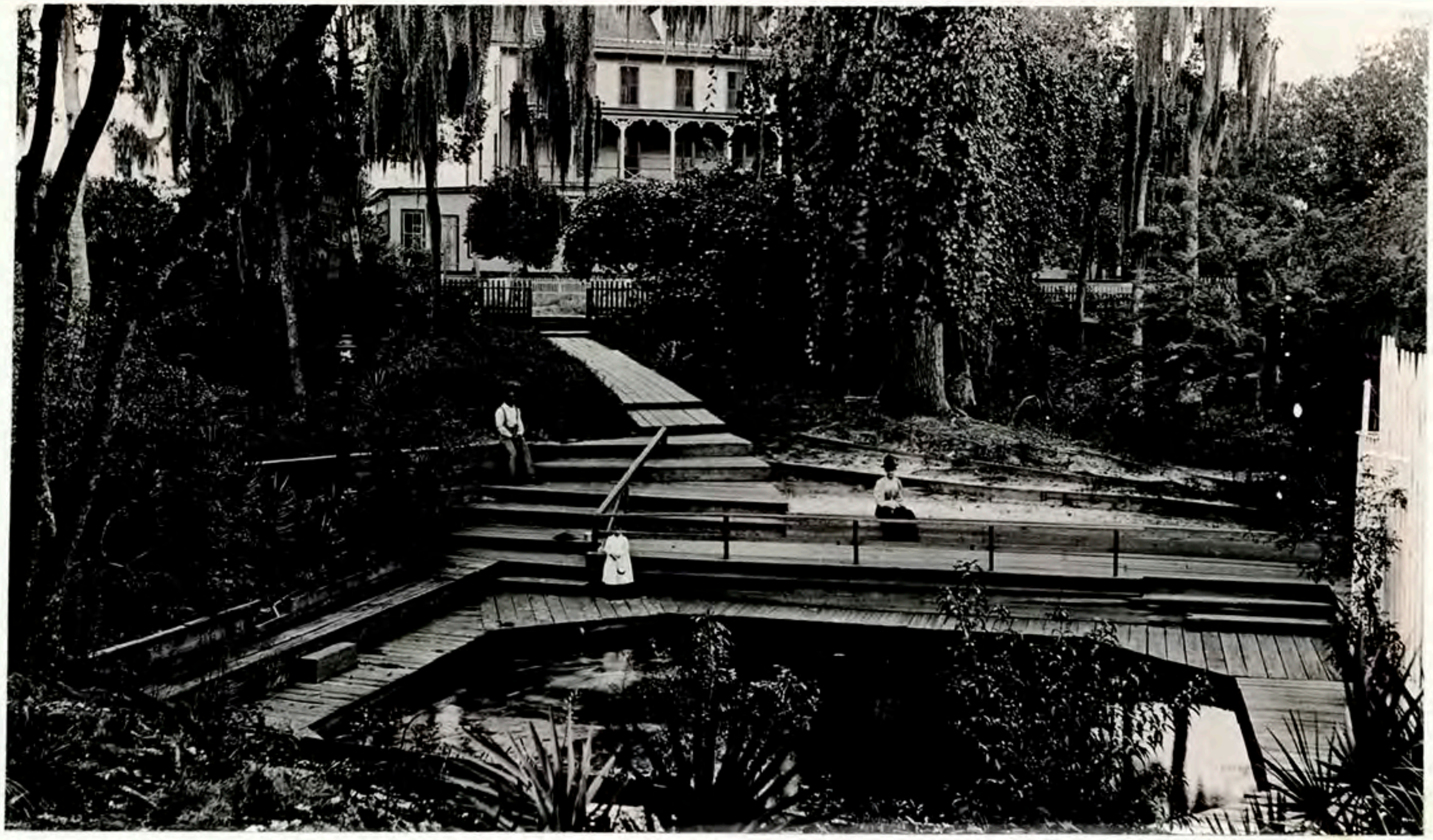


Episcopal Church -

paralel to the river while a pretty little Episcopal church was built on the river bank surrounded by pine and magnolia trees. The old spring also showed signs of some attempt at restoration. The end where the water boiled up was separated by a fence from the rest of the pool so that swimmers could no longer try to dive into its depths, and it was bordered by a walk and benches where people could sit & drink the water. Some of the old shanties were still there but a house had been added



THE SPRING.

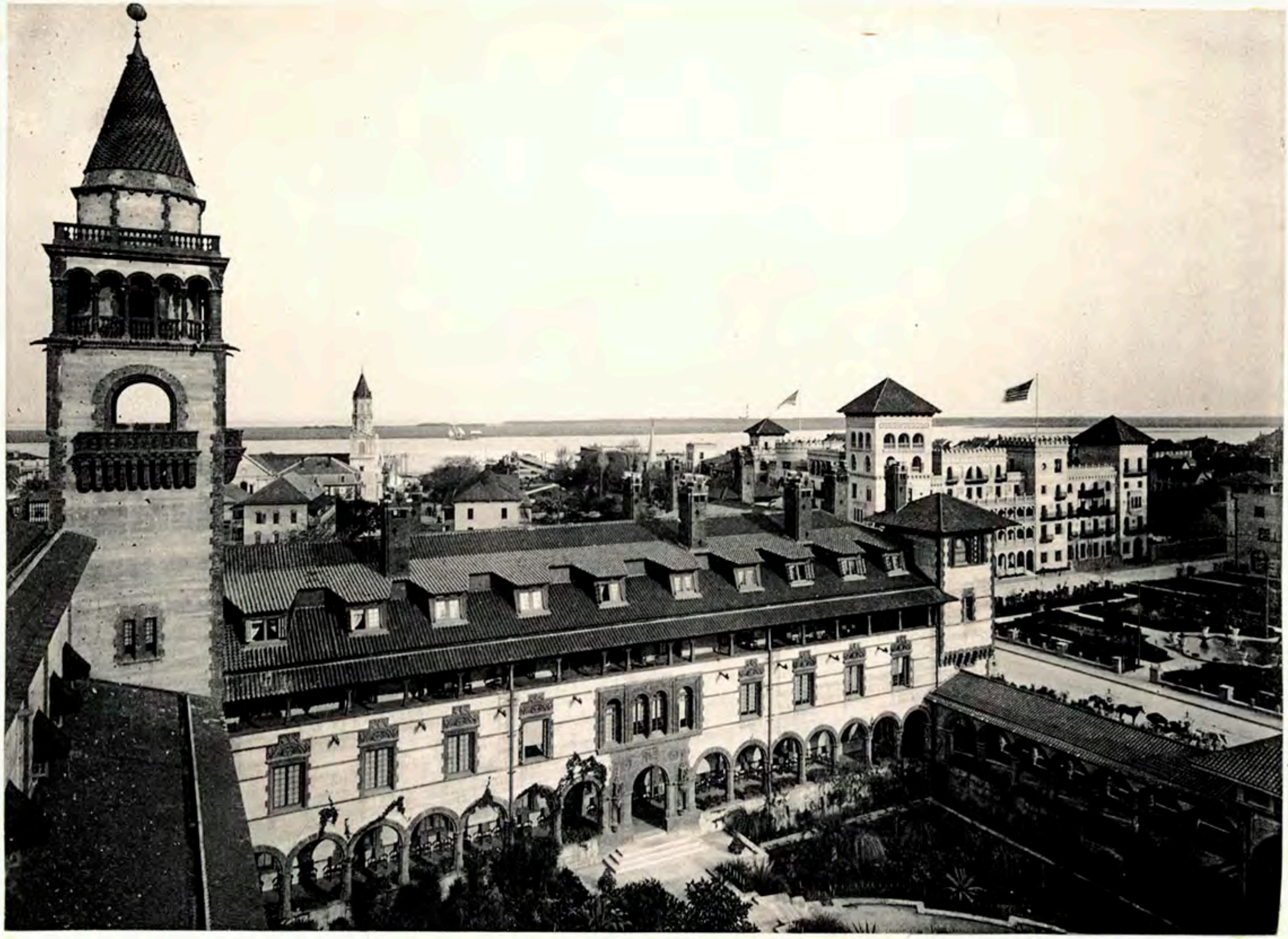


Green Cove Springs.

for the accomodation of the person who takes care of the bathing dresses &c It was surrounded by a high picket fence which looked as if it might be the very identical one that had been there when I first visited it in 1870. There is an effort being made to get up another boom for the place, build nice bath houses and a swimming pool and get visitors to come by reports of the wonderful cures from the use of the water, but I doubt of its succeeds. The water has been tested and is found not to contain sulphur and the place itself is not healthy a great deal of bilious and intermittant fevers being prevalent there. A small car drawn by one mule runs from the Rail Road station which is about a mile back from the town to meet each train but at no other time The lot where the spring is located is now a park though but little has been done in the way of keeping it in order and cows are allowed to browse on what little grass is found there. A large hotel was built directly west of the spring a few years ago but after standing for several seasons it took fire from an over heated stove and was burned to the ground just the day before it was to have been closed. About 30 guests were staying there at the time but fortunately they were all packed up

ready to leave and as the fire occurred in the day time they and their effects were gotton out in safety. There are several good brick stores and quite a large dry goods shop but another row on the same street containing the Drug Store and office of the best Doctor in the place was burned down last winter. There are some pretty looking new houses standing on the newly laid out streets and a few wealthy families spend their winters there but many houses stand empty or to rent and take it altogether it is not a prosperous place at present whatever may come to it eventually. The river to me showed the greatest change of all.

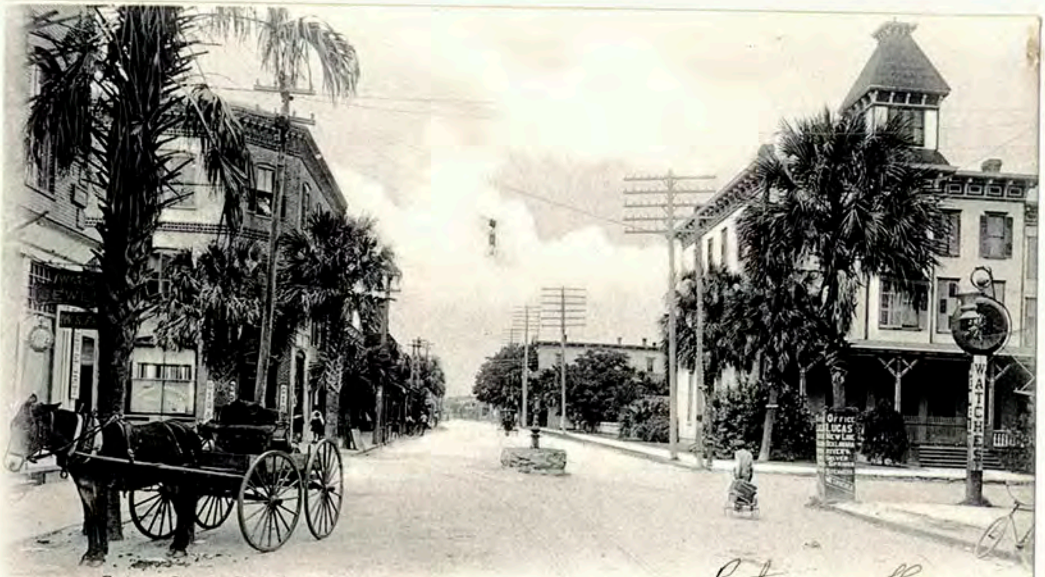
In 1870 it formed the only means of communication with the plases south of Jacksonville and large steamers some of them from Charleston could be constantly seen passing up and down, filling the air with black smoke from the use of pitch pine in their furnaces, while whole fleets of schooners and like vessels of light draught could be seen making their way north or south like white winged birds. With the advent of the Rail Road all this was changed the steamers were withdrawn or only seen at intervals of two or three times a week and the wide stretches of river became empty of a single sail. A few of the residents owned



VIEW EAST FROM TOWER OF THE PONCE DE LEON.

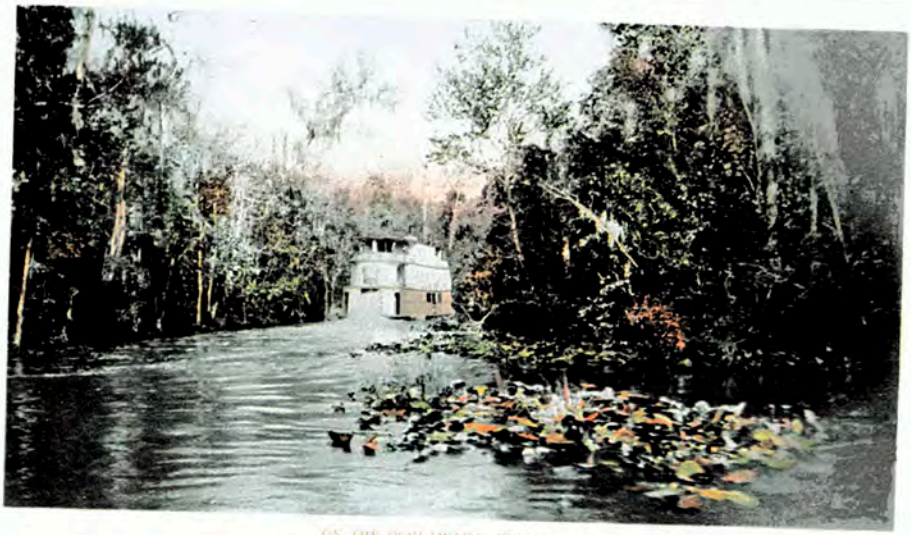
steam or naptha launches in which they made short trips up and down the river, but when they desired to go for any distance they made use of the Rail Road But to return to our party.

After a stay of several days at St Augustine enjoying to the full our luxurious quarters at the Ponce de Leon, and the very fine table provided for our refreshment and far to good for our health, we left by train on Feb 22nd for Palatka which we reached at noon and were driven to the Putnam House. I never quite understood why we were taken to this place for it is another spot that has seen its best days and since our



Lemon Street, Palatka, Fla.

Putnam House.



ON THE OCKLAWAHA, FLORIDA.

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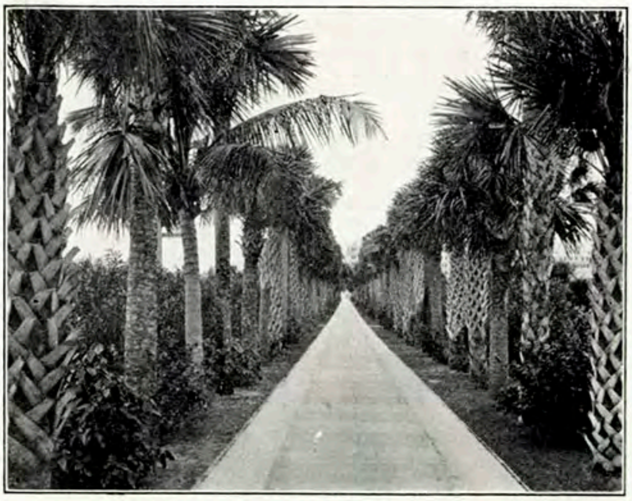
THE BREAKERS, PALM BEACH

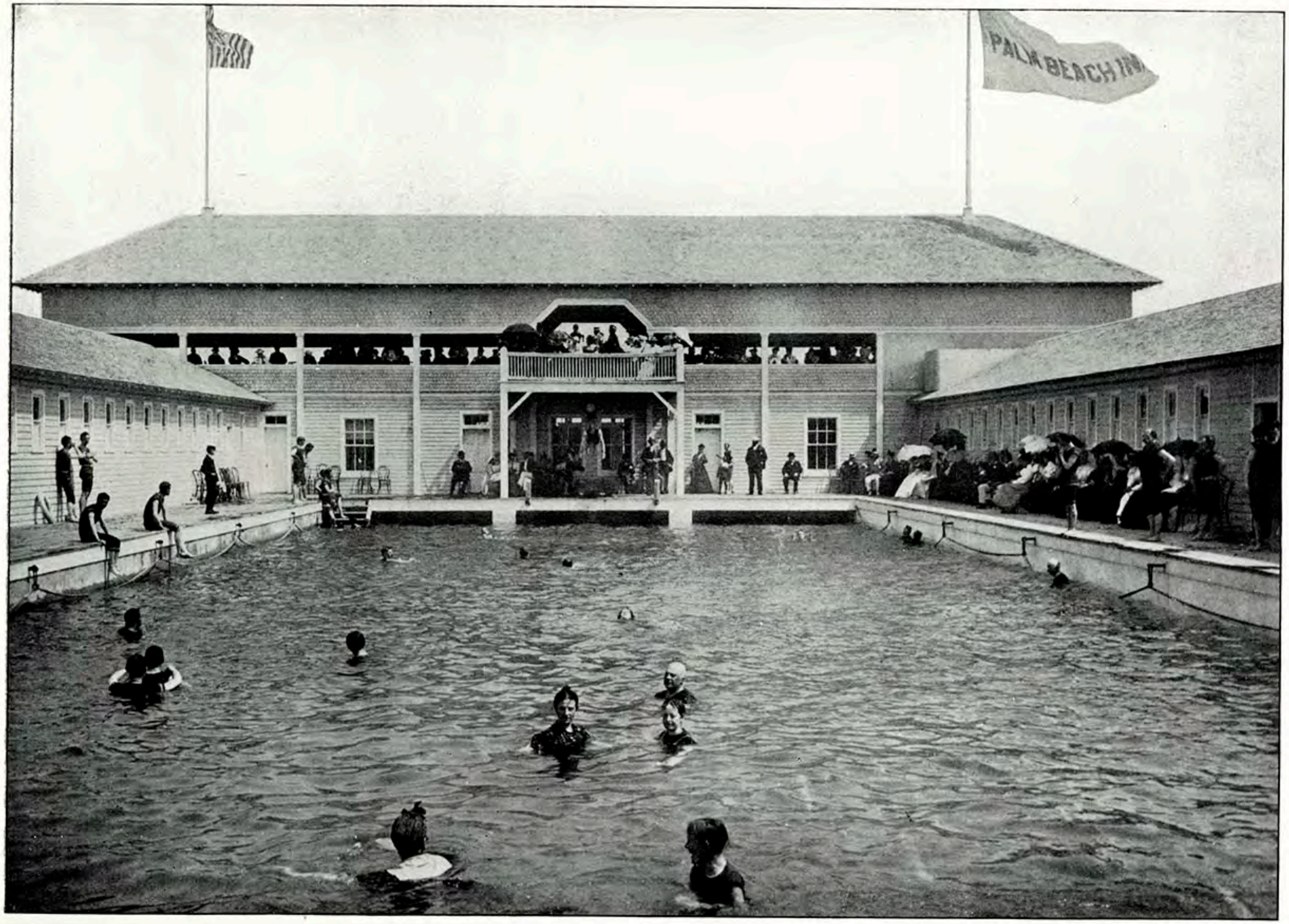
main land from the ocean. There is anothea hotel first known as Palm Beach Inn but now called the Breakers. This building stands on the very edge of the sea so that when sitting on the piazza of the parlor floor the whole shore is shut out and one feels as if one was really over the water.

The path between the two hotels is bordered by a magnificent row of palms which are as fine as any I have seen in Florida.



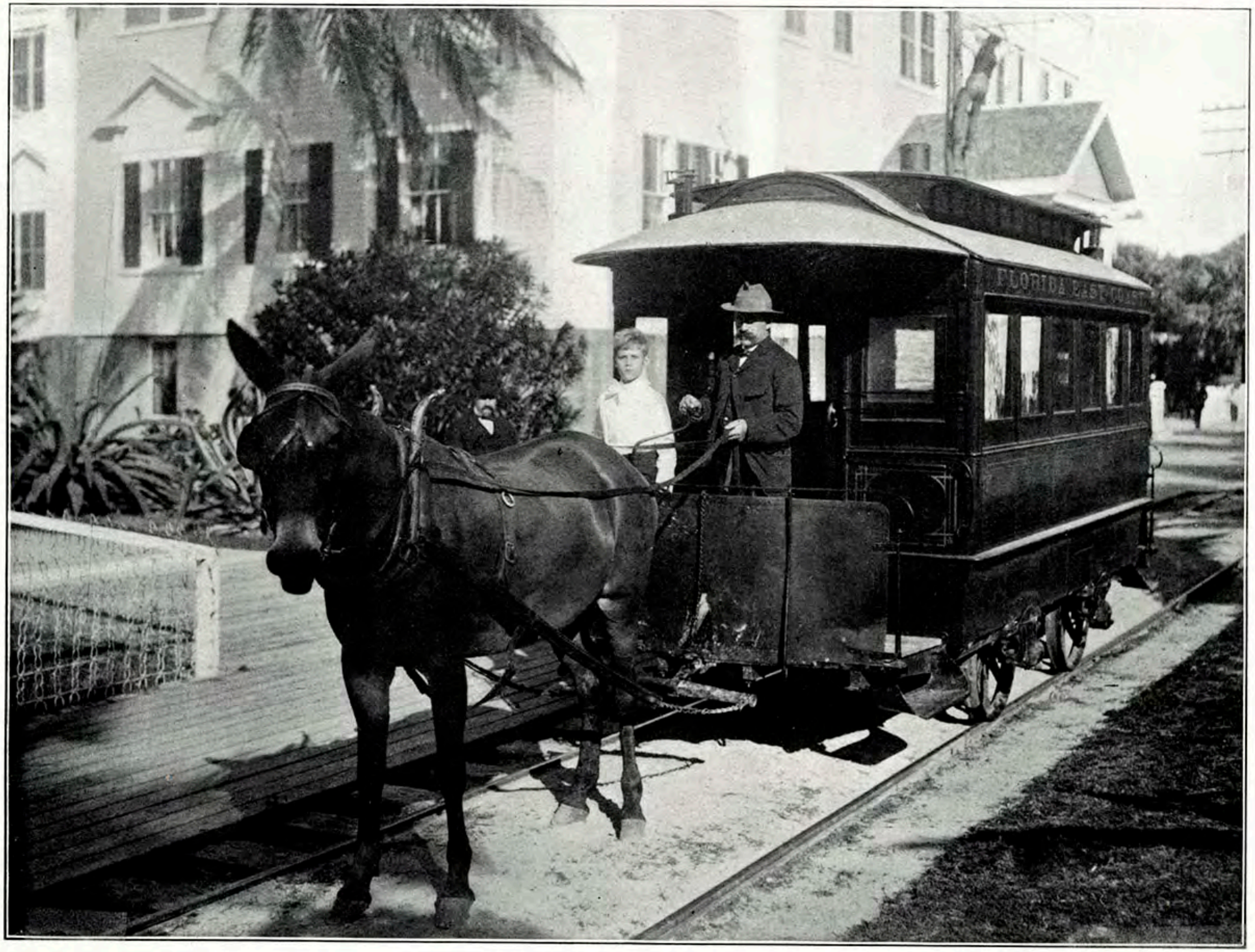
A Road Leading from the Hotel Royal Ponciana

Near the "Breakers" stands the Casino and bathing pool and


PALM BEACH INN

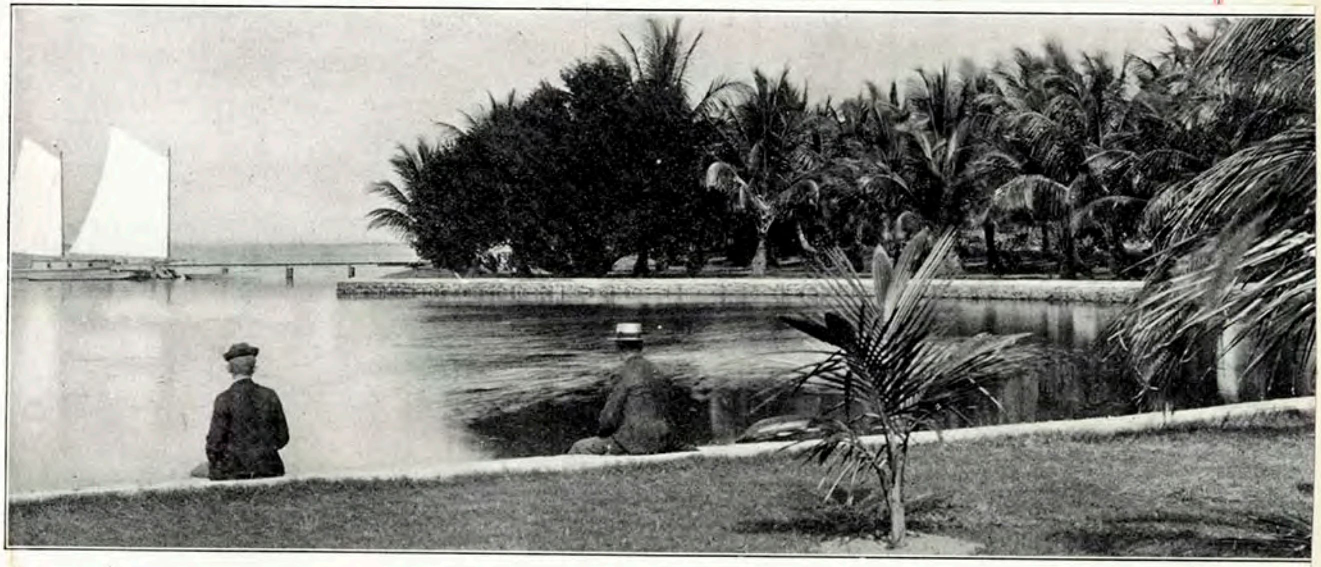
THE POOL, PALM BEACH.

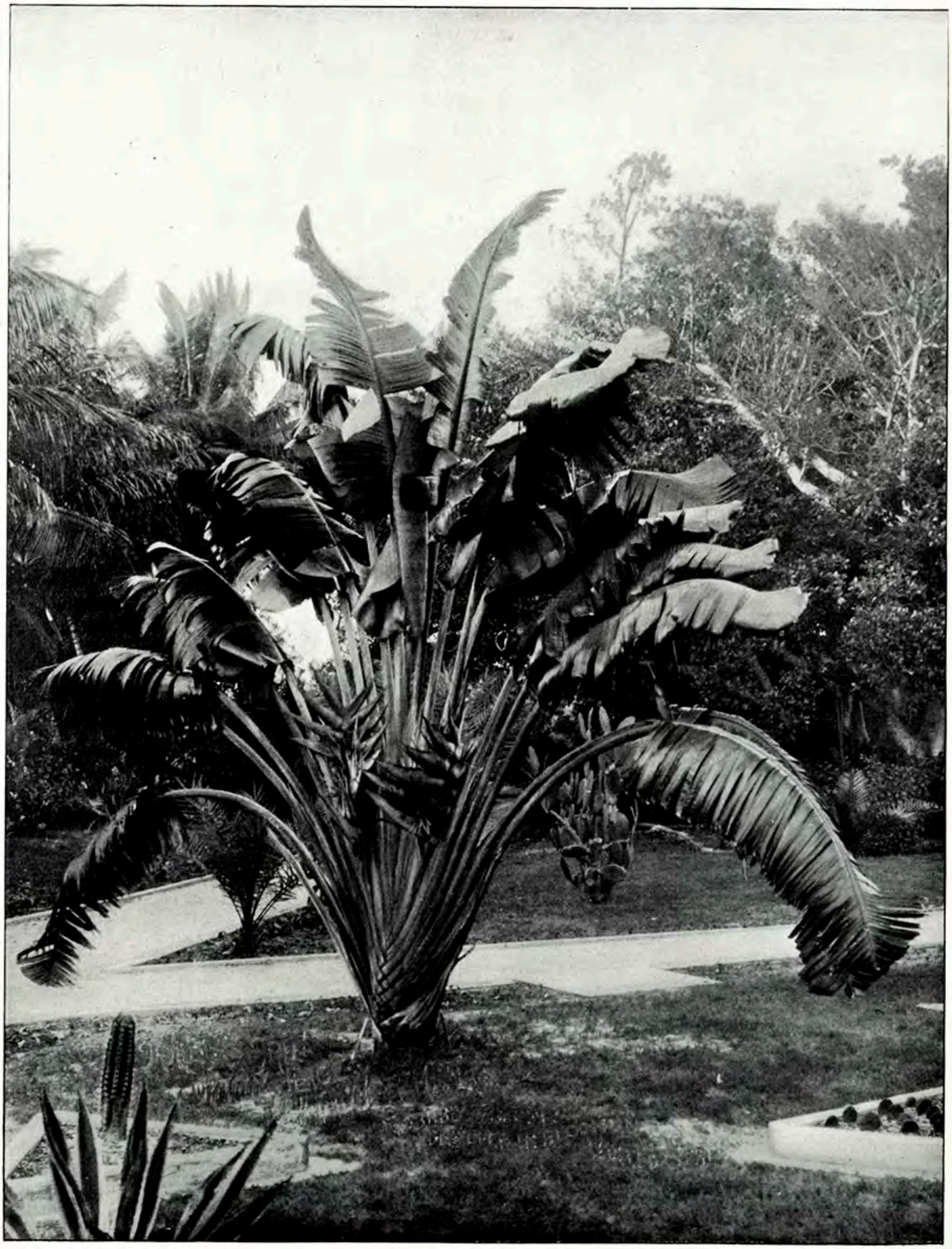
while not quite as nicely finished as that at Miami has the advantage that the bathers can go from the pool directly into the ocean if they so desire and then back again after their dip in the surf with only a very short run over the sandy beach. and numbers of people were doing this every day. while I watched them.


FLORIDA EAST COAST

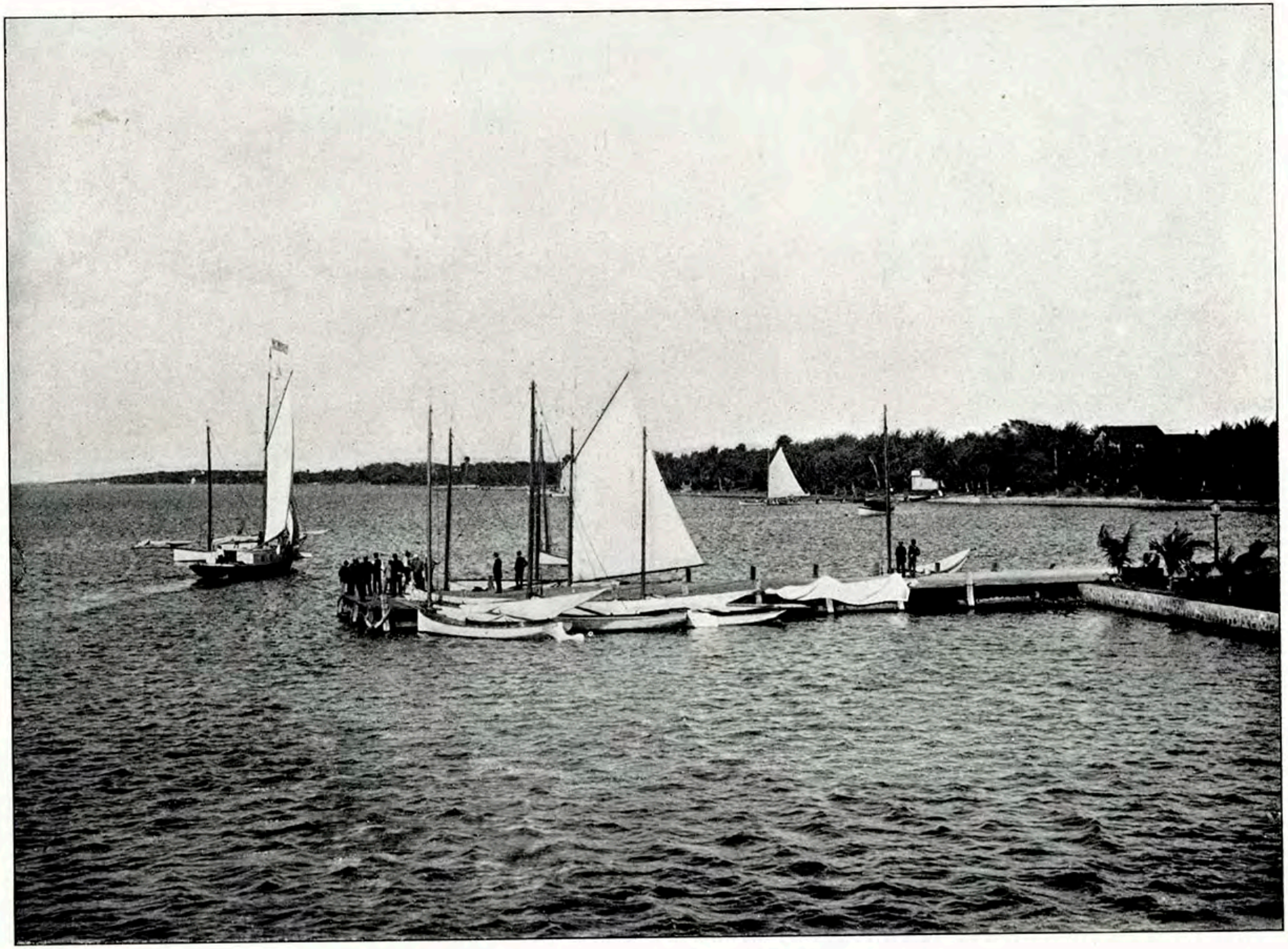
THE PALM BEACH EXPRESS

A small car drawn by a diminutive mule runs between the two hotels and the Casino which is much patronized during bathing hours. There is much boating and sailing done on Lake Worth and also in Naptha launches which are for hire. One afternoon I went with a party of friends some distance up the lake to visit a most beautiful private place belonging to a gentleman who allowed it to be thrown open to

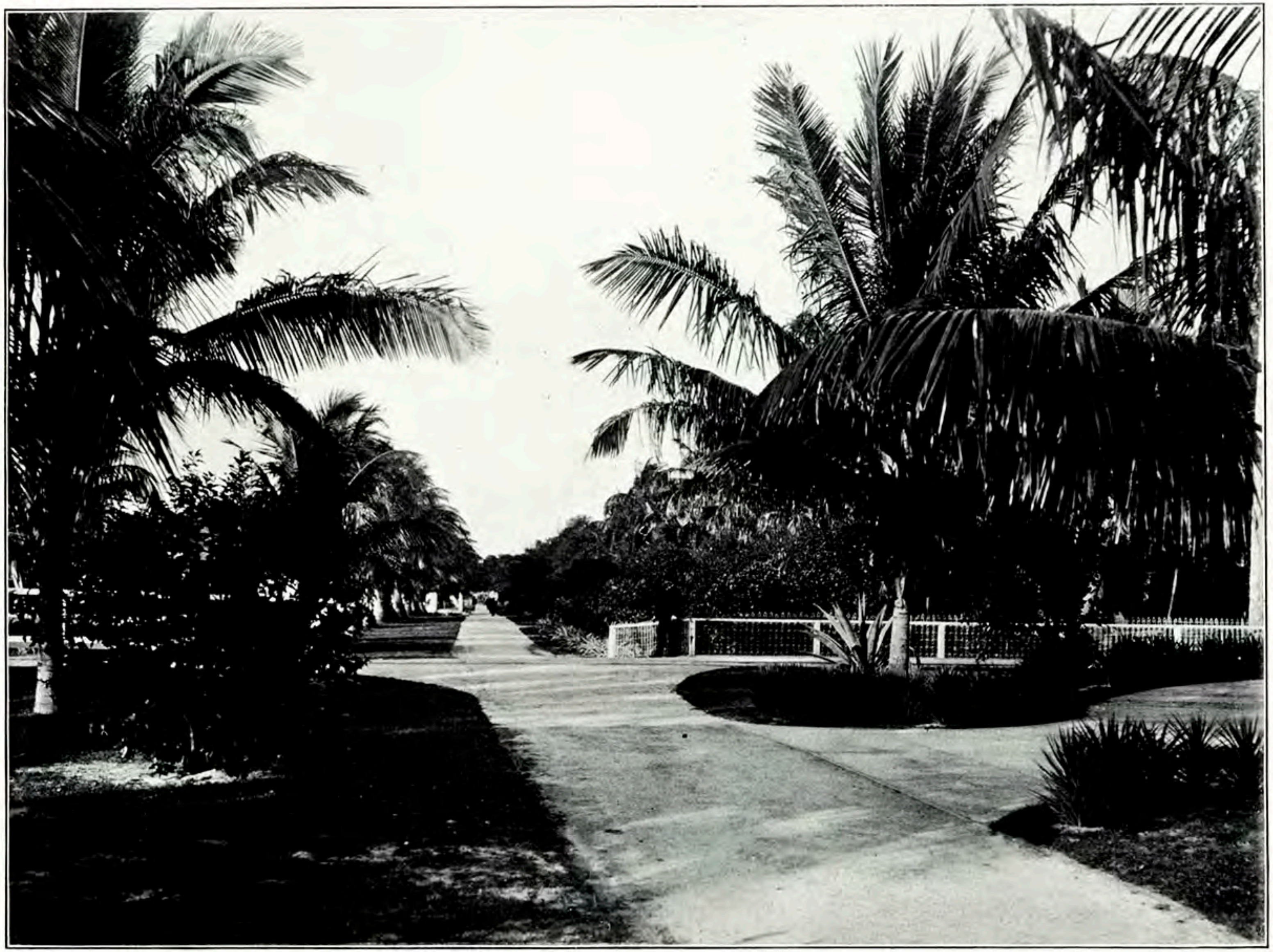

Lake Worth at Palm Beach, Florida.



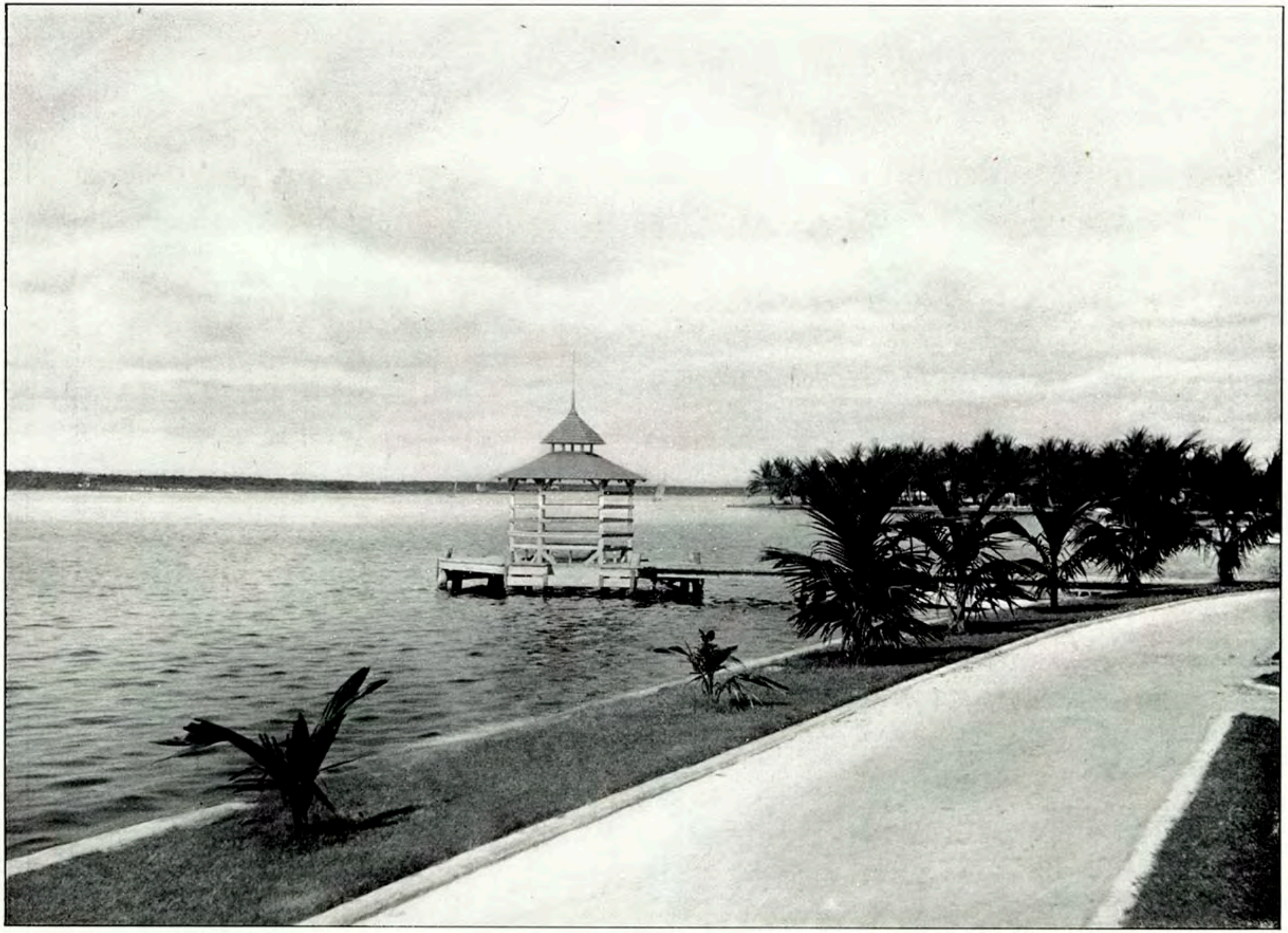
TRAVELLERS' TREE, LAKE WORTH.



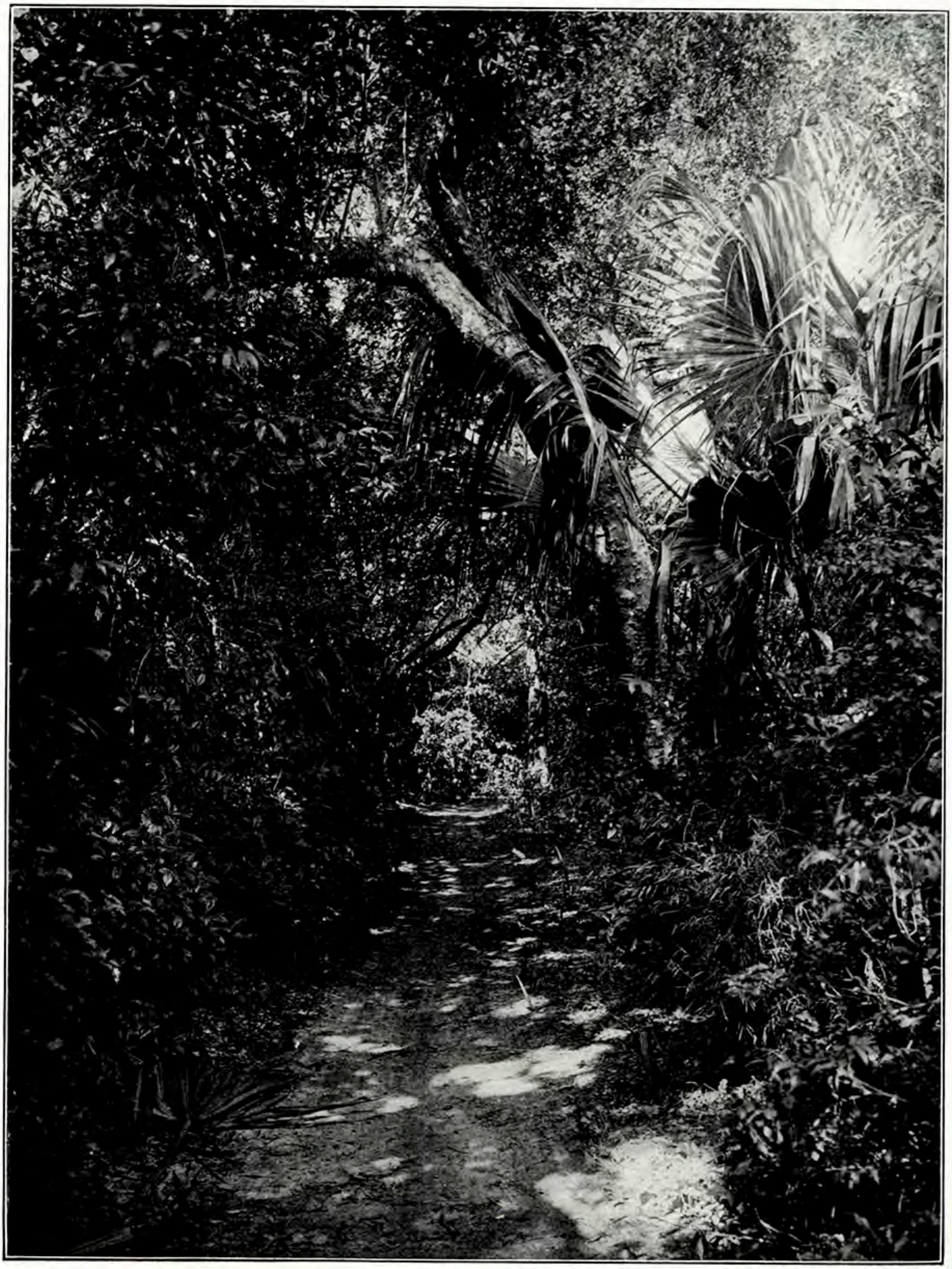
BOAT LANDING AT THE ROYAL POINCIANA, LAKE WORTH.



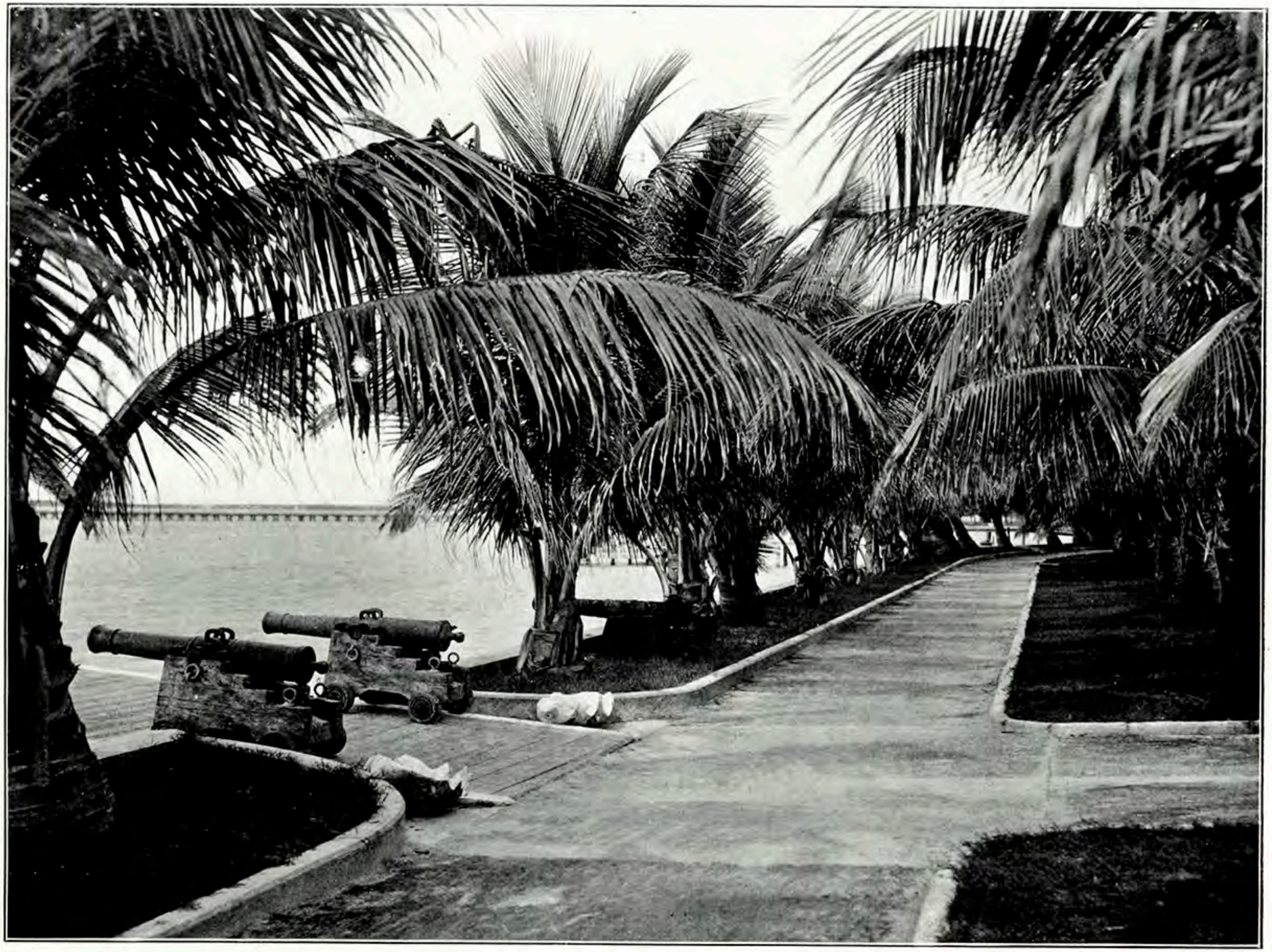
GARDENS OF THE ROYAL POINCIANA, LAKE WORTH



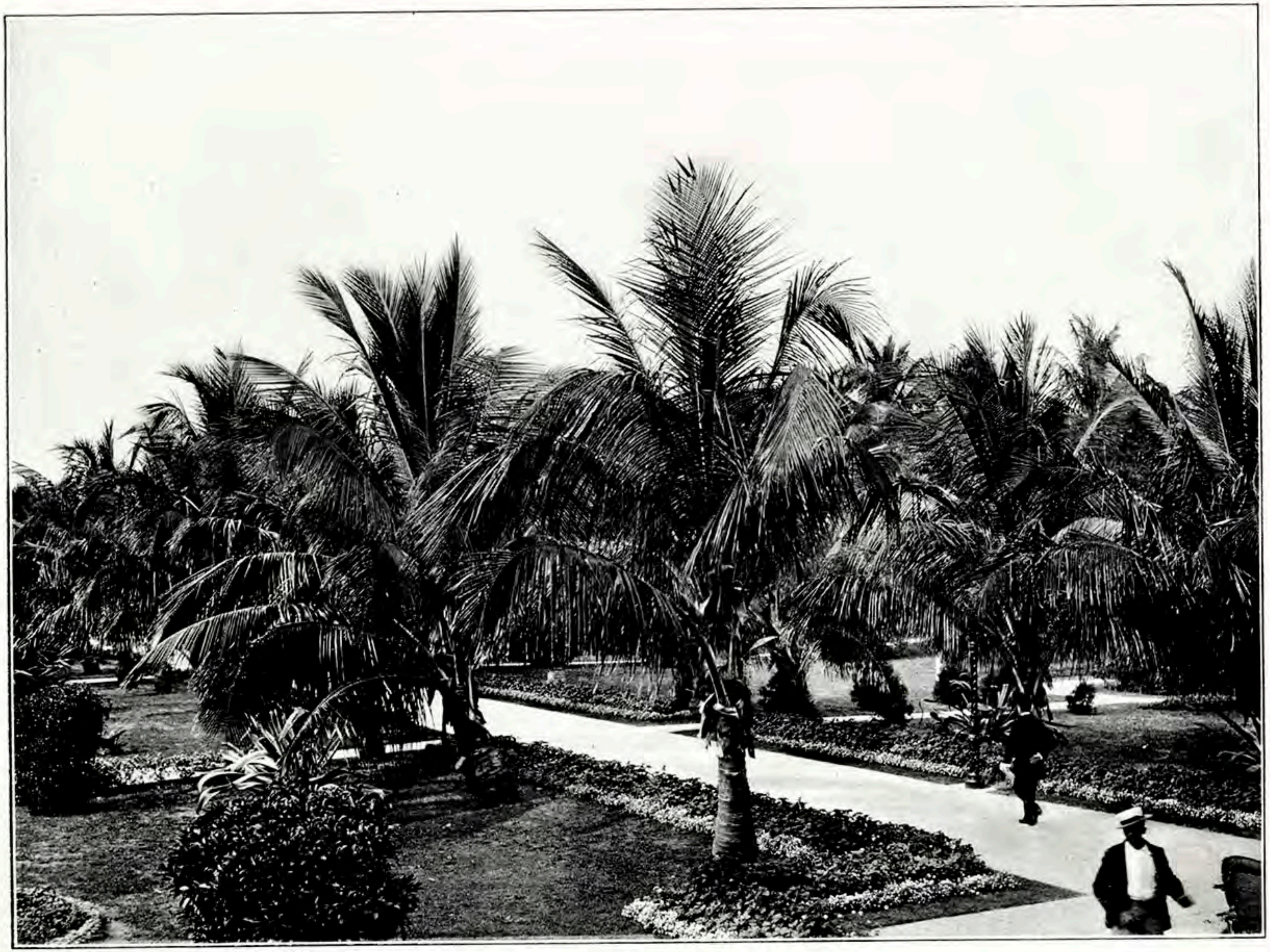
PATH BY LAKE WORTH.



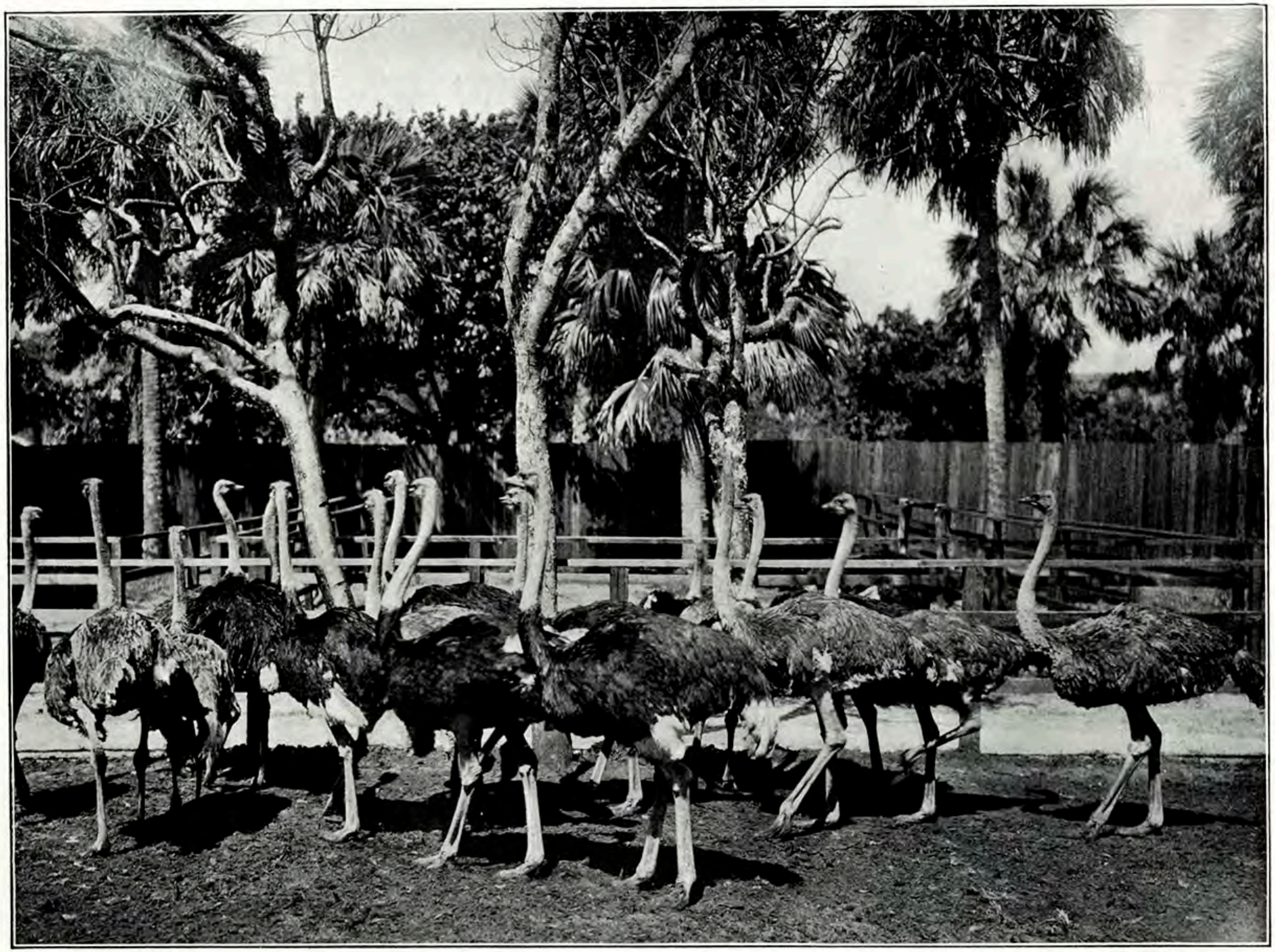
BICYCLE TRAIL, PALM BEACH



THE PROMENADE, LAKE WORTH



VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF THE ROYAL POINCIANA, LAKE WORTH



OSTRICH FARM, PALM BEACH

visitors at I think 25 cts a head! I never saw more beautiful plants and flowers and nothing seemed to have been hurt by the dreadful freeze which had worked such havoc elsewhere. A most beautiful bicycle path had been cut along the shore among the trees and palms. It was narrow and winding and the foliage was most luxuriant. I kept my ears and eyes both open for it was not intended for pedestrians, only for wheels, but fortunately I met no one and we soon struck the regular shore path.

One of the charming walks around Lake Worth

THE GOLF LINKS, LAKE WORTH

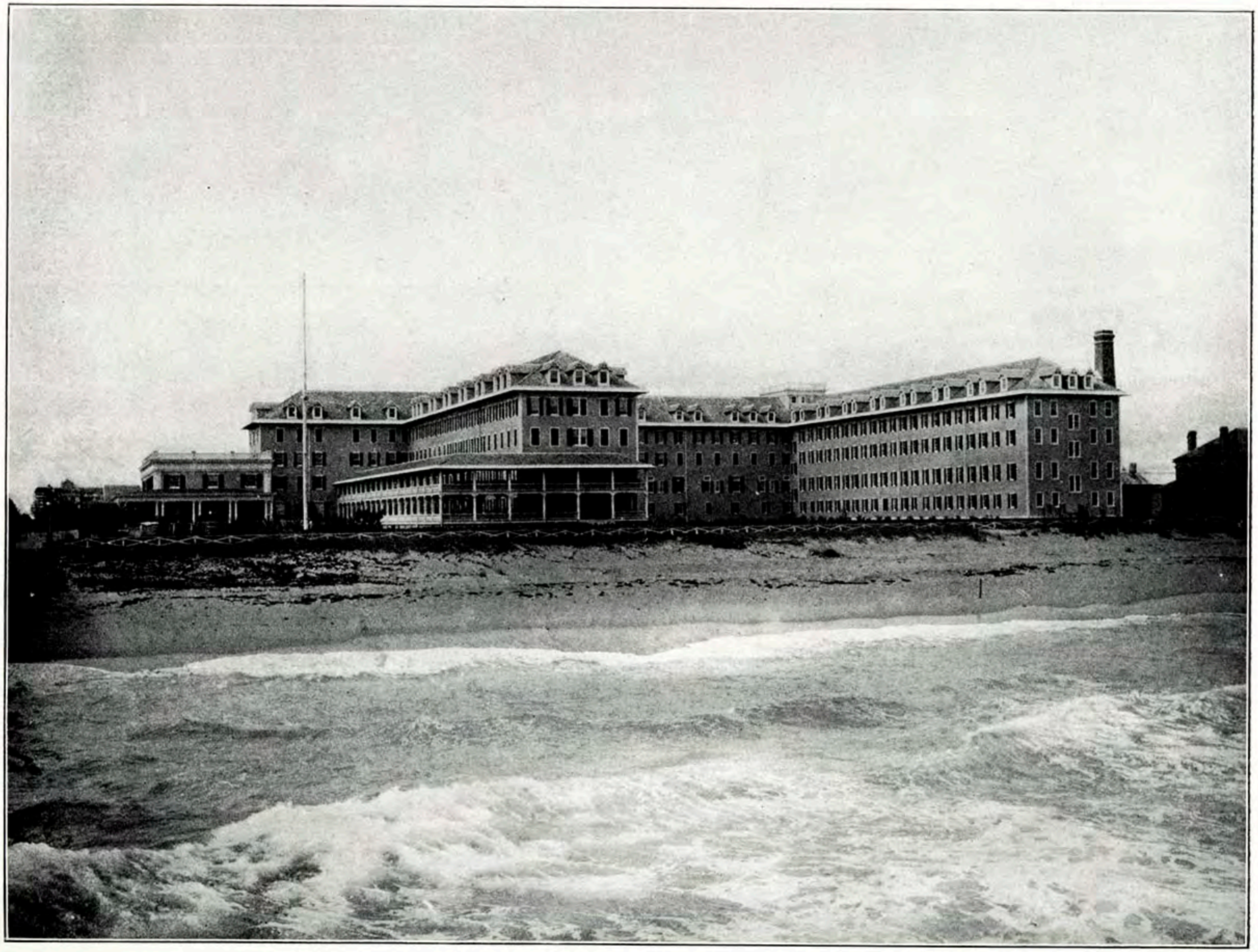
There are fine golf links here and in fact every thing has been done to make it what it most assuradly is, the most attractive resort for the fashionable world in Florida. A new institution

COPYRIGHTED BY
THE RAMBLE LAKE WORTH. 1

The Ramble, Lake Worth

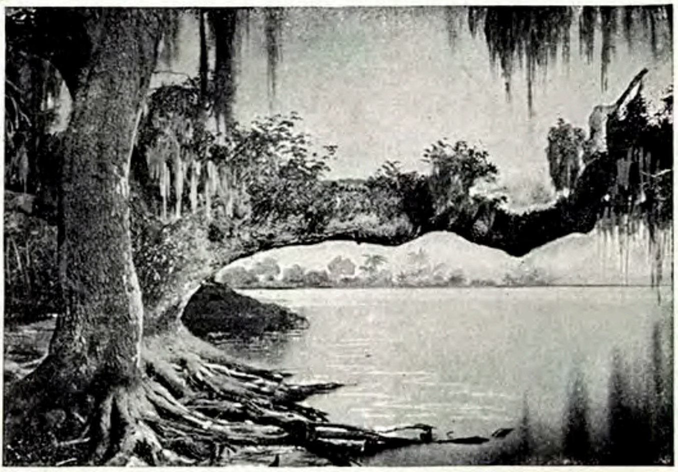
has lately been introduced at Palm Beach namely Sedan chairs and bicycles or rather tricycles which a man propels from behind while the passenger rides in state on a comfortable

Where the Cocoanuts grow



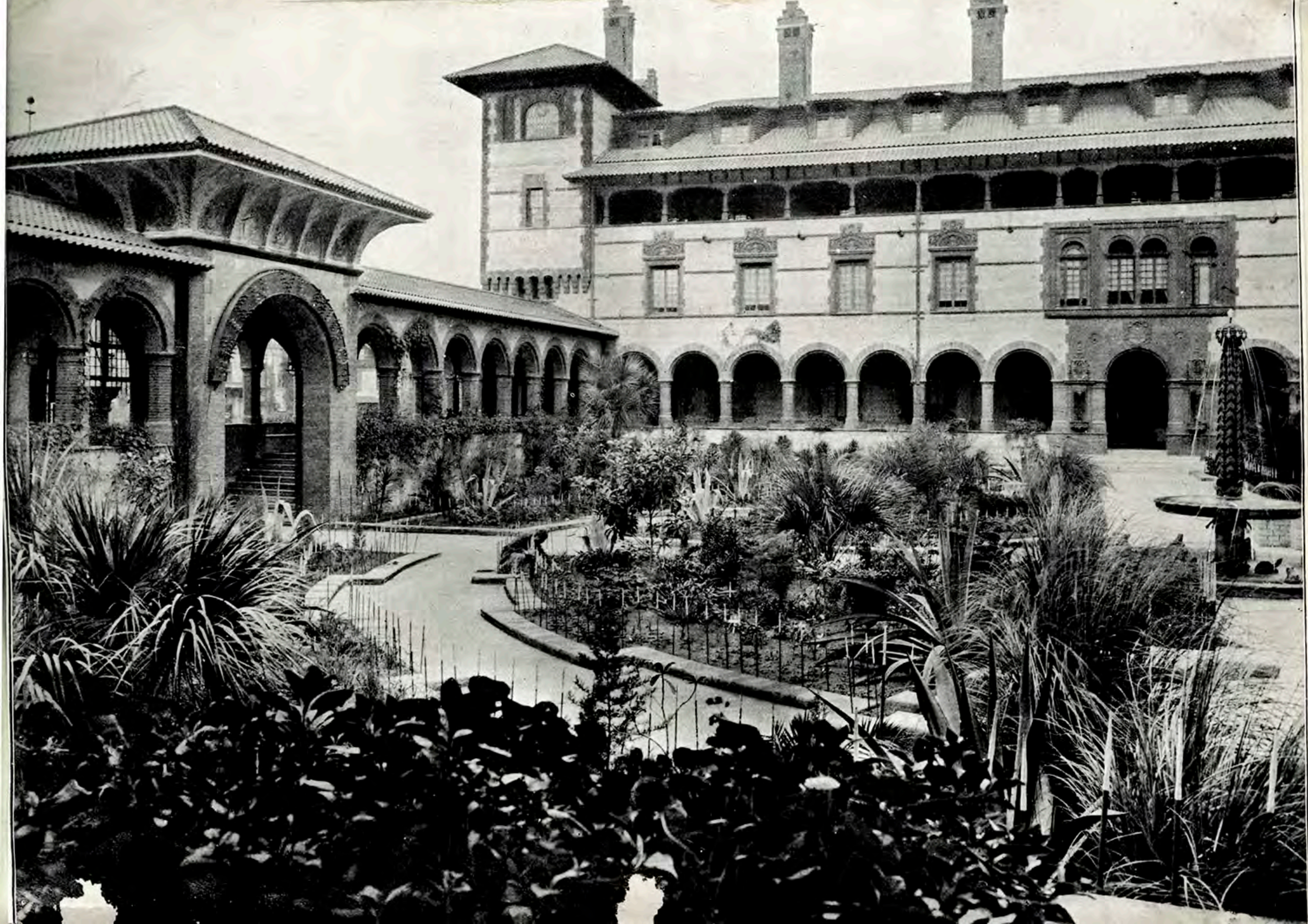
THE BREAKERS, PALM BEACH

chair seat all over the beautiful grounds at the rate of $1. an hour and as much more as one choses to give as a "tip" when the time is over. It must be a most luxurious way of getting about and seeing every thing in such a warm climate. After a few days stay the word came all to soon that we must pack up and move on once more. This time it was to return to St Augustine and the Ponce de Leon

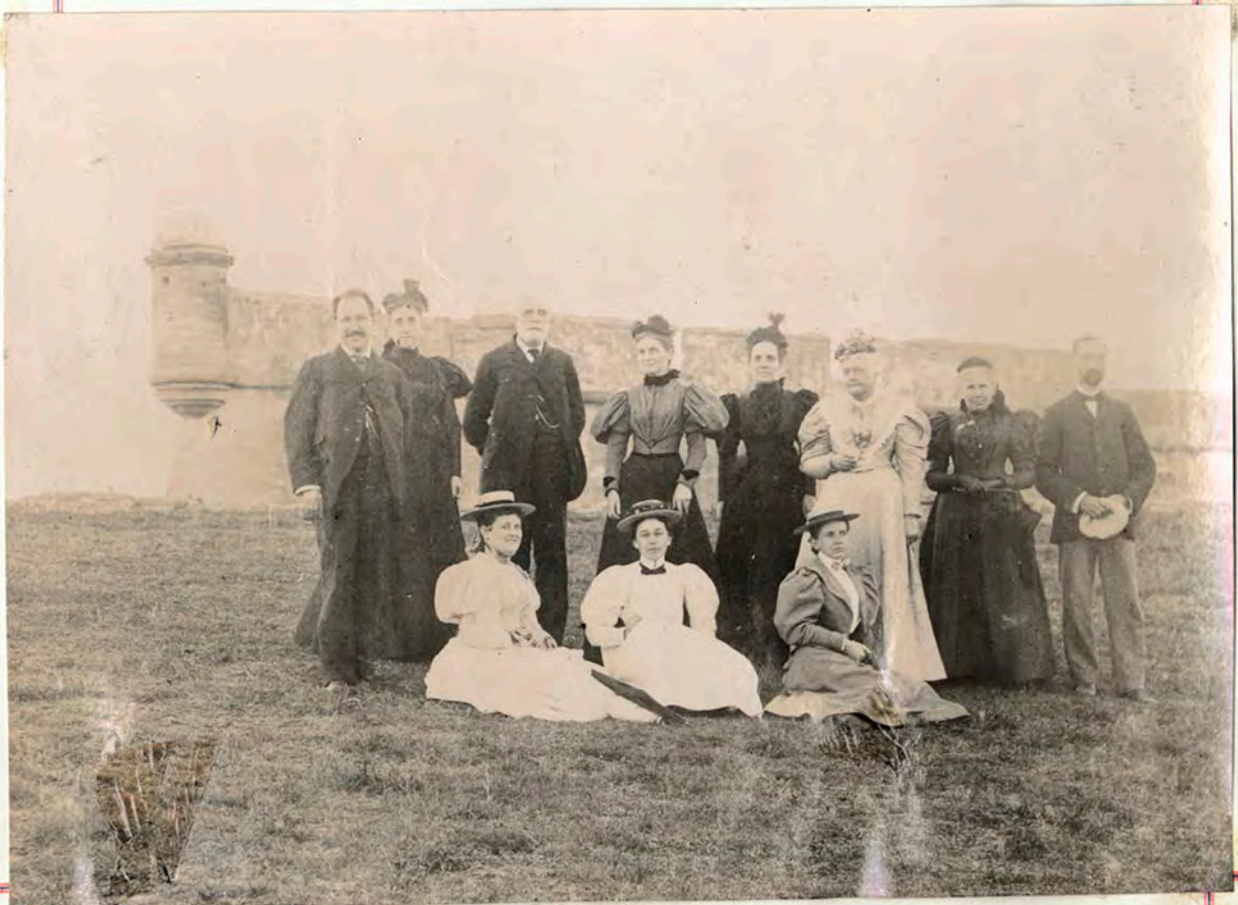

WHERE ALLIGATORS BASK.

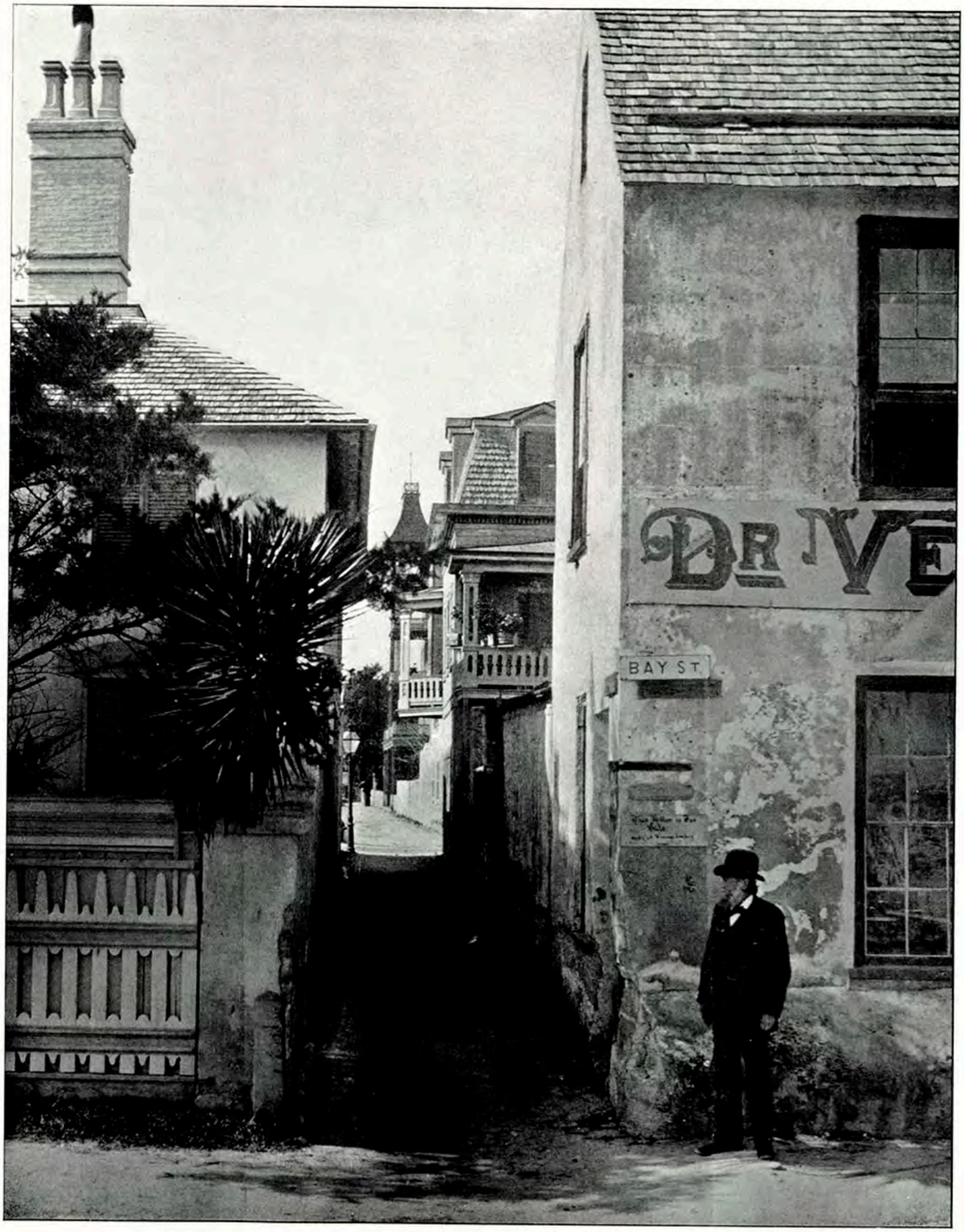
ROYAL PALMS

Court of Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, Florida.



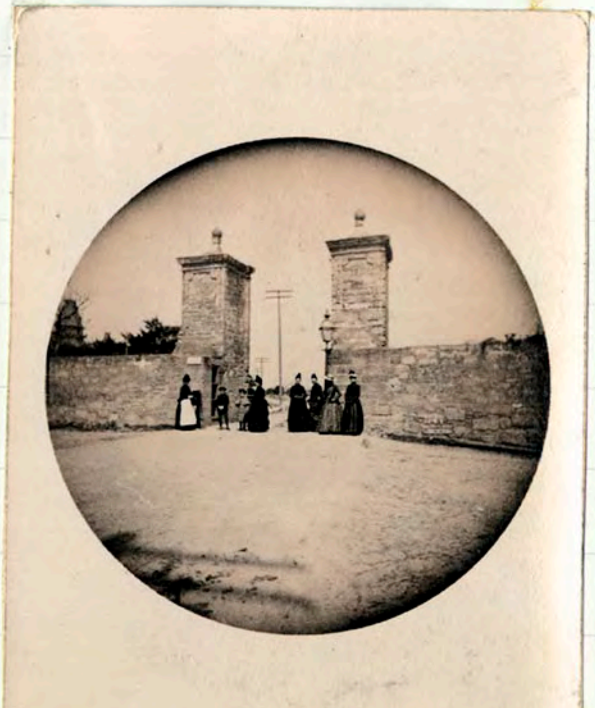
from which place the northern trip home was made without further stop, and our pleasant excursion among the resorts of Florida was over. On our last afternoon we all assembled in front of the old fort and had our pictures taken in a group with Mr Barrett our conductor in the centre

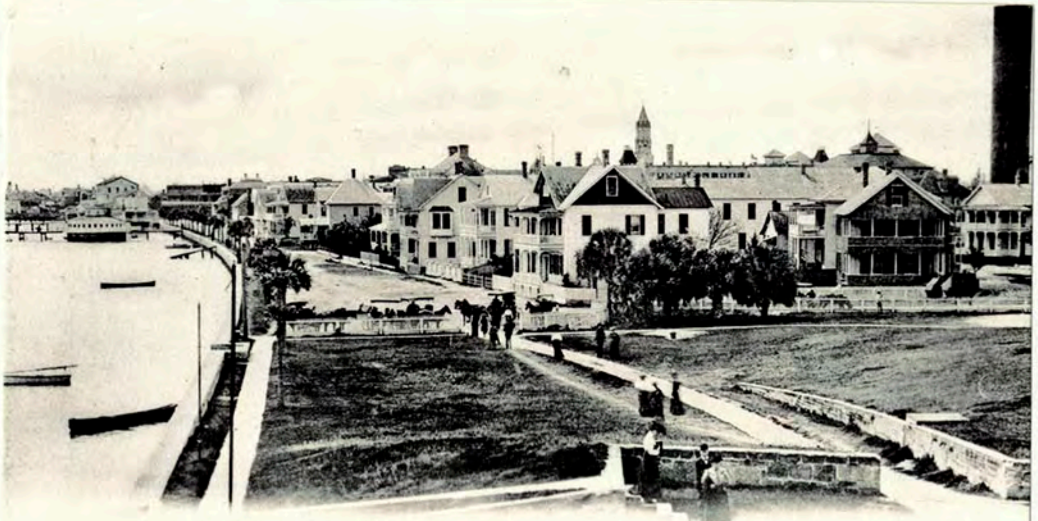




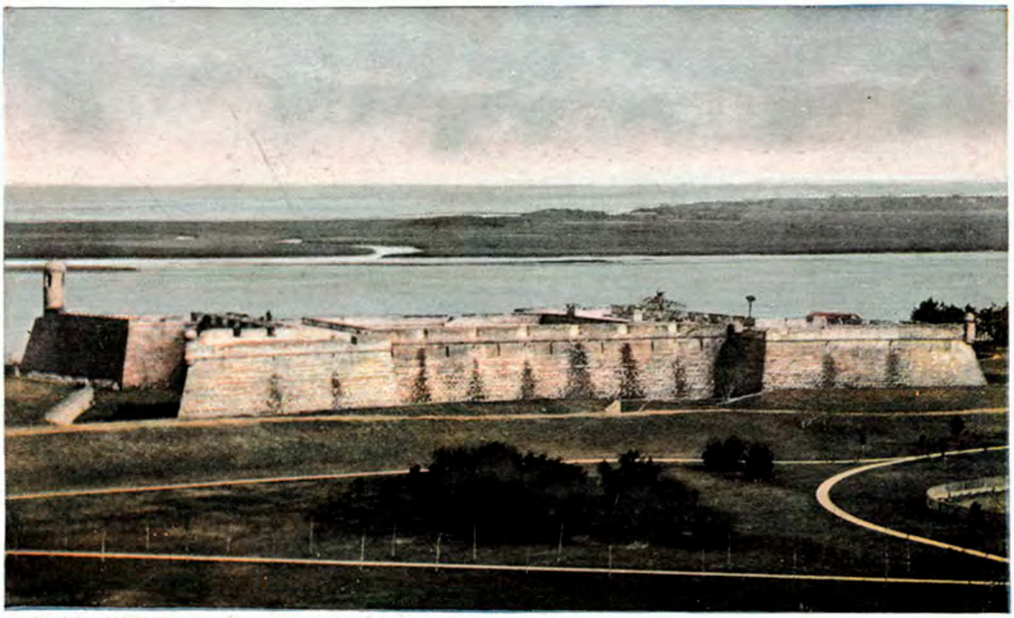
TREASURY STREET, NARROWEST IN ST AUGUSTINE and I often wonder as I occasionally come across that picture among my collection whether all who were in that group are still living and if they still have as pleasant a remembrance as I of the weeks which we spent together.

Alice E. Browne.

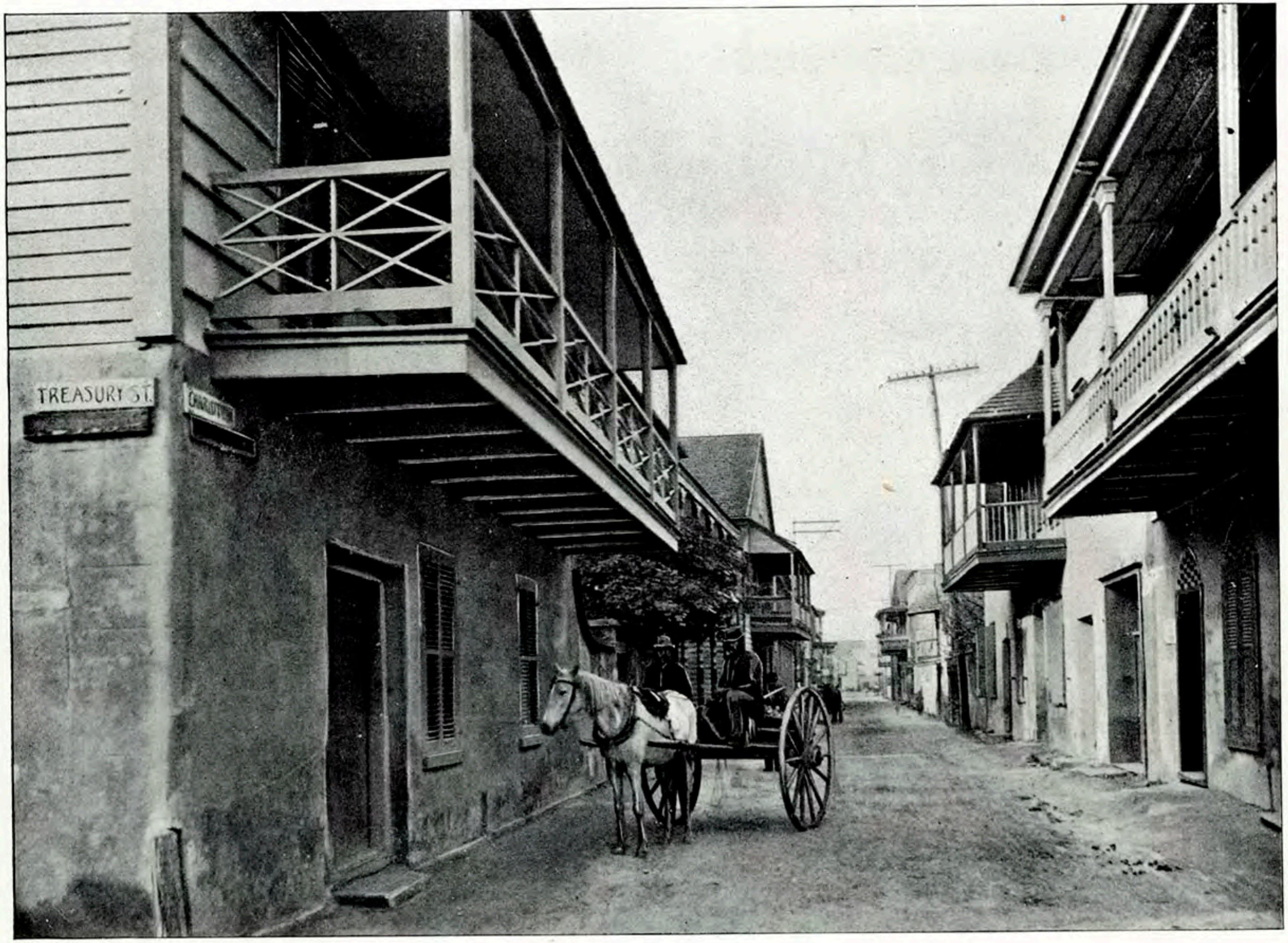




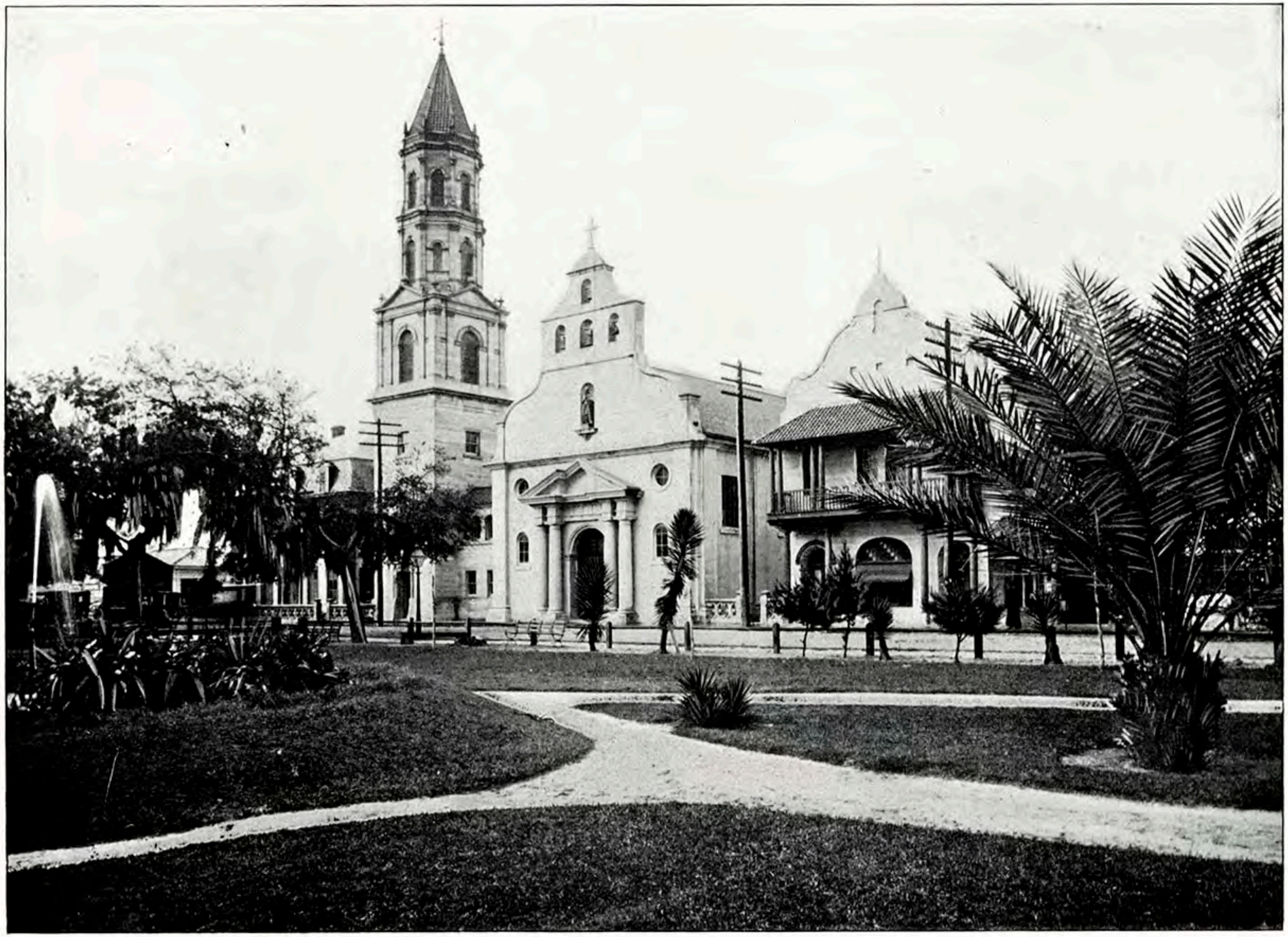
The Sea-Wall, St. Augustine, Fla.



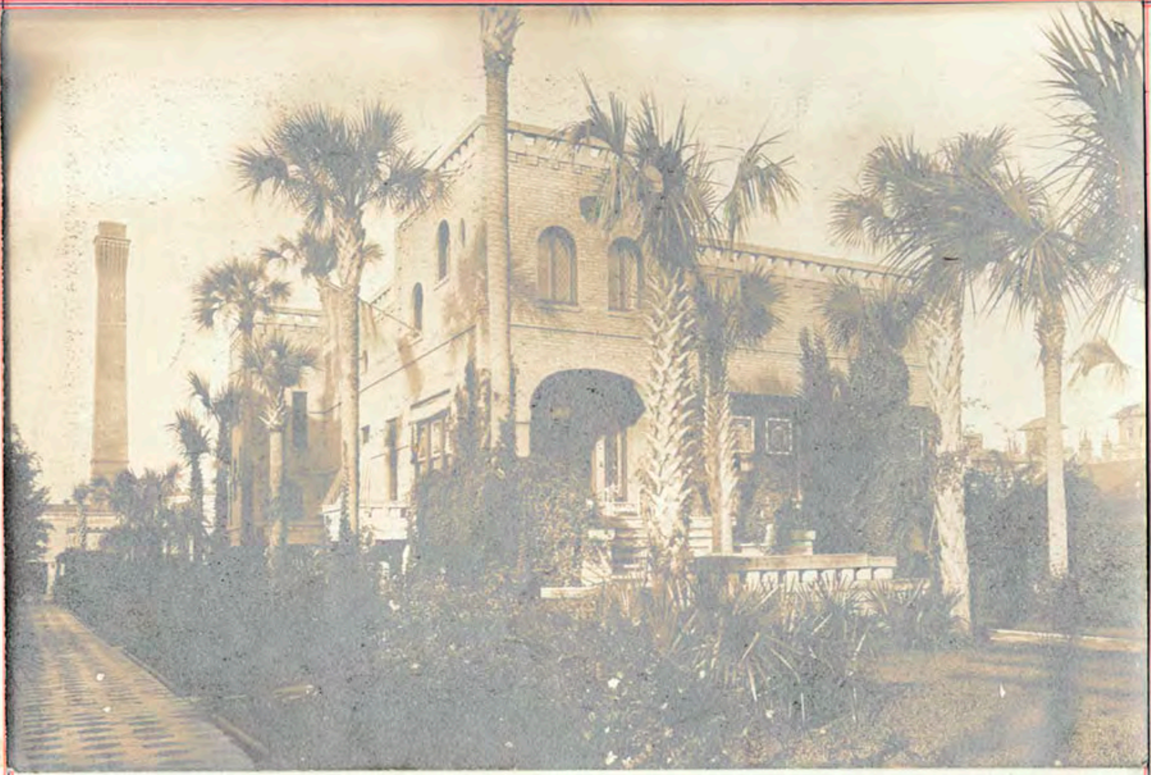
No. 307. OLD FORT MARION (SPANISH SAN MARCO) ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

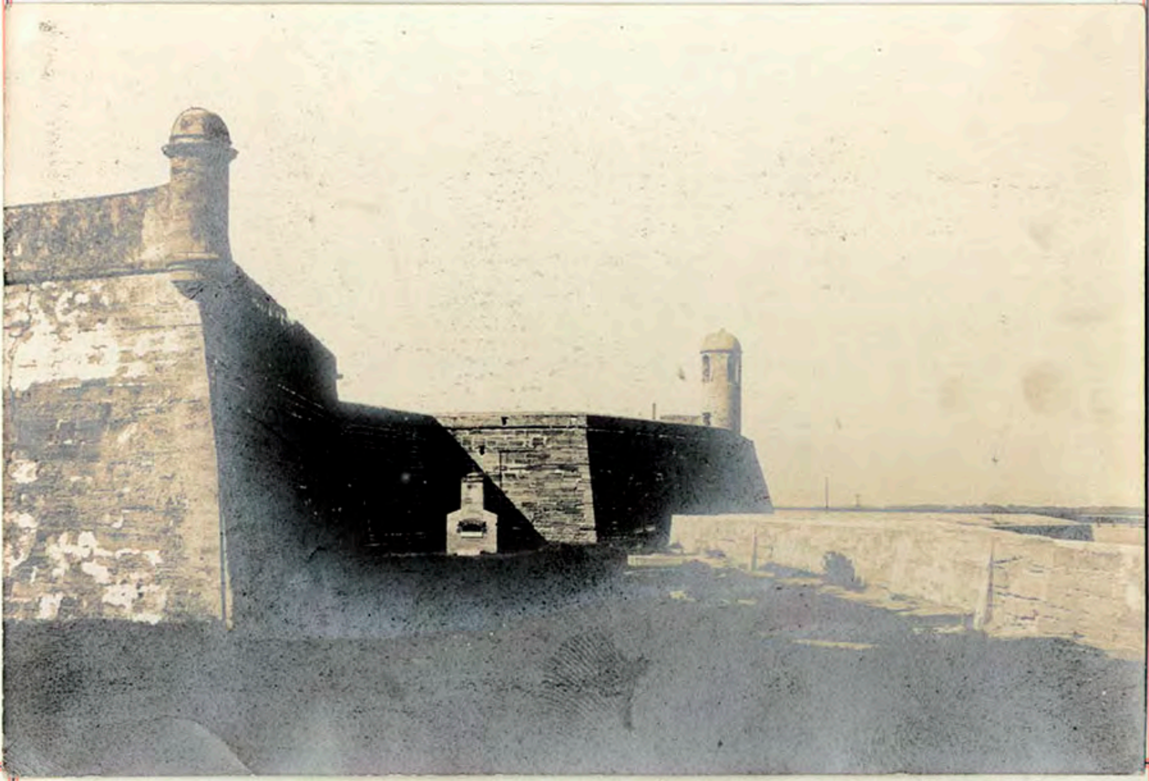

TREASURY ST.
CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. AUGUSTINE



PLAZA·AND CATHEDRAL, ST AUGUSTINE





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